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*A LONDONER'S WALK
TO
THE LANDS END.*



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A

LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END.

A LONDONER'S
WALK TO THE LAND'S END

AND A

TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES.

BY WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF

"A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE," "ALL ROUND THE WRECK"
AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.



THIRD EDITION.

"Turpe est in patria vivere, et patriam ignorare."—LINNÆUS.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1879.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL.

A JULY HOLIDAY IN SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.

A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE. *Fifth Edition.*

NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER. *Second Edition.*

ALL ROUND THE WREKIN. *Second Edition.*

EASTERN ENGLAND, FROM THE THAMES TO THE HUMBER.

HOLIDAYS IN TYROL: KUFSTEIN, KLOBENSTEIN, AND
PANEVEGGIO.

FOREWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION.

HAVING in mind happy recollections of my rambles through the Land of Rock and Legend—of the inspiration thereby gained for after hours with the pen—and the present satisfaction arising out of a hope realised, my pleasure in writing these introductory pages becomes a threefold pleasure. I can remember, moreover, the circumstances that prevailed when, six years ago, I offered a few quires of manuscript to certain publishers: how that one replied, “You have contrived to make a stale subject interesting; but as a book nobody would buy it:” another, “You have directed your industry into a channel that will never pay:” another, “The best thing to do with it would be to publish the chapter about the Portland Breakwater as a magazine article:” an eminent firm in Cornhill made me feel that a refusal might be rendered palatable; more so, as some have recorded in their praise than others’ acceptance; but whatever their soothing it was quickly dissipated by the next, who, without bestowing a glance at the manuscript, said bluntly, “We couldn’t look at any but a first-rate book.”

Feeling diffident of my ability to write acceptably about a walk on our side of the Channel, I had prepared only one half of my narrative; so drawing what seemed the logical inference from the replies above-mentioned, I laid the manuscript aside, and there it would have remained had not a friend advised me a week or two later to offer it to the present publisher; whose opinion proving favourable, my chapters in due time took shape in type, and neither he nor I have reason to be dissatisfied with the result. For the past

three years the work has been, in the language of the trade, 'out of print,' yet with a continuance of demand, which it is hoped this second edition, reduced in price, and convenient for the pocket, will satisfy and enlarge.

When the first edition appeared I had no thought of attempting anything further on the subject of home-travel, but my inclination for long walks being year after year gratified by long, sunshiny holidays, I have, as some readers know, renewed my endeavour with yet more of favour, and with gratifying consequences in the form of friendly communications from many parts of the kingdom, which have led, in some instances, to acquaintance and friendship that promise to endure. "Come and see us when you travel this way; you shall have a hearty welcome," is the oft-repeated invitation; and by complying therewith I have enjoyed the sympathy of hearts that love their country, and have brought away pleasing reminiscences of happy English homes. And with this enjoyment there comes the hope that my attempt may inspire some one of active foot and ampler opportunity than I can expect for myself, to present us with a picture of the England of our own time which shall equal the abounding interest and grandeur of the subject.

Of this present edition it seems desirable to say a few explanatory words:—certain errors which eluded the vigilance of the former reviser are herein rectified, and in some places there is a slight modification of narrative, yet without altering the essential character of the book. There is, I have been told, a native Cornish name for white ale—*Lo-beragol*; and Mr. Robert Hunt made me aware that my palate had deceived me when tasting that singular beverage, for he wrote:—"White ale is a pure malt-wort with which is mixed a good number of eggs. It is fermented with some peculiar preparation sold only by one family in Devonshire

—kept a strict secret, and retailed as *Ripening*. It is drunk very new, and contains no gin. Sometimes it is made hot, and then sugar, gin or rum, to the taste of the drinker, is added.

“*Flip* made with white ale—more eggs, sugar and rum—makes a man’s hair curl. Knowing me to be temperate, you will of course not suspect my knowledge on this latter particular to be other than theoretical.”

Another error appeared in connexion with the Trelawny song, which, never having seen except in a written copy given to me by a Cornish maiden who sings it delightfully, I conceived to be the stirring ditty of the olden time referred to by historians; but the Rev. R. S. Hawker of Morwenstow kindly set me right by a letter, in which he explained:—“With the sole exception of the chorus, this ballad was written by me in 1824-5, and was soon afterwards inserted in a Plymouth newspaper. It fell into the hands of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it, under the impression that it was the old song of the seventeenth century. Sir Walter Scott, moreover, in similar mistake as to author and era, called it the only spirited ballad of that age. The recent error of Mr. Dickens on the same point has been lately acknowledged in *Household Words*.”

The original song appears in *Records of the Western Shore*, one of the little books in which Mr. Hawker has preserved a few Cornish legends and hoary traditions in poem and ballad, and which, printed at long intervals, have now become rare.

As regards matters of fact, the descriptions which were accurate seven years ago will in some instances no longer apply, and we must prepare ourselves to hear of progression and change. The Portland Breakwater is still stretching farther upon the sea, being now, as Mr. Coode informs me, more than a mile and a half in length, in which four million

six hundred thousand tons of stone have been deposited: another half-mile will have to be laid before the work is finished. Fortifications are in course of building on the Island: Weymouth has a railway, and Lyme Regis has become accessible by omnibus from Axminster, the nearest station. A remarkable cave has been discovered in the hill above Brixham, containing bones of animals and other vestiges of past ages, which carefully excavated and picked out under the direction of competent palæontologists, supply important data on one of the most interesting questions in geological science, as may be read in the *Proceedings* of the Royal and of the Geological Society. On the shores of Plymouth Sound the wayfarer may now see military works which did not exist in the year when the *Royal William* conveyed French troops to the Baltic, and he will perhaps hear that the dangerous reef of rocks that stretched out from the Devil's Point has been blasted. The Tamar no longer stops the way of the locomotive, being spanned by the bridge which commemorates the late Mr. Brunel's engineering skill; and the cheerful sight of the four-horse mail has disappeared from the great high-road of the Duchy, for the railway extends to within a morning's walk of the Land's End. Handsome villas are rising on the slopes round Penzance, and wealthy folk from the chilly parts of England find a genial residence on the shores of Mount's Bay. The *Ariadne* no longer skims the sea between Penzance and Scilly, but has given place to the *Little Western* steamer, which if less graceful is less capricious, and makes the passage every other day in from four to five hours. Worthy Captain Tregarthen still commands, somewhat mellowed and perhaps a trifle more rotund than he was; but as great a favourite with passengers as ever. The *Land's End Inn*, three times larger than when I saw it, now styles itself *Hotel*. The Logan Stone is not immovable, for it has been set logging many times since my

visit by Cornishmen whose knowledge of its peculiarities had not become uncertain like that of my friend the Geologist. The lighthouse on the far-remote Bishop Rock now sends its friendly beam across the sea, and high from Godrevy Isle in St. Ives Bay shines the radiance which cheers and warns the mariner.

The railway has superseded the former route by which the early potatoes were sent to the London market; and has more than doubled the annual value of the westernmost fisheries; "having," to quote my friend's words, "so to speak, created a mackerel fishery; and twenty or five-and-twenty tons of mackerel are by no means an unusual load for an early train." In 1858 the export of china clay had increased to 83,113 tons, and of china stone to 21,983 tons. In matters religious there is also an advance, 19,723 being the number of Wesleyans in Cornwall for the year 1860. And, not least noteworthy—Taunton has set up a bust in marble to the memory of Blake.

And now, with hearty thanks to each and all to whom I am indebted for information or occasions of pleasure, I here conclude by wishing for them and for my readers that they may always be of those who, as *The Doctor* describes, "are willing to be pleased and thankful for being pleased, and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule and a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased."

W. W.

London, March, 1861.

FOREWORD TO THE THIRD EDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING that time and circumstance work changes in landscapes as well as in human hearts—that where twenty-five years ago I found solitude a spacious hotel and a straggling village now look forth upon the sea; that here and there a raw settlement with tall smoking chimneys mars the picturesque; that the severe has become softened and the wildness tamed; that roads and railways are helping on what is called the work of reclamation—the great features of Nature still remain fraught as of old with an everlasting charm. Remote valleys and far-away hills, even in this crowded and busy land of ours, still offer to the earnest explorer all that he can desire of freshness and beauty in delightful contrast to the laborious hum and restless movement from which he has escaped.

Walking is in itself so inspiring that all other glad-some influences are thereby enhanced; and the more footsteps the more enjoyment.

Contrasts are among the advantages of travel. May I venture to suggest, from my own experience, that the active wayfarer bent on a ramble through Cornwall will find this little book the more useful as a guide in the means it offers for comparing the past with the present.

W. W.

London, May, 1879.

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A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END.

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"How far might you be going?" asked the coast-guard, as we stood chatting on the top of the cliff that overlooks Lulworth Cove, on a sunshiny afternoon at the beginning of July, 1854.

"As far towards America as a man can go on foot," was my answer.

The man mused for a while, and then rejoined—"But you can't go further than the Land's End!" Had he mused a little longer he would perhaps have kept his rejoinder to himself.

July having come again, and brought round the welcome holiday—the month's respite from City life and official duties—so keenly appreciated after a year in harness, I had packed my knapsack once more, and was a day and a half on my way towards Tol-pedn-Penwith, when the colloquy above recorded took place.

Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall were three of the few English counties into which I had not yet set foot, and no longer would I endure the reproach of remaining ignorant of so interesting a portion of my native land. Remarkable in

physical features, in climate, vegetation, and inhabitants, in those shires are to be found many of the historical scenes and associations which delight the eye, and enrich the mind and heart of the wanderer. Home-travel is not so devoid of novelty or incident as many suppose, who find no pleasure but in foreign parts. Rambling sometimes on the cliffs, where sea and shore diversify the view, sometimes in the interior in hollow lanes, or woody valleys, or over breezy moorland, one finds all the elements of a genuine holiday, and enjoys them too. I am tempted to write about what I saw, in the hope that you also, hopeful reader, may share the enjoyment.

Arriving at Southampton, some passengers are made to wait an hour and a half for a train to carry them on to Dorsetshire. I spent the interval in a walk round the docks, where lay a number of that grand fleet of steamers, the names of which were then in every one's mouth. I saw the *Atrato*, the *La Plata*, the *Orinoco*, and others, ready to sail, or in the eager bustle of preparation; and there too was the *Himalaya*, which had only that morning got off the mud bank, that stopped her for a day or two in the Solent. A crowd had gathered to look at the noble vessel, and that she had sustained no damage was a subject of general congratulation; for who was there did not anticipate with pride the important services the swift ship was yet to render in the war?

We went on again, passing round the head of Southampton Water, and dashed into the district which sets one thinking of schoolboy days, and sundry passages of history which then made a lively impression on the mind. Well for us that we grow older and wiser, and learn the truth with respect to William the Conqueror, as well as other personages. How our young hearts swelled as we read of villages destroyed, of monasteries thrown down, of farms laid waste, and the inhabitants expelled, that the boundaries of the royal forest might be widened. We hardly like to give up the sense of indignation, which seemed to have a touch of chivalry about it, even when experience comes to teach us that we were deceived by our school histories; that the Norman was less cruel than we had imagined; but the illusion has to give way at last. With some such reflections as these running in my head, I alighted at the Lyndhurst-road

Station, to have what I had long promised myself, a few hours' walk into the depths of the New Forest.

I left my knapsack with the station-master, to be sent on by the next train to Ringwood, and setting my face to the north, begged him to indicate the situation of Rufus' Stone. It stood, he said, at the foot of the hill, marked by a high clump of firs, to which he pointed on the horizon, some six miles distant, and recommended me to walk thither by the road. As this, however, would increase the distance by three or four miles, I expressed my determination to go straight through the forest, being bent on seeing its sylvan solitudes as well as the famous stone. It would be impossible to find the way when once among the trees, he argued; I should lose myself fifty times before I got to the firs, and might be driven to pass the night on a bed of fern; to which I replied by taking the bearings of the clump with my pocket-compass—north-north-west would about fetch it—then thanking the civil functionary for his information, I walked directly across the rough, open ground that lay between the railway and the trees, and was soon under the shadow of the forest.

It is really a forest, satisfying all your expectations. The ground undulates gently, and the long slopes rising and falling widen the view and add to its effect. In some places the swell mounts to such a height that from the top of it you can see around for miles; while to descend but a few paces gives you a sudden contrast by reducing the miles to yards. Then you scramble through a crowded plantation of small trees which gradually opens to a stately wood, where every step takes you among larger and larger trees, until at last you are overshadowed by grand old beeches, the growth of centuries, with gray and mossy roots that grasp the soil for yards around, and ample spreading branches that tower aloft with their glistening leaves. Those huge, gnarled stems were graceful saplings when the battle of Hastings was fought. Here and there the ground is smooth and green as a park; a little farther, and you are up to your knees in gorse, heath, and fern; farther again, and you are plashing in a swamp, striding from one rushy hummock to another, to the firm ground beyond, with the chance of leaping short and plunging ankle-deep into the spongy soil. Never mind: there are plenty of beautiful water-plants to charm away your vexa-

tion, and recompense a brief delay. Anon your feet are rustling through a drift of dry leaves, and you enter a glade or 'bottom,' as the country folk call it, a long, green avenue stretching away till the trees seem to meet, where the sun's rays slant across and produce alternate streaks of flickering light and shade, and brighten the hoary trunks with golden touches. Something twinkles on the ground, and coming up you find a shallow stream rippling on its way to a lower level; coming out of the gloom and going into it again, gladdened by the beams that fell on it in the brief interval. Ever the solitude deepens. The birds twitter and sing, as it seems, with an expression richer than in more frequented places; and while you stay to listen, a score or two of deer come trotting past, tossing their antlers high in air, and dashing off at speed as an unpremeditated movement betrays the presence of the intruder.

Still going on you see the green gloom of the leafage brightening into daylight, and presently you emerge on what might be fancied a small slice of the Pampas transported to Hampshire, for a herd of shaggy, wild-looking horses are scattered over an expanse of scrubby sward, enjoying their liberty after the equine manner. While some appear to have nothing to do, others graze industriously and whisk their long tails with equal diligence, and many gallop about as if inclined for a stampede, and raise a neigh of alarm or emulation which is repeated from one extremity of their range to the other. The foals, of which there are not a few frisking hither and thither, shrink close to the side of their dams, and eye you suspiciously as you pass. These horses are among the characteristics of the New Forest, and he who wanders through it will come upon many a similar herd of the strong and sturdy animals, apparently free to roam at will. But the lot of their species awaits them, and in time they are sold away into other parts of the kingdom, and exchange liberty for hard work.

There are wild swine, too, in the forest; but late in the year, when the acorns fall, then the solitudes are invaded by hundreds of 'seasonal hogs,' as they are called, which, under the care of a swineherd, are collected from the farmers all round the neighbourhood, and turned out to fatten. The right of 'pannage' dates from the olden time, and they who possess it pay a small fee into the steward's court at Lynd-

hurst, which entitles them to the range of the best part of the forest for mast and acorns, from the end of September to the beginning of November. The swineherd, however, takes charge of the hogs: he initiates them into their new mode of life by the sound of his horn, feeding them when necessary; but they soon become expert foragers, especially in windy weather, when the mast falls most abundantly, and he drives them back to their owners at the end of the season in excellent condition.

But to return from what may be thought a digression, or a loitering by the way: While crossing the patches of open ground, the distant slopes are seen rising above the nearer trees, with here and there the white walls of a house gleaming amid the wood; and the cottagers who dwell on the skirts of the scrub will tell you that Squire Preston lives in one, and Squire Compton in the other, and supplement the information with a rough and ready opinion on the characters of the gentlemen. I asked one of these cottagers, an aged man, what he and the others did for medical advice in case of illness: "Bless ye, measter," he answered, "we beân't never poorly here, 'ithout it's a touch o' rheumatiz when we gets old like." Happy foresters!

That invalids derive benefit from a residence in the forest is certain, perhaps from the combined effects of shelter and dryness, for the soil consists in great part of chalk, sand, and gravel. And something must be allowed for the refreshing effect on the eye and mind of vast masses of foliage. But I am digressing again.

The opening crossed, there was another breadth of wood, fewer beeches, and more oaks, of that short, twisted, rugged sort peculiar to the New Forest, highly esteemed by shipwrights, and all who manipulate crooked timber. Some years ago it was no uncommon occurrence for a tree to disappear suddenly, no one knew how but those who were in the secret; and the government was plundered in this way to a shameful extent. The appearance of some of these contorted trees is altogether grotesque; others form groups that would delight the eye of an artist. Then, again, comes a knee-deep patch of heath, then another swamp; and at times, when the solitude seems most complete, the shrill crowing of a cock dissipates the charm, and tells you plainly there is a cottage or a small farm-house but a few yards off,

though concealed by the trees. Then I crossed a turnpike-road, and, still keeping a straight course, came out shortly afterwards at Minstead, a pleasant village nestled in the heart of the forest.

This was nearly a mile to the left of the clump of firs to which I was bound, and the deviation puzzled me, as I had corrected my way more than once by the compass. Thinking it over, the cause occurred to me. While taking the bearings before starting, with arm half-bent and the compass on my palm, my umbrella, which had an iron frame, was held horizontally under the same arm, and the metal gave the needle a bias from the true direction. Consequently, when I got among the trees, and used the umbrella as a walking-stick, its influence not being felt, the point N.N.W. was no longer the same, and led me too far to the west. To test my supposition, I put the compass on the ground, and placing the umbrella first on one side and then on the other, observed a divergence of the needle full two points in either direction.

I lost nothing, however, by the error; for the sight of Minstead, quietly cheerful in aspect, its low thatched houses with honeysuckled porches, and little flower-gardens bordering the highway in an irregular line, the wheelwright's shop open to the road, the smithy ringing with hammer-strokes, the green—the playground of children and grazing-ground of geese, suggestive of the simple incidents of rustic life—all this would have repaid a wider excursion. As it leaves the village the road begins to rise, and continuing up the ascent you come at length to the top of the hill, close to the clump of fir-trees, and thence a charming prospect opens all round the horizon. Nothing but masses of foliage whichever way you look, with scarce an interval between, for from this height the smaller openings are masked by the intervening trees. Far in the south a faint white patch marks the site of Osborne, and westward of this a few green swells peeping above the rim of circling woods show the summits of the highest downs in the Isle of Wight, backed by the misty glimmer of the sea. All within this limit is wood, apparently nothing but wood, broken up into endless varieties of form and colour, as the breeze sweeps across, and the shadows of the clouds drift slowly by. It is such a forest scene as surprises one accustomed to think of English forests as mere plantations; and though stretching over a breadth of twenty

miles, from Southampton Water to the Avon, and from the Solent to the border of Wiltshire, the inequalities of the soil and the different physiognomy of the trees relieve it of all monotony. As your eye after a time begins to occupy itself with details, you note the difference of outline between oaks and beeches, and distinguish one from the other even far away. You perceive, too, where the ash is intermingled, and where the birch sends up its shadowy-looking maze of drooping branches. Standing in the centre of such a scene, it seems scarcely possible that but a few hours before you were in the noisy streets of London.

The top of the hill is a table-land of some extent, cut up in places by gravel-pits, and crossed by the road from Romsey to Ringwood, to which towns the distance is about nine miles in either direction. The view towards the former town takes in a long slope, covered by one of the finest parts of the forest, into which you get a few peeps while going down the footpath on the northern side of the hill. The foot of the descent is broken and abrupt in places, forming an uneven border to a basin-like hollow immediately beyond, carpeted with short turf, where a few scattered thorns and small oaks surround a short, white, triangular column; and that is the spot where the Red King fell. The column, which is about five feet in height, is a hollow case of cast iron, with the stone, "Rufus' Stone," standing inside it, as you can see by looking through the grated opening in the top. Not too soon was it protected, for it is so much defaced and reduced in size by acquisitive visitors who have gratified their want of taste by knocking pieces off to carry away, that in a few years more it would have entirely disappeared. Judging from the countless initials and names scratched on the painted surface of the iron, the new memorial would be in danger of a similar fate, were it not that the metal is harder than the stone. Will the mischievous propensity for that sort of notoriety never die out?

Here it was, then, that Rufus came on that fatal morning from "Malwood Keep" with a gallant retinue of knights and squires, and horse and hound, eager for the chase, startling the echoes with jocund shouts, the sound of horns, and the tramp of hoofs, while the red deer springing from the lair fled into the deepest recesses of the forest. Little seemed the monarch as the noble train swept by he should

not return to the evening feast. He was going to his doom, and here he fell: with what result is told in history.

Three inscriptions, one on each face of the column, record the event and the circumstances of its commemoration in the following terms:

Here stood the Oak-tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which he instantly died, on the second day of August, anno 1100.



King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain, as before related, was laid in a cart, belonging to one Purkis, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.



That the spot where an event so memorable might not hereafter be forgotten, the enclosed stone was set up by John, Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place.



This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by

William Sturges Bourne,
Warden.

Old Leland tells us there was a chapel here when he visited the spot during his famous Itinerary: a little edifice, no doubt, in which, according to the ancient custom, masses were said for the repose of the monarch's soul; but as years passed away and opinion ripened, the altar was forsaken, until at last, old, mossy, and weather-stained, the walls crumbled away and left no trace behind. That the fatal tree was still standing two hundred years ago appears from Charles II. having ordered a fence to be set up around it. One would like to know something about the tree: was it large? or straight? or crooked? did it die of old age? or was it cut down? are questions suggested by the scene. When did Lord Delaware see it? He set up his stone in the memorable '45, and that, as we have seen, would have disappeared too, had it not been so effectually protected.

The place, shut in on all sides, except towards the north, is very quiet, and favourable to a day-dream. You may recline on the turf and shape your ideas of the historic incident into a more defined form than was ever possible by merely reading about it. Pass but twenty paces within the margin of the neighbouring trees, and you are safe from all chance of intrusion; or, if not inclined for a reverie, you may remount the hill by a path slanting away on the right, to the *Compton Arms*, at Stony Cross.

This is an inn well known to picnic parties, and to a class of visitors who spend their holidays in the New Forest. It stands well for recreation. From the garden at the back you get the same view as from the brow in coming up the hill from Minstead, but with a clearer foreground, and there you may sit and contemplate if you will for hours. Within ten minutes' distance are pleasant walks innumerable, and miles of leafy shade; and for those who require something more than scenery, there are fossils to be sought for in the clay strata that run through the district from north to south, besides living specimens of natural history sufficient to satisfy the most persevering observer. There are antiquities too: Rufus' stirrup in the forest-court at Lyndhurst; the eminence crowned by the site of Malwood Keep is not far off; at Crockhill, a few miles on the way towards Fordingbridge, are the remains of potteries, where pots and dishes made by Romans sixteen hundred years ago may still be dug out of

the mounds that time has piled over their works, and with the chance of finding a stray coin of some of the Cæsars among the heaps of sherds. Lymington, once noted for the beauty of its women, Christchurch, where the civic toast used to be *Prosperation to this Corporation*, Beaulieu, and Brockenhurst are all within a few hours' drive; and Boldre, that peaceful village, which few will fail to visit, for it was there that the worthy pastor Gilpin lived and laboured, where he founded schools, and wrote those works on the picturesque which have made his name familiar to a host of readers, and where you will see his tomb in the churchyard as you ascend the path to gaze on the wide-spread view seen from its highest level. Here are attractions to deprive a sojourn in the forest of all weariness.

I inquired of the landlord of the inn whether any of the Purkis family still lived in the neighbourhood; he replied there were many, every one claiming to come of *the* Purkis whose cart had formed so rude a hearse for the royal corpse; but the true descendant was keeping a public-house in London.

To go to Ringwood, either the road may be followed, which runs for the greater part of the way over a wild open country, shaggy with furze, and dotted with a few small ponds, or you may strike down to the left, and explore another route among the trees. Preferring for the time the widest prospect, I kept to the road, and found it quiet enough; for after passing the few houses at Stony Cross, there is not another for six miles—nothing but the rolling scrub, with here and there a plantation or a few trees growing close together for company's sake. At length the road, with a sudden descent, passes again between hedgerows, and fine sweeps of woodland on each side, which continue all the way to Ringwood.

Here, after looking from the bridges down on the three branches of the Avon which flow through the town, and a walk to the churchyard, you will find little else to engage your attention, unless it be to study some of the phenomena of little-town-ism. The church was rebuilding, an incident which the good woman of the house where I waited for the train made use of to justify an angry argument against church-rates. The old church would have stood a century longer, and she did not see the propriety of pulling it down

until there were funds in hand for the new one; nor did she approve the heavy tax on the parishioners, nor its imposition on day-labourers. Money enough had not been collected after all; the church would, in consequence, have to wait some years for its tower, and the loquacious dame appeared to regard the delay with something like malicious satisfaction.

Have I loitered too long in the New Forest? Who is there knows not the lingering interest, or species of affection with which we regard all objects on the first day of a holiday, especially when those objects are rural—when we have before us the manifold loveliness of English landscape? Emancipation surprises us with a touch of the old bygone feeling of childhood, which all too soon departs again.

But I will loiter no longer. Twilight was falling when the train came up. I got my knapsack, and shortly after ten was quartered under the sign of the *Antelope* at Poole.

CHAPTER II.

Poole Bay to Wych Passage—The Boatmen's Lament—Land *versus* Water—Wych Heath—Purbeck Hills—Corfe Castle—History and Ruins—Clay-Digger—Corfe and its Phenomena—Along the Hill-top—A Mist—Touches of Dorsetshire—Tyneham—Lulworth Castle—Lulworth Cove—Outlook—Range of Cliffs—Vigilant Sea-Birds—White Nose—Weymouth.

RUNNING in some six miles from the British Channel, and from four to five miles wide, narrowed at the entrance, the bay on which Poole is situate presents the appearance of a great lake ramifying into smaller bays, across one of which the railway is carried. The surface is broken by a few small islands, by buoys and beacon-poles, and the beds of long trailing grass and tall rushes that grow on the numerous shallows. The Frome, and one or two small rivers uniting at their outlet, here form an estuary, with a tortuous channel, that finds its way out to Studland Bay and the open sea between the two thin projecting tongues of land known as North and South Havens. Standing on the quay at Poole, you see the hills of what is called the Isle of Purbeck beyond the opposite shore, and you look at them with that feeling of pleasurable expectation, prompted by the hope of climbing their green slopes before the day is many hours older. Among them stands Corfe Castle; and one of the ways to that celebrated ruin lies across this singular bay.

From Poole to Wych Passage—the usual landing-place for Corfe—the distance is about seven miles, and the boatmen lounging on the quay are always ready to row you there on their own terms. "'Twas too much of a pull for one," said a weatherbeaten old fellow, "besides meeting the tide coming back;" he would, however, take three shillings, and I agreeing, he hailed another of his own genus as rugged as himself to pull the second oar, and away we went. Poole, built on its low peninsula, and the masts of a few small vessels rising

above the roofs, seemed to glide away in one direction as we moved quietly in the other over the unruffled surface of the harbour in the calm of the early morning. Though tame in prospect, the town declared stoutly for Parliament and People in the time of the great contest; and it is perhaps to some angry royalist that we must ascribe the reproachful distich:

“If Pool was a fish-pool, and the men of Pool fish,
There'd be a pool for the devil, and fish for his dish.”

Ere long the noise of a lively ripple prattling against the sides of the boat announced our entry on the course of the stream, up which we steered towards the head of the bay. From here Brownsey Island, with the buildings on it, and the fort that commands the channel, can be well made out, with a glimpse of sea in the distance, as the entrance of the bay opens. The old men talked as they rowed of the changes that had taken place within their remembrance: some channels had deepened, others altogether disappeared. Poole was not what it used to be; once it had a great trade with Newfoundland, now the trade was not worth talking about. Just then a large fish leaping up at an unwary fly fell down again with a loud splash, which suggested another topic. “Ah! we could catch salmon here one time, now we don't see a dozen fish in a season;” and so the two ancient ones went on repeating the old story, that things were better when they were young. Then another grievance was, that since the opening of the railway so few persons go to the castle by water; they prefer to travel down the line to Wareham, four miles from Corfe, and there take the omnibus. The grumblers refused to be comforted, and would by no means admit that the sending away of some forty thousand tons of clay every year to Staffordshire, could be regarded as any equivalent for the decline of the Newfoundland trade—“'twasn't the same thing, nohow.”

Meanwhile the estuary became narrower, the grass and rushes grew thicker on one side, while vast banks of mud, where gulls screamed discordantly, appeared on the other. All at once we turned into ‘Ball's Lake’—lake being the local term for a passage connecting two channels—and presently we were in Wych Channel, a narrow water-course, twisting in innumerable curves between the slimy banks.

The tide having ebbed, they were seen in their full dimensions: flat, brown, unctuous-looking masses, bearing a few rank weeds, with here and there a pile or a bush fixed at the bends, to mark the channel at high water. The effect of the windings is surprising. Poole, which had been left in the rear, is now in front, and the Purbeck hills are behind, miles away; another minute and the positions are reversed; but while you are looking at the ruins which have come into view, once more do you turn away from them. Though far from beautiful, the scene is interesting; for here the land and water are contending for the mastery, and the land has the best of it. One of the banks, which the boatmen pointed to as we passed, is now firm enough to walk on, and rises a few inches above the highest tide. With some outlay for embankments, Art assisting Nature, thousands of acres might be at once reclaimed; but Nature, if left to herself, will do the work at leisure; and with such fat, fertile deposits, it is possible to look forward to the time when the present dreary expanse will be covered with golden harvests.

Still narrower grows the channel, leaving scarcely room for the oars; at last a house surrounded by trees appears on the left, and a little wharf, to which is moored a sloop laden with coals. To imagine how such a vessel got there is about as difficult as to account for the flies in amber. The men, tired with their two hours' rowing, made fast with a grunt of satisfaction to the side of the sloop. We had arrived at Wych Passage; I paid the stipulated sum, and scrambled on shore.

A few yards along the rough track leading from the landing-place and you are on Wych Heath, a breezy wilderness of furze and brambles, the very spot for starting a day's walk with gladsome feeling. I slung on my knapsack, and bent my steps towards the ruin, the top of which, about three miles off, could be seen peering above the ridges of furze, and coming more and more into view at every rise of the ground, until at last the whole appears standing grandly on the top of a conical hill, which rises in a break in the Purbeck range.

Arrived at the foot of the cone, there is a choice of paths leading to the summit, steep enough to make you pant again. The remains of the old walls are nearly half a mile in circumference. There are massive towers at the outer

gate; towers in the first court; then a dry ditch, and a bridge of one arch leading to the gate of the second court, at which, so tradition says, the youthful Edward reined up his steed to ask tidings of his brother, and took the cup of wine from the treacherous hands that slew him while he drank. Great crimes haunt a ruin as long as great heroisms; and to the wanderer roaming about the dilapidated fortress, the memory of Elfrida's cruel murder of her son-in-law, nine hundred years ago, invests it with a deeper interest. Here, too, was imprisoned for a time that other unfortunate Edward, who perished miserably at Berkeley Castle. Here the base-hearted John bestowed his regalia for safety, and tortured his captives as only a coward can. Here the lady of Sir John Bankes, animating the garrison by her own spirit and lofty courage, withstood a long siege in behalf of Charles I.; but forced at last to yield, the castle was blown up by orders of the Parliament. The gunpowder did its work too well, and made that havoc in the solid masonry which now, by lapse of years, has become picturesque. Huge masses lie about in wild confusion; some half-buried, with their jagged side upwards; others leaning over, as if still falling; or in great heaps, forming rude caverns, green with moss and grasses; while other fragments, of many tons' weight, have been hurled half-way down the hill, where, though firmly imbedded, they seem ready to topple over and roll down to the road. Here stands the half of a vaulted passage—there a segment of an arch, with flowers growing from the crevices—yonder, four walls enclosing a roofless chamber—evidences of the strength and extent of the ancient castle. They knew how to build in King Edgar's day, for the cement is still so hard that a heavy blow makes but little impression on it. Had it been softer, or had not stone been very abundant in the neighbourhood, the materials would doubtless have been carried away to build cottages, barns, and pigsties; the not uncommon fate of the strongholds of the barons.

But, conspicuous above all the rest is that solid corner buttress, some sixty feet high, completely covered with a thick, unbroken growth of ivy from base to crown. The dark green foliage envelops it on every side, the thick rugged stems visible below, and the thin tender shoots trembling in

the breeze at the summit. Birds flit in and out continually, finding it, no doubt, a safe and pleasant abode; but in one place a chimney-like burrow, running half-way up within the leaves, shows where adventurous boys climb in search of nests. The foliage was in perfection; the new spring leaves having just reached their prime, no single one dusky or withered, made up a surface of matchless verdure. It is worth going far to see how Time, aided by rain, dew, and sunshine, can fling a mantle of beauty over bare stone and shattered masonry.

Besides the ruins you get a view for miles around, over bare hills, fields, and wastes. Straight to the south, about five miles distant, I should have seen St. Alban's Head and the sea, had they not been hidden by a gray bank of mist. There runs the road to Swanage, there the road to Wareham; there is Wych Heath, and the Corfe river running across it, turning the wheel of Arcliffe Mill, on its way to Wych Channel. Those bare patches of white, red, and yellow, are the clay diggings—an abundant source of wealth and industry in Purbeck. You stand, as it were, in a vast gateway, with a free outlook in two directions: the other two are closed by Challow Hill and Knowl Hill, which overtop even the highest summit of the ruins, and come so near together as to leave no more than room for the castle hill and a road between, and a smaller hill beyond, on which is built the little town of Corfe. There is something in the aspect of the place so remarkable that your eye always returns to it. A few old gray stone houses, which appear as if hewn out of the solid rock, clustered round an old church with a fine, tall tower—the central—and a striking object in the picture, and that is Corfe. Sloping away on two sides down to the little watercourse are the gardens of the inhabitants, crowded with vegetables and flowers, that betoken careful culture. I was looking down upon it from a nook in the old walls, locally known as the "courting corner," and had just remembered it was disfranchised by the Reform Bill, when a man in the dress of a well-to-do labourer who had strolled up, said, "It be a hard little place, Sur."

His adjective was not inappropriate; and after a few remarks had passed between us, its significance seemed the

more evident. He was, he said, a clay-digger, earning two shillings a day, and nothing at all in rainy weather, for then labour is suspended; and hard work he finds it, even in the best of times, to eke out wages to the supply of wants. He gets a trifle now and then from "genelfolk" who come to see the castle, as he is one of two appointed to see that the caution anent mischief written on the notice-board is not disobeyed. But all are poor in Corfe: they have such "uncommon large families" that it is "wonderful" to see the children playing in the streets in the evenings. He himself confessed to fifteen children, and an expectation of another or two; and, judging from his description, Corfe must present scenes of overcrowding only to be paralleled in London lodging-houses. "A goodish few" were able to read and write; but the necessity for work was unfavourable to education; and if the "young 'uns didn't 'arn somethin', there'd never be 'taters enough for 'em to ate in the winter." Did none ever emigrate? Not many; because of want of money, and an unwillingness to leave the old place.

A stone bridge of four arches spans the deep dry ditch that separates the hill from the town, and crossing over you find yourself on a level with the market-place, amid the houses that looked so strange from the hill-top. The strangeness is not diminished by a nearer view. Some of them have that marked feature of antiquity, a square projecting chamber in front, which, supported on short wooden pillars, forms a portico to the door, so low as to remind you painfully of an Eastern Counties railway-carriage. One of these porticoed houses is the *Greyhound*—a modest hostelry, but possessed of satisfactory capabilities as regards entertainment. A quiet breakfast at a little country inn is not the least among the enjoyments of travel. The unadulterated milk, the really new-laid eggs, the sweet, fresh butter, all inspire a confidence unfelt in cities, and you eat with unwonted satisfaction.

Breakfast over, I started for Lulworth Cove—twelve miles distant. The shortest road runs along the very top of the hills, which extend nearly the whole of the distance, and in the general levelness of their summit remind you of the Hog's Back in Surrey. You leave Corfe by a narrow road, which descends rapidly to the foot of the castle hill,

where you get a view along the ditch, and the tall arches of the bridge, and where the huge masses of the old towers that lie on the turf seem only waiting till you pass beneath to finish their tumble. Gradually the path rises up the side of Knowl, giving you a new aspect of the town and ruins, and soon you arrive at the top of the hill. Here faint wheel-ruts and sheep-tracks run along the soft green turf, nearly in the centre of the summit, which, with the width of about a hundred yards, stretches away farther than eye can see. Here and there luxuriant beds of thistles grow secure in their impunity, and send out stragglers in all directions among the patches and rounded hassocks of gorse, disputing possession of the soil. Everywhere sheep are grazing, or crouching in lairs hollowed out of the furze on the side which does not face the strong south-westerly gales; and the silly animals, though knowing where to seek the warmest quarters, give themselves a world of trouble to run bleating away whenever you pass near them.

The early morning's promise of fine weather had been more than once broken since I left the boat by a scud of watery mist flying off from the bank that lay to seaward; and I had not been long on the hill-top before great masses of white cloud drifted over the region on my left till they struck the hills, and then rolling over the summit in a succession of circular swirls that resembled huge balls of light fleecy wool, they speedily covered the lowlands on the right with the same vaporous shroud. The crops in the interior valleys are often blighted by these mists, while the strip of land along the coast escapes harmless.

It was a strange spectacle. On each side a dim, gray chaos, that the eye sought in vain to penetrate, and between, the long, level crown of the hill rising up as a low bank—apparently the only strip of land left for foot to tread on: all the rest of creation had disappeared. There was something spectral-like in the effect: a dark mass looming a few yards in the distance was a haystack—a waggon—a bullock, till coming closer you found it to be nothing but a clump of the gorse, dripping with beads of mist, and murmuring hoarsely as the wind swept through. Yonder stands a tree, bending and shaking: a tree on the very brow! a few paces more—it is a man, then a boy, and after all proves to be only

a thistle. So deceptive is the effect of this misty phenomenon, that I was cheated more than once, even after I knew of the illusion. The thicker the mist the stronger became the wind, not to be resisted at last without a sturdy tramp. Now and then a pale gleam of light broke through; but vanishing again immediately, it seemed more like a flicker from an expiring lamp than a ray from the solar blaze.

Though the view was shut out, there was some compensation in the novelty of the circumstances, besides the addition to one's meteorological experiences. Not being able to see, I did my best to remember. Purbeck, though called an Isle, is, in reality, a peninsula; the isthmus being a half-mile between the sources of two small streams, one flowing into the Frome, the other into Worbarrow Bay. On my right lay an expanse of heath-land, as dreary in appearance as the camping-ground at Chobham, stretching along the base of the hill for miles, traversed in some places by those curious turf-coated flint banks peculiar to Dorsetshire. On the left is a strip of cultivated country, bordered by the sea, where one deep vale is of such extraordinary fertility as to be named the Golden Bowl, containing the estate of Encombe, once a favourite residence of that prosaic Chancellor, Eldon. There are the quarries yielding apparently inexhaustible supplies of the marble for which, as well as for its butter, this county is celebrated. Goodly specimens of the marble may be seen in the Temple Church. There, too, is Kimmeridge, known to geologists all over the world for its clay and fossil coal. The county, indeed, is distinguished as having contributed Purbeck marble, Portland stone, and Kimmeridge clay to geological nomenclature; besides its interesting fossils—the Swanage crocodile, the Pterodactyle, the Ichthyosaurus, a Briarean starfish with 150,000 bones, and sundry turtles. There it was, under the highest cliffs, that the *Halsewell* Indiaman was wrecked, more than sixty years ago—a catastrophe not yet forgotten along the coast. Moreover, to remember the names of some of the worthies of Dorsetshire will beguile a portion of the way: here Stillingfleet was born, and Sydenham, and Browne Willis, and Sir James Thornhill, and not a few others whose names are well known in art and literature.

At the end of about two miles a rough track worn through the turf crosses the ridge, marking the end of Knowl Hill and the beginning of Purbeck, which rises to a higher level. There was something strange about that narrow road, scarcely visible for a few yards in either direction, and plunging down into the misty abyss: whence does it arise and whither lead? You need not hesitate as to your route: keep the crown of the hill and you will not go astray. To my surprise, I came to a field of barley, extending out of sight down the seaward slope, and in excellent condition, notwithstanding its elevation and exposure, drooping heavily with the damp. Here the mist became thicker than ever, yet the lark was singing as merrily overhead as though the skies were bright and blue: singing, perhaps, for the song's sake. How the blithesome creature contrived to find its nest in such a thick atmosphere is a question for naturalists.

After walking for about three hours, I began to think Lulworth could not be far off, and, misled by the mist, I took a path that ran gradually down to the left, till it brought me to Tyneham, a sequestered little village in a hollow sloping down to the sea, so tranquil and so pleasantly situated, that I could not regret the deviation. It is one of those old-world places that carry you back to the Saxon days, when all was rude simplicity. The quaint little church stands in the midst of rustic gravestones, and there is a touch of the olden time in the fountain, a slab with an iron spout let into the churchyard wall, and inscribed with the words recorded in John iv., 13, 14. Here in the valley there was no mist, but I got into it once more on reascending the hill.

About two miles farther you go down a steep descent to Lulworth Cove, or West Lulworth. Should it be Wednesday, you may slant off to the right a little sooner, and make your way to East Lulworth, as on that day visitors are permitted to view the finely-situated castle—the residence of the Welds. In clear weather it is visible from the hills, a square building with a round tower at each corner, standing in a large, beautifully-wooded park; and in convenient nearness are the remains of Bindon Abbey.

A straggling street, a squat-towered church, and the *Jolly Sailor* public-house are what you first see at West Lulworth, with indications that the salt water is not far off. Even here,

in this out-of-the-way village, there was evidence of the war, posted on a wall—one of those stirring invitations, signed by the indefatigable Captain Sheringham, calling on the loyal to enlist as “coast volunteers.” The road, still descending, conducts you a short distance farther to the village at the Cove, where better houses—some of them of pert and fanciful architecture, and an appearance of cleanliness—set off by pretty gardens and a clear little stream that skirts the road, contrast agreeably with the village in the rear. High hills rise on both sides, and shelter the place from unwelcome winds, while leaving it open to those from the south. As usual, the coast-guard have appropriated the best point of view: their tall flagstaff stands on the top of the western cliff, by the side of a little wooden cabin, on a paved platform, surrounded by a stone wall. I went up to it, and, while contemplating the scene beneath, got into a talk with the man on the look-out, as already related; the first of a series—for I met with many other men of the same service in my further ramble along the coast—all able to talk, and of remarkable civility. The one at Lulworth was a type of the rest: he placed his telescope in my hands, and gave me all the information I wanted; but happening to ask, among my questions, whether much smuggling was carried on in the neighbourhood, he eyed me suspiciously for a few moments, and retorted—“How do I know but what you are a smuggler yourself?” perhaps from a habit of caution. However, before I withdrew he became satisfied I was not a contrabandist.

The Cove is a singular formation: a circular basin about four hundred and fifty yards in diameter, edged by cliffs which, approaching near together on the outside, leave a narrow entrance between the two points or buttresses, that rise to a height of nearly three hundred feet. The cliffs are composed of calcareous grit and shelly limestone, dipping with the same inclination to the north on each side of the basin, but so strangely contorted and thrown about that even Turner’s pencil fails to depict all their picturesque beauty. Underneath, the heavy wash of the waves has worn caverns, gullies, and channels of the most fantastic shapes. In the Cove large vessels may lie almost close to the shore; yet the water, though deep, is so translucent, that the

bottom is distinctly seen, white at the margin, succeeded by a delicate pale green that deepens and deepens to an intense emerald. So regular is the form, that you might take the basin to be an amphitheatre, into which the sea had forced its way by a breach in the wall. A steamer comes from Weymouth every Wednesday during the summer, bringing visitors to the Cove and castle, and returning the same day: a plank from the vessel to the beach is the only means of landing. While I stood leaning against the wall the view gradually brightened, and at length St. Alban's Head was visible in one direction, and the Isle of Portland in the other. Yonder, too, Weymouth is just perceptible, and all the coast between—Durdle-door, the Swyn, and White Nose, forming in some places magnificent cliffs, Marm Toot, the one next from Lulworth, rising to nearly twice three hundred feet, and along its edge a white footpath which, ere long, I should have to climb.

When I returned to the *Cove Tavern* for my knapsack, the landlord tried to dissuade me from travelling along the cliffs, it was "such rough walking," nothing but ups and downs, with risk of falling, and so forth—all of which might be avoided by taking the road "inside the hills," as he expressed it. For rough walking my mind was made up; and for the rest, I doubted not that where a coast-guard man could walk, I could walk also. Moreover, I had come to see the cliffs with all their variety of form and outline, and the glorious expanse of sea beyond. But I was advised so many times to take an inland route, as to make me suspect at last the existence of a wish to keep strangers away from the cliffs.

It was five in the afternoon when I betook myself to the first ascent; a shrewd steep it proved to be, testing my lungs severely with the upward trudge. Soon I was above the village; the look-out point, the flagstaff, all grown suddenly smaller by being looked down upon; and from the top I could see the line of cliffs either way for miles. White Nose, the highest, occasionally caught a cloud of scud on its brow, which presently drifted away over the land, for the evening was becoming as bright as the morning. Once on the summit, there is a change of view, for you begin immediately to descend on the opposite side by a slope, steep in proportion to the ascent, and broken up into minor undula-

tions that diversify the surface. In the bottom of the hollow the cliff is low ; you scent the saline atmosphere, and see the different colours of the pebbles on the beach, and hear the dash of the breakers. Here, too, a streamlet steals along to the edge of the cliff, where it trickles over in a ceaseless drip, bordered by flowers and sweet-scented plants, and the sun shines so warm that you feel tempted to lie down and rest awhile. But there is another steep which makes you fancy the sun has become hotter ; no sooner, however, do you peep above the top than the breeze from the sea at once lowers the temperature, and you go on briskly again. How the gulls, and puffins, and razor-bills begin their screeching clang as soon as they become aware of your presence ; first a single warning cry, and then a very saturnalia of discordant sounds, while the white-winged creatures fly circling round your head with hostile demonstrations. " I knew there was somebody coming," said another coast-guard man, who turned out of his little hut to meet me, " for the birds always set up their noise, let it be day or night, as soon as any one's on the move." To land brandy and silks without paying duty would seem to be well-nigh impossible in the face of such uncompromising vigilance.

White Nose is a grand bluff, from which the men quartered in the neatly-painted houses built on the top have a most extensive prospect. But the number of shrouds to the flagstaff, and the closed porch to each door, with a side entrance, suggest the idea of angry winds ; and indeed it blows a whole gale here, when at the foot of the cliffs the fisherman feels only a stiff breeze. The men at the station were all new hands, the old ones having been drafted off for service in the Baltic fleet. In one place I heard of but four men being left to watch twenty miles of coast ; from which we might believe that smuggling had ceased to be profitable, or that the exigencies of war are paramount.

On the western side of the point towards Ringstead Bay the shore is bordered by an undercliff, a bewildering accumulation of ridge and slope, hummock and hollow, chequered with purple rock, elder-trees and flowers, ferns and creepers in profusion, and with narrow footpaths curving in and out, and up and down, from one end to the other—a pleasant scene to look upon. What a charming site for a cottage !

open to the south, and sheltered by the tall cliffs behind. Here at the top deep cracks penetrate the gravelly soil, making you cautious of walking too near the edge, while they indicate the way in which the undercliff was produced, and continues to be widened.

Hence the cliff sinks again to a low elevation, backed by fields, farms, orchards, and snug homesteads, all the way to Osmington Mills, a very little village, where the path appears suddenly to terminate. But there it goes between the amphibious-looking cottages, which reveal by unmistakable signs the calling of their inmates; now it traverses a garden, now crosses the tumbling brook by a plank, and takes such strange turns that you are tempted to go back for fear of trespass. But no one disputes the thoroughfare. You have scarcely escaped the smell of fish, and lost sight of nets, boats, and lobster-pots, than you come to a clayey hollow, soft and slimy with trickling water collected here and there in pools, and so densely overgrown with rushes, some springing like young bamboos from the oozy soil, that you have to tread the uneven track with caution to avoid getting set fast in the mire. How the coast-guard men find their way through on dark, stormy nights, is not easy to imagine. Presently you come to a deep gully; and in this first day of walking along the cliffs you will thus have had many characteristic examples of the variety and beauty that await you farther on.

Clearer and clearer grew the sky as the day declined; the colours of the landscape came out, and on the sea the long, slanting rays fell in streams of gold. From Red-cliff, the last headland on the way, I saw Portland swelling up, a dark mountainous mass against the glowing sunset, and in the deep shadow beyond the bay, the chimneys of Weymouth. An hour later, and I was enjoying the rest earned by a walk of thirty-two miles.

CHAPTER III.

To Portland—Specimens of Oolite—Castletown—Chesilton—Chesil Bank—Millions of Pebbles—The Fleet—The Portlanders—Domestic Phenomena—Fortune's Well—Imposing View—The Lighthouses—The Bill—Natural Arch—Quarries—Geological Changes—Quarrymen—Cave's Hole—Pennsylvania Castle—Convict Establishment—The Breakwater—Busy Scene—Mode of Construction—Dropping the Stone—Up the Incline—Back to Weymouth.

FROM Weymouth to the Isle of Portland, a distance of three miles by water, and you are in a place where nature, art, and industry, take you by surprise. The singular appearance of the island itself, the extraordinary works carried on within it, however familiar by description, cannot be seen without feelings of astonishment.

Two steamers, which ply frequently during the day, make the passage across in about twenty minutes, more or less smoothly, according to wind and weather. Having rounded the Mixon at the entrance of Weymouth Harbour you are in Portland Road, with a range of cliffs on the right, backed by higher ground in the distance, Sandsfoot Castle at their farther extremity, and beyond, a low, level, dark line, stretching from the island towards the main, parallel to the shore. Immediately in front, the northern end of the island rises bold and steep to a height of 458 feet; and on the left, should the wind blow from the south-west, you will see from fifty to a hundred vessels at anchor, waiting for a change to carry them round the Start and clear of the Channel; and behind them, matching the level on the other side, is the line of the Breakwater. You will scarcely have noticed these particulars ere the steamer stops at the landing-place.

Here is a little collection of houses dignified with the name of Castletown, for which there is scant room between the water and the hill; and up and down along the shore are piled huge blocks of stone in masses that rival the village

itself in dimensions, and with narrow lanes and passages running between them. Before long, the powerful cranes erected here and there will have dropped them all into vessels that constantly arrive and depart. If you wish to know what oolite is, seize the opportunity, and examine the blocks. Such an object-lesson is one you will not easily forget.

Turning to the right, I took the road leading to the western side of the island, crossing the tramways of the long inclines, down which the blocks of stone are sent from the quarries on the hill-top. How swiftly the laden trucks come rattling down, bringing more and more of the ponderous cubes to the shipping-wharves, where the accumulation is already prodigious! Where can it all be going to? Empty trucks go rattling up at the same time, and, if you will, you may ascend with the train and see by what means the abundant supply of stone is maintained; or, keeping the road a few minutes more, you come to Fortune's Well, the chief place of the island, forming with Chesilton, standing close to it at the foot of the declivity, a considerable village. It has been uphill all the way, and now you can look across the whole breadth of the bay towards Weymouth; but what chiefly strikes the eye is Chesil Bank, that low, level line, observed from the steam-boat while crossing. You see it in all its length and width stretching with hollow curve towards the sea, from Chesilton to Abbotsbury, a distance of ten miles—a great dam formed of pebbles—nothing but pebbles. Impatient for a nearer view, I ran down the steep slope, and found a way to the bank by one of the narrow passages between the houses. It is a most extraordinary sight! The stones, smooth and water-worn, and generally of the bigness of a hen's egg, appear to be solidly packed; but no sooner do you step on them than they slip away, your feet sink in, and walking on them becomes at once tedious and laborious. "Two steps back'ards for one step for'ards," said a stone-hewer, who told me he had often trudged it from one end to the other. On the outer side the pebbles are ranged in a series of four steps or terraces, each some five or six feet lower than the other, the last sloping away beneath the sea, all so smooth and level, the edges so accurately finished, that you can hardly believe so perfect a stair to be the unassisted

work of the waves. Such steps as these, miles in length, seem a fit landing-place for giants. Descending one after the other, I sank to my knees in the avalanche of rattling pebbles that slipped away beneath me down to the lowermost terrace, where the footing was somewhat firmer. The wind blew half a gale, and the heavy breakers, tumbling in from the West Bay, offered an imposing spectacle, heightened by the thundering rush of their advance, and the angry hiss of their retreat over the millions of stones. Here is the place if you wish to pick up specimens of polished and rounded porphyry, quartz, jasper, spar, and other kinds of rock, for the retiring wave leaves them glistening in the sun, and you can choose the most brilliant—some big as turkeys' eggs. The choice is ample. You might soon load a boat with the raw material of paper-weights and seals. Here and there grow a few marine plants, and patches of weed are thrown up, a slight relief to the bare, stony surface, on which the half-dozen boats left high and dry by the tide seem altogether out of place, and you wonder that fishermen should frequent such a beach. It was troublesome work to get back to the top of the bank; I had to dig my feet as far as they could be thrust into the rise of each step, and more than once in making the last stride lost all I had gained, and slipped down again to the bottom.

To see Chesil Bank, and not feel a desire to know something about its origin, is scarcely possible. The question is one not yet answered with certainty; but the supposition is, that the set of the sea, impelled by south-westerly winds, operating from times too remote for history, has gradually swept the shore all the way from the Start, until, stopped by the projecting mass of Portland, the drifting shingle has formed the present bank, resting some ten feet thick on a ridge of blue clay. The formation appears to be dependent on some law, for the largest pebbles are at high-water mark, and at the eastern end, whence they gradually diminish in dimensions as you go towards Abbotsbury, becoming at last as small as mustard-seed. Nowhere do you see any admixture of sand; and it is said that smugglers, when landing on the bank in dark nights, know where they are by the size of the stones. With a height of from fifty to sixty feet, and varying from a hundred yards to a third of a mile in width,

it is yet so narrow in comparison with its length, as to have given rise to the fanciful idea of its being a string by which Portland, representing in shape a breast of mutton, hangs to the main land. The tide rises from two to three feet higher on the outer than the inner side ; but no water flows through ; the pebbles, though so loosely piled, keep it out as effectually as a Dutch dyke. But in the fierce storms which at times lash the Channel, the breakers dash from one side to the other. In the gale of 1824, still remembered in the neighbourhood, a vessel of ninety-five tons' burden, laden with ordnance stores, was driven so far over the bank by the tremendous sea, that a few yards more would have sent her into the in-shore bay. Most disastrous of the fatal wrecks that have happened here, was the loss of several ships belonging to the fleet bound to the West Indies, under command of Admiral Christian, in November, 1795 ; caught by a hurricane, they were hurled on the bank, and a thousand men perished. A further effect of storms is to scour away the pebbles ; nearly four million tons were removed during a gale in December, 1852 ; and on another occasion a still greater quantity was swept off ; but in a few days all is again replaced by the sea. At such times, large patches of the bed of blue clay on which the pebbles rest are laid bare ; and no sooner do the people who live near become aware of the fact, than they assemble in numbers to search for coins and other valuables, which may then be picked up on the naked spots. Were any disturbance to occur to stop the supply of shingle from the west, the whole bank would soon disappear.

Between the bank and the main shore is an inlet, or lagoon, called the Fleet, which, spreading out in places to half a mile in width, terminates at Abbotsbury in a pool, known as the Swannery, from having been the breeding-place of thousands of swans. Near its entrance the inlet is crossed by a timber bridge six hundred feet long, over which is carried the road leading from Weymouth to Portland ; and farther up, rudely-built causeways, with openings for the passage of the water, suffice for the traffic from one side to the other.

On turning round to leave the bank, the scene that meets the eye presents a striking contrast to the seaward view.

The backs of the houses are towards you, and, judging from their aspect, the Chesiltonians are not remarkable for love of order or cleanliness. The ground is everywhere strewn with pebbles and rubbish; old, decaying posts stand here and there, amid a crop of docks and mallows which grow around them and in the hollows and corners; while tumble-down walls and rickety and roofless gables betoken anything but prosperity. Even the inhabited houses have but a makeshift appearance; yet it must not be supposed that the Portlanders are an unthrifty race. Leland sets them down as "politique enough in selling their commodities, and somewhat avaritiose." You see that attention is paid to at least one branch of domestic economy by the trousers hung out to dry at nearly every window, and kept from blowing away by a large stone. The whole place would pass for one of the untidy villages so common in France, and the more so as it has an ever-flowing fountain spouting from a square mass of masonry in the middle of the street. It is not, however, devoid of pretence or ambition, as **RATHBONE HOUSE**, written in large capitals on the side of a miserable tenement, noticeably testifies.

Up once more to Fortune's Well, where, on passing the *Portland Arms*, you may, if you will, see the Reeve Pole, a relic from the Danish times, on which a record is traced of every estate in the island—a sort of wooden Doomsday Book, referred to for the collection of manorial dues. Continuing up the street, you see a post-office, and shops with specimens of stone and fossils and stuffed birds, and numbers of picks and screw-jacks at the door of the smithy, suggestive of quarrying; and nearly every house has a portico, with the entrance at the side opposite to that of the prevalent winds—an arrangement which might be adopted in other parts of the country with manifest benefit. From the top of the hill, after clearing the village, there is an imposing view: east and west are St. Alban's Head and Berry Head. And now you see what a noble bay sweeps in between the former and Portland, and, when the weather is very clear, the Isle of Wight and the Start can be seen as the remotest points. Nearer objects appear as on a map—the bank, with its living fringe of white sea foam, the Fleet, the bridge, Smallmouth Sands, Portland Castle, and all the nautical

accessories. On the eastern border of the hill, a score or so of tall cranes mark the government quarries—the great convict establishment; and prominent in the south is the lofty church tower, and farther in the same direction the white top of the lighthouse just visible above a rising slope. Not a tree do you see anywhere—nothing but high stone fences, cultivated fields, fallows that look as if they had been sparsely macadamised, turfy swells and hollows, defaced in places by refuse from the quarries, the houses of two or three of the seven villages, built in different parts of the Island, surrounded on all sides by the restless, gleaming sea—and such is a general view of Portland, as seen from the top of the Vern Hill. Owing to the want of wood, some of the inhabitants burn what is called on the American prairies *bois de vache*.

The Island, being only about four miles long and two miles wide, may be easily walked round in the day. You may make your way directly down the centre, without heeding road or path, or diverge to the right and follow the edge of the western cliffs. If a fence comes in your way, climb over it; the tall church tower will always serve as your landmark. After walking about two miles you come to the flat ridge that hid the lighthouse, whence the ground falls in a long slope, and narrows to a point a mile distant—the well-known Bill of Portland. Now you see the upper and lower lighthouse standing in a line about a quarter of a mile apart, each with its clean, white buildings, surrounded by a white quadrangular wall, all appearing the whiter by contrast with the green turf and blue sea. The cleanliness will bear the test of a nearer view, for looking into the inclosure you observe no neglected holes and corners, but an ample number of oil jars ranged in rows, and proofs that broom and brush are diligently used. The upper light, so the keeper said, burns seven hundred gallons of oil in a year. In the garden he had a brilliant show of flowers and a few gooseberry-bushes, and a plantation of shrubs and small trees under the seaward wall, but all shorn off even with the wall top by the mere force of the wind. The angry blast checks all aspiration, keeping down every branch and twig to a uniform level. Too much wind appears to be as hurtful to trees as too much praise to men.

Proceeding down the slope you see here and there a square stone planted in the ground, with the initials T. H. cut on one side, marking the boundary of the land belonging to the Trinity House. It is soft walking on the turf; but beware of going too near the edge of the cliffs, for to slip on the smooth short grass would be to roll over and become a plaything for the breakers. That restless ripple in the sea, about a mile beyond the Bill, is Portland Race, a violent commotion produced by opposing currents, dangerous to small vessels in rough weather at spring tides. It is farthest from the shore in a north-west wind: a south wind blows it back again. To the eastward lies the Shambles, a much-dreaded shoal, indicated by a yeasty patch in the water, some three miles from the shore; and there, within a few yards of the sea, is the pyramidal beacon, showing its white face to vessels far away in the Channel.

At this end of the island the cliff is not more than from ten to twenty feet high; and here, where I looked for solitude, I found life and industry; a long range of quarries, and horses, trucks, and men, in full employment; and the noise of picks and hammers mingling with the universal roar of the surge. At one place, where vessels may lie in deep water close to the shore, stands a powerful crane; but only in calm weather can such an exposed shipping-wharf be made available. The quarries are so near the sea that the spray dashes into them, there being nothing between but the level shelf of rock from which the upper strata have been removed, and left it resembling a natural quay with myriads of imbedded fossils everywhere visible on its surface. Towards the sea it is broken and jagged, and the water plunges into the numerous hollows, and swirls among the detached masses lying outside with perpetual oscillations.

At the extremity of the rocky shelf stands what I at first took for the remains of an old fort, but discovered to be, on a nearer view, a specimen of Nature's own architecture. Massive pillars of rock, some thirty feet high, bearing a mighty pediment, on one side an angular recess, on the other a wide open arch, stand detached about two feet from the cliff; and as the water has free play all round their base, when the heavy swells come swooping in with their tremen-

dous rush, you start back fancying the ponderous mass must yield to the shock. So small does the lower part appear in contrast with the upper, that you cannot but imagine the whole will topple over, hastened by the weight of the ponderous slab that leans against the middle pillar. Yet it has stood through the buffetings of many a winter storm, and will perhaps stand for many more. Seen through the arch, the water seemed of a deeper blue; and to catch a sail within its curve made up a real picture. I lingered long about this interesting spot, for, apart from its being the most seaward point, I was gratifying a sort of affectionate inclination felt ever since the day when, after some years' residence in America, the first glimpse of dear old fatherland, on returning, was the white cliffs of Portland.

In the quarries here you may witness the whole process of 'winning' the stone, for the cliffs are low, and all the workings, as well as the several strata into which they are carried, come well under the eye. To commence with the latter: first there is the layer of earth, about a foot thick, on which the island depends for all its vegetable produce; next come beds of yellowish limestone, three feet thick, called 'slate' by the quarrymen, as they split readily into thin slabs, and are used for roofing; then a deposit of calcareous stone, the lower part of which is distinguished as 'soft burr,' and immediately below this is the 'dirt-bed;' and a very remarkable dirt-bed it is. Silicified tree-stems are found therein, some lying down; others, short stumps, still erect and held by their roots, together with numerous remains of tropical plants and animals, and water-worn stones. To account for all this, geologists tell us the dirt-bed was once the surface of a limestone region which had been formed at the bottom of the sea and upheaved; that after the lapse of ages it all went down again, and became the bottom of some vast estuary, and so remained for another series of ages until another disturbance brought it up once more in the form in which we now see it. Later in the day I was favoured with the sight of an interesting collection of the various fossil remains in the office of Mr. Coode, resident engineer of the Breakwater.

But we have not yet come to the 'merchantable stone.' Looking at the side of the quarry, you see next below the

dark line of the dirt-bed a stratum that reminds you of coral, so full is it of cells and perforations that have a polished crystalline lining, and are interspersed with innumerable shells. Were it not for these perforations this 'cap,' as it is called, would be, perhaps, the most valuable of building stone, for it is hard as flint and proof against exposure, either to the sea or the weather. Under this lies the 'roach,' in compact and solid masses, in which you recognise the Portland stone that has contributed so much to the architectural decoration of London and other places. Inigo Jones used it more than two hundred years ago, when he built the Banqueting House in Whitehall, Wren in St. Paul's and some of the City churches; and the Reform Club House and the Exchange show what can be done with it in the hands of modern builders. The roach varies from six to twenty feet in thickness, and yields blocks of any required dimensions, commonly from one to ten tons' weight, or twenty tons if specially ordered; and not till this is reached does the owner make profit or the workman earn wages. The hewers, in some places, have to dig through a thickness of thirty feet before they come to the good stone, and remove all this mass of waste at their own cost and labour. Below the roach are beds of clay, in which the turtle-stones are found that, when cut into slabs and polished, make beautifully veined table-tops.

The quarrymen generally are tall, stalwart fellows, able to wield their picks and hammers with right good will. You see some digging off the unprofitable upper strata, others grubbing away at the stubborn cap, and others, the fortunate gangs, in full activity on the roach. They mark out the required dimensions on the cleared surface, and having split off the blocks with wedges, fall to with the kevel, an instrument half hammer, half axe, and hew them into shape. No bulk, however great, appears to come amiss to them, for they turn the huge masses over and shift them about, by the use of screwjacks, chains, and iron-shod levers, with apparent ease, and when an order comes, as it sometimes does, for twenty-ton blocks, are always ready to turn them out. Though rude their labours, they are civil of speech, and not unwilling to give information, yet rendered somewhat tenacious and prejudiced by their insular life. "Who was go-

vernment?" said some of them, when purchases of land were made by authority; "let 'n come down here, we'll pitch 'n into the sea." They know how to be thrifty; and though earning but small wages with all their hard work, they contrive, by renting a plot of land, which feeds a cow and fowls and supplies them with vegetables, and occasionally catching fish, to maintain themselves in comfort and independence. You may frequently see them near the sea lifting up the thin loose slabs in search of sea-lice, which, congregated by thousands, afford a plentiful supply of bait; and when too many fish are caught, there is always a market for the surplus at Weymouth. The contrast between the muscular forms of the islanders, some of whom make nothing of carrying three hundred-weight, and those of men who work in cotton-factories or counting-houses, leaves no room to doubt the virtue of open-air exercise.

The number of squared blocks piled outside the quarries is prodigious, each marked with red paint, and ready for removal. It is a little puzzling to believe that they can have been got out of the excavations which appear so small in comparison. More than fifty thousand tons are sent away every year, and the demand is increasing. Long as this has gone on, one would think it should make an impression on the supply; but as an old quarryman remarked, "There ain't no difference; I don't see that the Island's a bit smaller since I was a boy." The calculation is, that not before two thousand years from the present time will the stone be exhausted. The last block of Portland, and the last lump of coal, will therefore come up for consumption at about the same period.

I resumed my walk, and with the sea now on my right, returned along the eastern side of the Island. The quarries are left behind, and passing the lower lighthouse, you come to a sudden break in the ground, which, narrowing as it descends, opens into a large cavern known as Cave's Hole, and, looking down, you see, through the dim green light, the waves rushing and foaming among the rocks below. A south-west wind sends the water up in foaming jets; and it is said that small vessels have been driven into the cavern by stress of weather. All along here the cliffs are worn into deep cavernous hollows; in some places detached masses of rock, quite surrounded by water, show where the roofs have

fallen in, leaving the craggy buttresses in the form of rude pillars and arches to bear the shock unsupported. A quarter of an hour farther, and there is Pennsylvania Castle, a spacious mansion built by a former governor of Portland, John Penn, a descendant from the famous Quaker. He did besides what was thought to be an impossibility: he made trees grow, and the grounds are now sheltered by goodly belts of sycamores—a phenomenon where trees are so rare as on the Island. A little beyond, on the top of a projecting cliff, stands a venerable relic, Bow and Arrow Castle, built, as some say, in the reign of Stephen, though others hold its second name, Rufus' Castle, to prove a still earlier date. Whichever it be, the time-worn building is still inhabited, and looks picturesque perched on the beetling precipice. Near by is an ancient churchyard, and if you choose to descend to the undercliff where garden plots are laid out, you will find a steep and rugged path leading down to the beach. Here, seeing the broken condition of the cliffs, and the numerous rocks beneath, you may be led to believe there is more than mere tradition in what the inhabitants say about their Island having been at one time as large again as at present, and that where Pennsylvania Castle now stands was not far from the centre. If true, the destruction on the eastern side has been enormous. On again, and you soon come to the Convict Establishment, within which, protected by its escarpment, are the prison and offices, and some sixteen hundred men, nearly all of whom are employed in getting stone for the Breakwater, and in building a strong fort to the north of the Vern Hill. A daily register is kept of each man's work, one effect of which is to rouse a spirit of ambition for a good character for industry. The 210 shoemakers, cooks, and tailors, as shown by the Report for 1853, earned 35*l.* each in the year, and those working at the quarries nearly as much. In the same year there were but eight deaths from all causes; a proof that the prisoners are not underfed or overworked. Except during the dinner-hour no stranger is permitted to enter without an order from the Secretary of State.

The convict land cuts you off from the cliffs, but skirting its inner border, you may go on till you look down on Castletown, and so complete the tour of the Island. Before

leaving the hill, however, step aside to look at the quarries, which, compared with those at the Bill, are stupendous. The narrow ways winding about between precipitous walls and huge mounds of refuse, have something impressive about them. It seemed to me more than once as I threaded the devious route, that I should come presently to the disinterment of some long-buried city, so much did the cuttings remind me of Mr. Layard's interesting account of his excavations.

I had next to see the Breakwater, a work which, when complete, will be greater than that of Plymouth. Leaving Castletown by the road running to the east along the foot of the hill, about half a mile brings you to a scene of stirring activity and enterprise. A level space is crowded with piles of stone and timber, cranes and triangles—a locomotive dashes past with a train of wagons laden with stone—another comes speeding from the opposite direction with empty ones—yonder is a third waiting its turn—there is whizzing of steam and a noise of saws and hammers, and every one about the place appears to have more than enough to do. At one side are the smithy and other workshops; on the other, standing where the sea rolled prior to the commencement of the works, are the offices of the resident engineer. The hill is here so close to the water, that land had to be made by filling in to provide sufficient space. The work has been going on ever since 1848, and will probably be continued as many years longer.

The question of a Breakwater at Weymouth was first started during the war with France, but nothing came of it until 1844, when the Commissioners appointed to consider the subject of harbours of refuge, reported in favour of a Breakwater at this place, there being no safe harbour where a ship might ride out a gale between Portsmouth and Plymouth. Weymouth itself was much injured by the gale of 1824, the pier and esplanade having been nearly demolished for want of protection. Such a spacious bay, too, as that between St. Alban's Head and Portland, ought to be made the most of, and as abundance of stone lay close at hand, there would be an important saving in the expense. "The harbour," said the Commissioners, "would complete the chain of communication and co-operation between Dover and

Falmouth, a distance of 300 miles." The plans which had been drawn up by Mr. Rendel, one of the ablest engineers of the day, were accordingly approved; Parliament voted 150,000*l.* towards the sum estimated, 600,000*l.*; surveys were made and land purchased, and the preliminary works forthwith commenced; and in July, 1849, the first stone was laid by Prince Albert. The proposed plan includes a Breakwater 2500 yards—nearly a mile and a half—in length, which shall shelter more than 2000 acres of Portland Bay, where the depth varies from two to upwards of five fathoms at low water. Starting from the north-eastern corner of the Island, it was to extend in a straight line to the east for 1800 feet, and there finish in a circular head of solid masonry. Then for 400 feet a clear opening was to be left to allow for vessels running to sea in case of emergency; then another circular head similar to the first, and the principal Breakwater carried in the same straight line for 300 feet, from which, curving round, it went to the north 1800 yards farther, and there terminated in a third circular head. It may thus be considered as one great Breakwater divided by a gap into two unequal portions.

The mode of construction is ingenious, and eminently adapted to its purpose. The Plymouth Breakwater, which is not quite a mile long, and cost a million and a half of money, was formed by dropping large stones through the bottom of the boats in which they had been transported from the quarries; but Mr. Rendel builds a timber stage running out from the shore into the sea as far as may be required, and laying down rails, wagons laden with stone are pushed along the stage by locomotives, and made to drop their load into the water beneath by a very expeditious process. The plan is the same as that followed in the construction of the great works now in progress at Holyhead.

Had screw-piles not been previously invented, it is doubtful if such a stage could have been built. Everything depends on them, as we shall see on looking for a few moments at the way in which the great framework is put together. First, a row of piles standing upright a few feet apart, some yards from the water's edge, are screwed down into the sea bottom; a strong beam, one end of which rests on the shore, is then laid out to each pile and properly secured. Here is at once

a step gained over the sea; and from this, by a bold contrivance, a second row of piles is similarly fixed in advance, and a second series of beams thrust out to rest upon them; and so on, pile after pile, beam after beam, to the full extent of the work, and 150 feet in width. Rails are laid on the beams, and while the stage advances, locomotives follow with wagons over the finished portion, and, dropping the stone, build up the Breakwater and strengthen the foundation of the stage at the same time. When the ridge of stone is in place, the piles are sawn off even with its surface, as it would not then be possible to withdraw them.

Being a public work, the Breakwater is of course open to the public within certain limits; but having a letter of introduction to Mr. Coode, I was permitted to see every part of the works under the guidance of his chief boatman. We walked down one of the floored divisions of the stage, while laden and empty trains were continually passing and re-passing on each side of us, making the massive framework quiver again. This first arm of the Breakwater is above water for nearly its whole length; the lumps of stone of all sizes lying as they fell. Some of them are already fringed with weeds, or covered with that green coat which shows the beginning of marine vegetation. Even thus incomplete, the protection afforded is such that vessels can now ride out a gale where formerly they would have been driven from their anchors; and the Admiralty recognise its value in having ordered a set of first-class moorings to be laid down inside. During the heavy gale of January, 1854, the *Magdalena* steamer put in, landed her mail and coaled, followed by the *Bosphorus* from the Cape a few hours later, which neither could have done had there been no Breakwater.

Beyond the limit assigned to general visitors, the flooring ended, and, pointing to the unprotected beam, my conductor asked, "Are you nervous? there's the circular head;" some sixty yards farther. I followed along the narrow timber, though not without apprehension, the height being thirty feet above the sea, and presently stood looking down on the great white circle of masonry, that had a strange, unearthly gleam, seen through the green water. The appearance of one single block of the outer course a few inches above the surface, was hailed as an encouraging sign of progress, and

had been made the occasion of a feast for the workmen a few days previously. The divers were busy with their labours, too deep down to be visible, supplied with air from the pumps, kept incessantly going in the boats moored above the spot. Not once did the men pause in their task, notwithstanding the uneasy rocking which jerked the boats about like walnut-shells; and he who held the line fastened to the diver's arm, failed not to give it the half-minute tug, which signified—Is all well? A few months ago the air-pipe burst, and though the diver gave an immediate signal to be hauled up, he was recovered with difficulty. Another, not answering the tug, was found to be dead: he had, as was supposed, stooped too far forward while intent on his work, and the water running in under the joint of his helmet had drowned him. And these divers work for two-and-sixpence a tide! The water here is seven fathoms deep; yet the bed of rubble laid as a foundation for the circular head, 200 feet in diameter, was levelled with such accuracy, that when the first course of stones came to be placed, the difference was not more than two inches.

We were standing 1800 feet from the shore, and a long distance it looked, with nothing but a timber-work to trust to, which you could not help fancying must become weaker the farther it stretched from the land. But the total length will be four times as much, and towards this the stage is already far advanced, curving round to the north from the straight line, which for the first 2000 feet it keeps to the east. There seemed something presumptuous in carrying such a structure more than a mile into the sea; and that it can be done inspires a proud idea of the daring and spirit of modern engineering: a daring that ensures its own success.

"Now," said my conductor, after a time, "we'll go out and see them drop the stone." I hesitated; for to walk a quarter of a mile farther on a single beam, away from all protection, was, for one rather timid than adventurous, perhaps to risk a fall. Seeing this, the other pointed to a planked gangway on the opposite side of the stage, which I had not before noticed, and retracing our steps we walked down it to the very extremity. The uninterrupted sweep of the sea through the 400 feet gap, which we first passed over, showed, by contrast with the contiguous calm, how

great was the protection afforded by the Breakwater even in its unfinished state. The foundation of the second circular head was laying, but nothing could be seen; then there was the rugged embankment again, dividing the waters for a space, and beyond it the stage still encroaching on Neptune's dominion. When we were near the end a train pushed by the locomotive came up; the speed was slackened, two men, one on each side the foremost truck, jumped off, and running along on the edge of the timber, knocked out the bolts that held the iron levers, these in turn striking against the 'chocks' screwed to the beams, let go their hold, and the bottom of the truck, balanced as a seesaw, falling suddenly at one end, dropped the whole load into the water. The shock and splash are tremendous! Seven tons of stone, lumps from four or five tons' weight down to a pound, let fall from a height of thirty feet, produce an astounding effect. Sometimes a vast circular jet is thrown up twenty or thirty feet higher than the stage, giving an uncomfortable shower-bath to all within reach; or narrow streams burst out horizontally with a furious hiss; or you hear a loud slap, followed by a hoarse rushing gulp, and a mound of discoloured water boils up for a few seconds. But before you have recovered from the first surprise, the train, all the while creeping forward, has advanced a few feet, the two men repeat the operation of striking out the bolts, and the second truck drops its load, then the third, then the fourth, and so on to the sixth, and all with the same terrific plunge. Not a moment is lost; for by long practice the 'tippers' have become expert and fearless, and away speeds the panting locomotive, soon to reappear with another laden train. But immediately the whiz and rush are behind you, and, looking round, you see a similar train on the outer line of rails on the opposite side of the stage, the mighty splashes follow, and before the water has cleared comes a third train down one of the inner lines, and discharges its load in the same unceremonious way. So it goes on all day along the five lines of rails, first one, then the other; and every day 2500 tons of stone are thus flung into the engulfing waters. A truly rapid process! What would the builders of the Plymouth Breakwater, who spent forty years over their work, say to it?

The trucks are made of iron, and carry from six to seven

tons each. Sometimes it happens that one of the six will not 'tip,' and the men have to bring their crowbars into play to induce the fall, and not always with success. In this case the truck is dragged back, and the foreman of the gang which loaded it is fined a shilling; it being his duty to see the stone so disposed as to drop the instant the bottom is released. The tippers earn four shillings a day: a small sum when compared with work so hazardous-looking as theirs. A year ago, as a train was speeding along, one of the piles gave way—down went the beam, and all that was upon it. The trucks and the locomotive were fished up again; but two poor fellows were drowned. With all the expedition, the trains run many weeks, and an almost incredible number of loads is dropped, before any portion appears above the surface. The mass is then left to find its own slope by the action of the waves, soundings being made from time to time to note the effect, or discover disturbances. "That work," said the boatman, "falls to me." The slope to seaward is never the same as that on the inside. When all is consolidated, a facing of good square blocks will be laid down to finish the work. The stone flung in is mostly 'cap' and refuse, which quarrymen are always glad to get rid of, and its removal from the government lands is a most important improvement in the convict establishment. And now all those honeycombed and perforated masses, which ages ago were the abode of living creatures, will be again tenanted by creeping things at the bottom of the sea.

Standing there on the end, the question arose—How is the stage extended? In this wise. A huge boom, with a broad notch at its outer end, is thrust out beyond the extremity of any one of the beams; men in boats underneath plant a pile perpendicularly within the notch; another party then heave round at a capstan on the stage, from which a hawser is led to the pile, and the latter, with its resistless screw, has soon penetrated through the 'slurry,' as the upper layer of soft mud is called, and deeply into the blue clay beneath, and taken a hold proof against wind and weather. The other piles are screwed in by the same means, after which laying the beams out to them is comparatively easy. Diagonal ties of stout iron-rod are used for additional security, stretching from the bottom of one pile to the top of the next, and

crossing as an X, while others carried out on each side, and made fast to a mooring at the bottom, resist the external strain. Thus constructed, the stage bears alike the heavy work carried on upon it, and the action of the sea. The piles are ninety feet long, all black with kreosote in which they have been bathed, and of which some absorb a whole ton. The total weight of most of them is seven tons. To overcome the difficulty of getting such a mass of timber to sink, a heavy iron weight is attached to the lower end, to keep it down till the screw has taken hold. The diagonal iron tie, too, is made fast to the foot of the pile before it is sunk, and lashed close to its side, so as not to interfere with the screwing; after which it is ready to be released and bolted by the upper end to its neighbour. The ponderous beams are lifted with the greatest ease by mighty travelling cranes, which, combining wheels and winches, move in any direction, and deposit their load wherever required, and by them are the stones of the circular heads lowered into place.

I could have watched the various operations for hours; but even a summer day comes to an end. It was a long walk to get to the land again. When there, I saw the level platform on which all the blocks for the circular head are fitted together and marked, so that no time may be lost when placing them under water. Each is so connected with the other by 'joggles,' as to form one solid mass when all built up. Under a shed a few yards off is the iron cylinder in which the piles are pickled. It is 100 feet long and 6 feet diameter, and has a railway inside, on which five of the massive barks are run in to be pickled at once; the opening is then closed, an exhausting engine sets to work and draws all the air out of the cylinder and the timber; kreosote is pumped in, and when full, the engine, reversing its duty, gets up a pressure of 175 pounds to the inch; and so remaining for some hours, the whole grain of the wood becomes completely saturated, and proof against decay. Beneath the floor is a tank of kreosote five feet deep, from which the supplies are pumped up. Here, too, were heaps of the screws for the foot of the piles: a socket big enough for a giant's helmet, armed with the projecting spiral—a most demonstrative-looking object. No wonder the piles stand so firmly in the sea! In another building the carpenters were at

work ; and a few steps farther the smiths and machinists, with steam-planes and lathes, and Nasmyth's hammer, reducing lumps of iron to shape as easily as a baker kneads his dough. Then we got into one of the wagons of an empty train, and rattled up the first incline along the single line of rails, while a full train was speeding down towards us ; but half-way is a loop, where the trains pass each other without a pause in their movement. At the top is a short level, and then a second incline, beyond which strangers may not pass—and then a third leads to the summit, where two locomotives and about eight hundred of the convicts are employed in sending down stone. The value of their labour on the Breakwater amounted in 1853 to nearly 22,000*l*. Each wagon as it descends passes over a self-acting weigh-bridge, so contrived as to register the weight, whereby the amount of work done in any hour, day, or week, can be always ascertained. More than two million tons have already been sent down, and as much again will follow before the work is finished. No steam is used at the inclines ; the full descending trains raise the empty ones, each being attached to a rope passing round a huge drum in the house at the top. There two men stand with their hands on the levers of the great hoop-breaks that encircle the drums, ready at the slightest sign of derangement to bring the whole machinery to a sudden stop.

Instead of returning to Weymouth by the steamer, you may take the road along the Chesil Bank to the bridge over the Fleet, and thence cross Smallmouth Sands, and mount to the path on the top of the cliffs, where you will get another view of the bay and its encircling shores, and drop down into the town from the Nothe. Returned to my quarters, I felt well content with my day at Portland.

CHAPTER IV.

Leave Weymouth—A Region of Antiquities—Dorchester—Bridport—Marshwood Vale—Charmouth—Lyme Regis—The Siege—A Royal Fugitive—Holme Bush—The Sea View—The Undercliff—Pinney—Dowlands—The Landslip—Freaks of Subsidence—Culverhole Point—Axmouth—The Level-Mark—Seaton—Beer—Branscombe—Limestone Quarry.

Not caring to walk the remainder of Dorsetshire, I travelled by coach to Charmouth, intending there to resume my journey on foot. Stage-coaches are now so rare in the Home circuit, that to see one of the half-forgotten vehicles once more is something like renewing acquaintance with an old friend, and with some of his faults, too; for the aboriginal "Coachman, Sir"—"Guard, Sir," still haunt the journey and annoy its close. By-and-by Weymouth will have its railways, and then——! Yet, for enjoyable travelling in fine weather commend me to the outside of a stage-coach.

Striking inland the road rises for miles over the bare, hilly downs, where want of beauty is, as some believe, made up by an unusually abundant sprinkling of antiquities. You see barrows on all sides, the tombs of a long-departed race, either Dane or Saxon, perhaps both; for they fought many a hard battle here within sight of the sea. Fail not, however, to look back from time to time: there is a good view over Portland, the great bay, the Bank, and all the intervening country, soon to disappear. Then the road crosses a deep railway cutting, as if to give you an opportunity to contrast modern with ancient enterprise, and to question whether the labourers employed by the Romans would pass muster along with our modern 'navvies.' They were, perhaps, more picturesque. Ere long the summit is crossed, and you descend on the other side, still among tumuli. What pains those barbarians, as we call them, took with their burials! A mound of earth heaped over the dead formed a simple but

lasting monument that told its story without need of inscriptions, and remained undisturbed for centuries. Now sheep feed on the grass that covers them, and antiquaries come with pick and shovel and lay open the mounds in the vain effort to extort their secret. But the dry bones answer not at all, or very obscurely. A couple of miles farther, and there, on the left, is Mew Dun, or Maiden Castle, an elevated earthwork covering more than 150 acres, with ditches and ramparts, and cunningly-contrived entrances that change their direction every two or three yards—a device which, when, as is supposed, the British had a stronghold here, was not intended to conciliate the enemy. Then Dorchester comes into view, with its long avenues of trees stretching to the four points of the compass, reminding you of the aspect of a foreign town. Were it not for these lines of oaks, elms, and chestnuts, the attractions of the place would be wofully diminished. There are, indeed, a few pleasing strolls by the side of the Frome, and the Roman amphitheatre on the south, not far from the railway station, and the Poundbury, a smaller Mew Dun, on the west; but not every one cares to seek inspirations for the Present in the memorials of the Past.

Similar in character is the road all the way from Dorchester to Bridport. At the village of Winterbourne you see one of those small streams, of which Dorset and Wiltshire have numerous examples, most copious in the winter; but abundant rain and a strong south-west wind are necessary to make them break out. If fewness of houses be a sign, the population is scanty. The high downs on the left, a continuation of the ridge that begins at Corfe, shuts out the marine view, except in places where the ground within rises to a higher elevation. Bridport left behind, the country begins to show signs that Devonshire is not far off; the hills are steep and wooded, the villages, embowered by orchards and gardens, have an attractive look about them, as you will perhaps think while the coach stops at Chideock. On the right is Marshwood Vale, a region of small parishes with stipends to match, which not till within recent years had any claim to be considered as other than a part of Heathendom. Even now, as a gentle-voiced curate, one of our party on the hind seats, assured us, the state of benightedness is scarcely

credible ; and for want of good roads, the vale being devoid of stone, the population are liable to interruptions of their religious services, especially in the winter, when the narrow ways are almost impassable. What would become of them, were there not happily a few men whose earnestness of purpose and spirit of self-denial suffice for the patient work of instruction ? The curate pointed out, among the little gray patches that dotted the green, churches and schools, most of them built within the past ten years ; and beyond them a hill, from the top of which he had once seen the British and Bristol Channel, north and south, at the same time.

Charmouth has a charm in its name as well as in its situation : heights sloping to the noonday sun, the blessed influences of light and warmth, and the soft sea-breezes. It was two o'clock : we had spent more than five hours over the thirty miles from Weymouth. I walked up the steep hill at the end of the street, took the first turning on the left till I again caught sight of the sea, then strode across the fields for about a mile and a half, and there was Lyme Regis, sunning itself in a deep green hollow along a curving shore, the innermost sweep of the great bay, forty miles long and twelve deep, between Portland and Berry Head. Such a picture is not to be seen every day : I could not help sitting down for a while on a grassy bank to look at it. There are the old gray houses clustering irregularly together, overlooked on this side by the old, square, gray church-tower of St. Michael, and on the other by pleasant villas, built in delectable nooks on the hill-side beyond. There is the *cobb*, that singular crescentic pier which has withstood the assaults of the sea ever since the days of Edward III., and still shelters vessels in the harbour. The stones of which it is built, we are told, were floated out to their place attached to casks, and sunk to the bottom at the right moment by the striking out of a bolt. Its name, according to Roger North, was derived from *cobble stone* ; and he says : " There is not any one like it in the whole world, for no one stone that lies there was ever touched with a tool, or is bedded in any sort of cement ; but all, being pebbles of the sea, are piled up, and hold by the bearings only, and the surge plays in and out, through the interstices of the stone, in a wonderful manner."

All behind the town is wood and pasture, a large horseshoe-

shaped undulating slope, sunk down apparently from the encircling heights, and traversed by the little river Lyme, the boundary of the counties ; and far down the coast Berry Head shuts in the broad expanse of the West Bay with a dark purple promontory. It is one of the pleasantest resorts on the south-western coast.

Historic associations come crowding on you. Within sight of these hills did our naval worthies of three hundred years ago begin that series of gallant attacks which ended in the destruction of the Armada. That wood yonder on the right, tenanted by noisy rooks, conceals what remains of Colway House, the head-quarters of Prince Maurice, when with Lord Paulet, and more than four thousand of the royal troops, he laid siege to Lyme—a siege memorable among the most heroic incidents of the civil war. On the 10th of April, 1644, the town was summoned to surrender ; but the garrison, though numbering only 1100 men, replied by a peremptory refusal ; whereupon the batteries, established within pistol-shot of the walls by the besiegers, commenced a heavy fire. But the defenders, emulating their fearless commander, kept in a state of enthusiasm by the exhortations of twenty-five “seditious lecturers,” as the Cavaliers called them, returned the fire, beat back storming parties, made daring sallies, captured three guns, spiked others, took the Prince’s colours, and 125 prisoners, and in one fiery charge penetrated even to his head-quarters. Still the siege was pressed ; the royalists shot “wildfire balls” to burn the town, and the inhabitants fell into great straits, for the Parliament ship, laden with stores, was betrayed, and their food and ammunition were well-nigh exhausted. Hostile ships threatened from the sea, but at times they got supplies from other vessels, and still they stood to their defences, repelling every assault, though the town was crumbling to pieces under the royalist fire. Many an anxious look was directed towards Portland, and at last, on the 23rd of May, when but two days’ provisions were left, the Earl of Warwick’s fleet was seen coming round the Bill, and soon 20,000 lbs. of bread were landed. There were, however, 4000 mouths to be fed ; and 300 sailors having been lent from the ships to assist in keeping guard, the garrison made desperate sallies, in the hope of reopening communications with the surrounding country. The be-

siegers retaliated. On the 29th of May the Prince, leading on his men in solid columns, attempted to storm the town; but though he returned three times to the assault, he was repulsed each time with terrible slaughter. Among the 400 slain was a king's messenger, booted and spurred, ready to carry news of the capture to Charles at Oxford. At length, on the 14th of June, the royalist commanders, fearing the approach of Essex, raised the siege, and drew off with horse and foot to the interior, having lost 2000 men, including very many of gentle blood, while of the besieged it is said that not more than "six score" were killed.

How the townsfolk triumphed and the soldiers cheered as the enemy retired needs not to be told. They had good reason to be proud of their heroism. Women even took part in the defence. One fired sixteen musket-shots at the besiegers. Another said, when her hand was blown away: "Truly, I am glad with all my heart that I had a hand to lose for Jesus Christ, for whose cause I am willing and ready to lose not only my other hand, but my life also." Right well had the town earned the thanks, money, and new clothing voted by the Parliament. The fearless commander was Blake, who afterwards at Taunton, and on the seas, wrought the daring deeds which endear his name and memory to every Englishman.

Charles II. also, when trying to escape after the battle of Worcester, found the neighbourhood of Lyme dangerous, and had to beat a hasty retreat from the village of Burton, when the smith who had been sent for to shoe his horse pronounced the old shoes to be of a make unknown in that part of the country. Here, too, the weak-minded Duke of Monmouth landed in 1685, and set up his standard in the marketplace. You may still see at the *George Inn* the carved head of the bed in which he slept.

The mean, narrow street by which you enter the town rather shocks the pleasant impression produced in the distance; but without the low, rough-cast, thatched cottages, scattered among the better houses, the tortuous, hap-hazard lines of thoroughfare, the noisy rill that skirts the footways, with little benefit to their cleanliness, Lyme would not be the quaint, old-world place which it is. As in many other towns, the west-end is the best: there you will see the

assembly-rooms, baths, libraries, and whatever else offers health or amusement to the visitor. Bathing-machines stand on the beach, and trim boats lie ready for trips on the water.

Then up the steep street, and between the high garden walls of the villas that border the road—those envious walls which in so many hilly neighbourhoods conceal all the best points of view as you are leaving a town. How gladly one hails the first escape from such an imprisonment! Here is a swing-gate on the left, just at the top of the hill, opening to a field-path, which brings you in a few minutes to the brow of Holme Bush, the western height of the bay. Seen from hence the three pyramidal cliffs on the opposite shore have a singular effect, perpendicular in front, from the wearing action of the sea, which a few years ago washed away the narrow lane leading from Lyme to Charmouth along the face of the nearest. If there be labour in these repeated descents and ascents, it is well repaid by the opportunity of looking at both sides of a landscape, and watching the expansion of a scene into a panorama. Your impressions, too, are rectified: that which seemed something else when viewed from the opposite side of the valley is now seen in its real form and character; and in turn the objects left behind no longer appear the same as when you passed them; they are in most instances softened and harmonised, and you perceive how, in more senses than one, distance lends enchantment. Thus, not least among the pleasures of a continuous ramble is the learning gradually to analyse a distant view, and to distinguish between that which is and that which seems.

Holme Bush is in Devonshire; and you have not to go far onwards, pursuing the same path, and through a short lane, before you emerge on a scene, one of the most charming approaches to the loveliest of the southern counties that could well be imagined. The hills here rise to a height of about five hundred feet, in huge, extended masses of chalk and greensand resting on lias and red marl, a formation more than usually liable to disturbances from the weather; for after abundant rains the two upper deposits, loosened by the percolation of water, slide away from the lower two by whole acres at a time; sinking here into hollows and pits, there a ridge leaning inwards, yonder a shelf like a great step, and

all so broken up with steep banks, hummocks, and knolls, as to form a very chaos. Imagine all this, when, after the lapse of years, the perpendicular wall behind is faced with foliage; when the rugged slope reaching down to the shore is covered with copsewood; when the hillocky shelf midway is carpeted with the softest turf, its deformities beautified or concealed by a luxuriant vegetation, and you will have an idea of the undercliff that stretches nearly the whole distance of six miles from Lyme to the mouth of the Axe. The ground is further diversified by little clumps and thickets: here a single thorn, close and rounded as if clipped by art; there a straggling group interwoven with formidable brambles, yet so sprinkled with wild roses and honeysuckle, so festooned with the slender arms of the wild clematis and other creepers, as at a short distance to resemble bowers such as we read of in fairy tale or poet's song. And here you may wander at will: up and down, and in and out among the grassy knolls and flowery thickets; now shut into a lovely nook; now taking a fresh survey from the top of some little hill; now threading your way among foxgloves so tall as to bring their "dappled bells" to a level with your eye; now doubling a dense bed of thistles, nettles, or gorse, cumberers of the soil in other places, but here playing an effective though subordinate part in the general luxuriance. Yonder a gray, old, ivy-coated turret projects from the screen of wood on the cliff above; coming nearer, you find it to be a buttress of limestone, left standing when the chalk fell away; and beyond it are more of the gray crags and red gravel peeping out from the abounding foliage. How the birds flit in and out of the woods and bushes, as if conscious that here they dwell in security, on inaccessible heights or in impervious thickets. Why do not the birds migrate hither from all parts of the kingdom? Here grim winter loses most of his terrors. The whole place lies half asleep in the sunshine; and every hundred yards or so you feel inclined to lie down on the soft slopes of turf and give yourself up to indolent repose. And why not? A holiday ramble should be enjoyment, not task-work. Recreation comes by quiet as well as by exercise; so feast your eyes on the romantic scene and its teeming verdure; or on the sea spread out there on the left, so deeply blue, that you doubt if even the Mediterranean can be bluer.

Often as I have read *Il Penseroso*, never seemed it so sweet and spiritual as on that sunshiny afternoon, loitering there "in glimmering bowers and glades," with nothing to disturb. Save the fluttering of the birds, the chance bleating of a sheep, and the hum of bees, the silence was unbroken. And I was there alone, for the momentary glimpse of a hat and bonnet moving behind the bushes in the distance could hardly be called an intrusion.

By-and-by a wall, which shuts off the lower slope on the left, slants across, and your way is stopped; but coming out from among the bushes you see a narrow archway in the barrier, and there runs the path between a wall and a bank, completely barricaded in places by long overhanging grasses and creepers, and brambles that pluck off your cap as you pass. But there are gaps which you may get through from time to time, and look back on the cliffs and out upon the sea. An unseen rill makes a pleasant noise tumbling among the rocks; and if you go down to the beach by the path that turns off at the old lime-kiln, you will see the pretty little cascade in its lower leap; or, continuing onwards, you perceive that while the cliffs recede the path descends, till it falls into one of those amphitheatre-like hollows so frequent along the coast, with space enough for a cottage, an orchard, and a little field. Pause here for a few minutes and look round on the wooded heights, and the foreground falling away to the pebbly shore. While crossing the field to the stile opposite, a man who was digging told me I could go no farther along the undercliff, the path soon disappeared, everything was let to grow just as it liked, no one could get through the tangle nor go round it. There was Pinney, he said, and there Whitelands, pointing to the two sides of the amphitheatre; strangers came as far as here, then they either went back, or turned up a lane on the right, which led to another, and that to another, then across the 'barton' of a farm, and on again to Dowlands and the great landslip. I was incredulous as to the impossibility of finding the way along the undercliff, notwithstanding the rustic's earnest assurance that I should be all night in getting to Axmouth, and kept on: I could take to the lanes in case of failure. True enough the path soon disappeared, and brambles and briars had it all their own way; and who would grudge to Nature a little space

for running riot in a land where she has to submit to so many restraints? It was, however, possible to circumvent the thorny barriers, though not without labour and rough scrambling: exertion well recompensed by the sight of wild solitudes and rich, hanging woods. After a couple of miles I came to another break, and wishing my first view of the landslip to be from above, I there turned up a lane on the right, crossed a 'barton,' as the walled farm-yard is named, passed the old-fashioned farm-house of Dowlands, and taking the first lane on the left, found myself presently looking down on the undercliff, about two miles beyond the opening where I had diverged. Here the view is even more picturesque than that which I have endeavoured to describe, the cliffs are higher, the ups and downs greater, some of the sunken masses are mountain ranges in miniature, others rise bold as an acropolis with rugged walls of chalk. Whatever of sternness there may have been is changed into beauty by the thick-blossoming elder and graceful ash, rooted apparently where most needed to make up a picture. Before descending I went a short distance farther to the west, to the edge of the famous landslip. Though prepared for the sight, it took me completely by surprise. You see a huge chasm, in which two or three of our London squares might be placed, with room to spare, formed by the sinking of the solid earth to a hundred and fifty feet below its former level. Fields and hedges, patches of wood, and an orchard, all went down together; the surface in some places remaining unchanged, except a little tilting up on one side, and the woods are still green and the orchard bears fruit; but here and there a lifeless trunk, stretching its withered branches aloft, remains to testify of the catastrophe. Two cottages which went down at the same time have since been rebuilt, and now stand snugly among the trees. But as a contrast to the verdure the greater part of the chasm is as bare as the desert; nothing but gravel and clay, on which the seasons have not as yet had time to sow grass, fern, or lichen. The lofty cliffs exhibit a variety of colours, ashen gray, rich red, yellow, and brown, which are repeated and strangely intermingled in the heaps of débris at their base, and wherever the bottom is exposed. Indeed, so fresh are the surfaces, that you might suppose the slip had occurred but a few days before, and

your idea of the immediate effect of such a convulsion becomes more distinct than it would be were the precipices covered with vegetation. This is seen still more strikingly at the eastern end, where the subsidence having been less regular than elsewhere, large masses of gravel are left in the form of cones, cubes, gables, and cylinders, standing in the strangest confusion, leaning this way and that way; some prostrate, others perpendicular, with the circle of turf still green and flourishing on their top, and presenting such an intermingling of warm and cool colours as is seldom witnessed. And what adds to the singularity of the scene is the bluff left between the chasm and the sea; though somewhat disturbed when the sinking took place, it remains standing, and now serves to mark the original level.

All this happened in 1839, a year with a very wet summer. Cracks had been observed running parallel with the edge of the cliffs, but no greater mischief was apprehended. On the 24th of December the folk at Dowlands heard strange underground grumbings, and noises of heaving and crushing, as if the old earth were getting uneasy, yet not such as to spoil their anticipations of the coming holiday. However, before sunrise on Christmas-day, the noises recommenced, the cracks widened, and a few of the coast-guard passing the spot, saw to their amazement the fields and pastures with which they had long been familiar begin to sink down, at times with a sudden slip, then slowly; here portions dropping through all at once, there others protruding upwards. Now the falling tract heaved as if rocked from below; now a shudder seemed to pass through it, and the adjoining ground trembled. And so the disturbance went on until forty acres, comprehending a space nearly a mile in length and three hundred feet in width, had descended to their present level, and realized to the astonished neighbourhood some of the phenomena of an earthquake. The direction of the chasm is east and west, separated from the sea by an isolated mass about half a mile wide in some places, which was pushed forwards and thrown out of the perpendicular by the shock; and ridges, banks, and shallows were heaved up along the shore by the tremendous pressure. Among these a safe little harbour was formed; but all has since been washed away by the action of the sea.

I returned to the spot where the field-path strikes the edge of the cliff, and descended by the rough, narrow cart-road, which thence winds down to the bottom. Then on to the east, until the whole range as far as the break where I had struck inland was in view, so as to leave no part of the undercliff unseen, after which I turned my face once more to the west. The view of the great chasm from below was not less impressive than from above; and to wander about the confused masses at the extremity, to creep in and out of the caves, or climb to some of the little tables of turf on the tops of the pyramids, was by no means uninteresting exercise, especially with the opportunity of learning a lesson in geology. It is here, while looking up to the perpendicular walls, that you become aware of the tremendous nature of the subsidence; and you begin to fancy that perhaps it may be repeated before you can get away.

One charm of all the undercliff is the total absence of guides and retailers of information. A guide, indeed, is not wanted; for while you have the sea on the right or left, according as you are journeying east or west, and the high cliffs on the other hand, you cannot fail of arriving in time at either extremity. At Dowlands, however, if you are seen, a sixpenny admission-fee will be sometimes demanded; but as no trespass is committed the reason why is not obvious. No one came near me in all my stay.

By a path which zigzags up the gravelly steep I got to the top of the cliff once more, made my way to the flagstaff in the rear of Culverhole Point, whence there is a rapid descent over the hill to the valley of the Axe. You come out upon the road a few yards above the ferry, and may cross at once, unless you wish to go and look at the fantastic gurgoyles on the church at Axmouth, a small village about a mile higher up the river. At all events, it is worth while walking down to the little pier at the mouth of the stream for the fine view there obtained of the whole sweep of the bay, the variegated cliffs, and away up the valley. The narrow outfall of the Axe, encroached upon by the immense bed of shingle which stretches all across the bay, is often shifting; and after a strong gale the current flows through the obstruction with difficulty. Having crossed the ferry, you land on the loose slope of shingle, and trudge across it to the beaten

walk, which serves as a parade for the little village of Seaton, that stands among the trees on the right. Most of the level land here at the mouth of the valley has been reclaimed from what was once the estuary of the Axe.

Axmouth is one of the stations of the survey made in 1837, by authority of the British Association, to determine the difference of level between the Bristol and the British channels; and with the further object of establishing a fixed mark by which any subsequent elevation or depression of the land might be detected. The line runs from Bridgewater up the Parret to Ilminster, reaching its highest point, 280 feet, at Chard, and passing thence by Axminster, terminates at the mouth of the Axe. The mark is a copper bolt let into a block of granite weighing more than a ton, and may be seen on the grounds of Mr. Hallett, who furnished the block at his own cost. Two other blocks were given by the corporation of Bridgewater, one of which is fixed on Wick Rocks, near that town, the other at East Quantocks Head. A copper bolt, as an additional mark, is inserted in the wall of Axmouth church, and a second in the wall of Uphill church, on the west of the Mendips; and in the whole number future geologists will have data for solving one of the most interesting problems their science affords.

Telford was once employed to make a survey nearly on the same line for a ship canal, by which vessels were to pass from one Channel to the other safe from the tedious and dangerous navigation round the Land's End.

Right onward lies the road; but if you wish to keep the sea in view get over the stile on the left, when you come to White Cliff, and climb the path to its summit, where the chalk, for fifty feet or more downwards, is mantled with ivy, green and vigorous, though exposed to the spray and winds of the Channel. It is a sign of something genial in the Devonshire climate. About a mile farther the flinty path descends suddenly to Beer, a village nestled in the mouth of a glen, opening on a little cove, with just room enough for a few fishing-boats to lie snugly at anchor. Behind, the road winds down the hill, and a stream that comes brawling through the glen shoots over into the waters of the cove with a noisy plunge; and altogether the place has enough of the romantic about it to make you pause more than once on

the descent to look at it. The avocations of the inhabitants are of a very opposite nature, for while the men catch fish and perhaps smuggle a little—if true to what was their reputation—the women make lace. You may see the wives sitting on the door-steps with their pillows on their knees as you pass. The village was all astir as I walked through, in consequence of the 'Women's Club' celebrating their anniversary. Garlands were hung out at the windows, and the band of music which had paraded the narrow street was keeping up a storm of sound in a field behind the houses.

No sooner down than you have to mount again: Beer Head, with its two tower-like masses of chalk, is the next point—a grand companion to White Cliff; but not to be reached without some rough walking. Thence, looking westward, you see the range extending at the same height for miles beyond where the white bluffs come to an end, and are succeeded by others of a rich, dark red colour. And now you may proceed along the cliffs again, and above the undercliff at Southdown, till you descend once more by a slope so steep that steps are cut in the turf to Branscombe Mouth, a hollow about half a mile wide, where three valleys open to the sea. The beach is loose and pebbly, in keeping with the rest of the coast; but calcedonies are to be found on it by those who know how to seek them. I searched, but failed; most likely from want of the requisite knowledge. A small stream meanders from each valley through the hollow, and creeps across the sands to the sea, near the coast-guard station, under the opposite cliff. The village of Branscombe, which comprises a few scattered groups of houses, lies about a mile inland, and is encircled, as you will see while walking up the lane towards it, by a strange assemblage of hills. At the *Masons' Arms*, a public-house in the largest of these townlets, I found quarters for the night, comfortable enough, although the hostess thought fit to apologise for the rustic nature of the accommodation: people came there for refreshment during the day, but rarely stopped all night. The mutton-chops, however, and the bread and butter were excellent, the tea was refreshing, the bed scrupulously clean, and what more can wayfarer want? Then, you may have a talk with the host over a glass of cider, and hear all the gossip of the neighbourhood, and if

you will, something about the redoubtable Jack Rattenbury, who was once chief of the smugglers at Beer.

About half-way between Branscombe and Beer is a remarkable quarry by the side of the road, where those who take pleasure in subterranean explorations may gratify their wishes. Having missed it by coming along the cliffs, I walked back to the place early the next morning. The nearest way, a little more than a mile, is by a path across the fields; but if you wish to commence an acquaintance with Devonshire lanes, keep the road. On the right, opposite to a large limestone quarry, is a narrow recess, that might be taken for a little dell overhung with trees, and at the end of it a low flat arch fringed with hart's-tongue—the entrance to the quarry. It is a gloomy passage hewn out of the solid rock, just wide enough for the trucks on which the stone is drawn out, turning soon to the left beyond the reach of daylight, and continuing onwards for five hundred yards into the bowels of the hill, with branches running off in all directions. Should the miners be at work within, one of them will answer your shout, and come with his candle, to serve as guide. But though he will show you the huge masses that bear up the superincumbent roof, and the holes where smugglers, as is said, used to conceal their unlicensed merchandise, the passages are so damp and dreary that to penetrate them is somewhat of a penance. Some people like such adventures. I don't: and after groping my way in till empty space was undistinguishable from solid rock, I was glad to return to the sunshine outside. The stone dug from the quarry is good for building purposes, as it hardens by exposure, as may be seen in many cottage walls in the neighbourhood; but it is less worked now than formerly, and the adventurous visitor must not reckon on always finding a guide to attend his summons.

CHAPTER V.

Boundary Lines—Differences of Dialect—Varied Scenery—Weston Mouth—The Red Cliffs—Clay and Crystal—Sidmouth—The Beach—High Peak—Ladram Bay—Otterton—Cob Cottages—Cider-drinkers—Hays Barton—Raleigh's Birthplace—No Admittance—Budleigh Salterton—West Beacon—Littleham—Exmouth—The Ferry—The Warren—A Twilight Dilemma—Dawlish.

WHATEVER political economists may say in favour of parallelograms, one sees when walking about this dear old England of ours that the boundaries of her counties were not drawn by mere arbitrary expediency. They who first made the divisions were truer to Nature than we, and drew the lines of demarcation around the shires by a principle which, as may still be seen after the lapse of a thousand years, seldom misled. Strange as it may seem that crossing a stream but a few feet wide should introduce you to different landscape, different dialect and habits, it is nevertheless a fact, and to the traveller an interesting one. Why leave home if we are always to see the same sights and hear the same sounds? If a Devonshire peasant pronounce *Sir* as though spelt *Sur*, and with complete indifference to the value of pronouns says, "Hur's a-goin' along o' we," and brings peculiar local words, not understood elsewhere, to aid his utterance, we have only to remember that he but repeats a few surviving sounds from the old Anglo-Saxon speech, and we shall hardly regret he speaks not with the tongue of Middlesex. "The smallest difference," says a philosopher, "acquires value by constancy;" and the homely dialect which connects us by a living link with the dead past is a valuable illustration of self-perpetuating phenomena.

You will not have been many hours in Devonshire before becoming aware of more than ordinary differences: you have entered a distinct part of the island. The distance in a direct line from Lyme Regis to the bottom of Bridgewater Bay is

not more than thirty-four miles; the country beyond has thus somewhat the character of a peninsula. Of this, which comprehends nearly five thousand square miles, not more than about one hundred are level; all the rest is uneven and hilly, and such as presents striking contrasts. Rocky and desolate wastes, wild table-lands rising high in the interior, are cut up on their outskirts by glens and gorges teeming in their sheltered depths with the vegetation denied above. These, expanding into wooded valleys and broad fruitful vales branching in all directions, are watered by the thirty-four rivers of the county, along the courses of which the scenery varies, from the romantic and picturesque to the sylvan and pastoral. There are spots of beauty even in the dreariest moors; and then the lanes! which seem to be deep grooves left between the cultivated fields for Nature to frolic in. The climate, too, so soft and genial, that along the southern shores the rigours of winter are almost unknown; and plants that must be tenderly nursed in other places grow and flourish in the open air. Many who go to foreign lands find less to interest them than is to be seen in Devonshire.

From Branscombe again westwards. The road runs along a pleasant valley which has been likened to some of the rural scenes of Switzerland. When you come to the church—an ancient edifice dedicated to St. Winifred—turn off by the path on the left through the churchyard, up the wooded hill beyond, where the ascent is so steep as to render the cool shade of the trees doubly welcome. You will need to pause at times for breath; but once on the top the cliffs are not far off, and there the breeze from the sea blows with invigorating freshness. The height is more than three hundred feet: you can see the Heytor Rocks on Dartmoor, which seems a sullen mountain mass some distance inland, and ahead are the magnificent red cliffs of Sidmouth—the glory of this part of the coast. Here and there an old lime-kiln has the appearance of a fort ruined by long service, yet still looking forth across the sea; and in places below the small banks of undercliff are turned to account by cultivation, with potato-plots and little fields close to the water's edge. Snug sites these for a cottage residence; secure against all intrusion from the surly north.

Three miles of this, and you look down on Weston Mouth, another glen, where another brook tumbles into the sea near another coast-guard station. You must descend cautiously, for the path is precipitous; and when you are on the shingle, Dunscombe Cliff, which shuts in the western side of the Mouth, assumes a gigantic elevation. It is more than three hundred and fifty feet high. A path winds up in the rear leading to Salcombe Down, by which you may get to Sidmouth, three miles farther; or, should the tide be out, along the beach. I chose the latter route, wishing to see the crimson cliffs from below as well as above. Their structure is interesting, the prevailing colour being chequered by veins and patches of gray and yellow, with here and there a stray lump of chalk in which flints are imbedded. In some places threads of water perpetually trickling down have worn deep channels in the hardened clay; a little farther, and you see the effect of copious springs; the cliff is washed into deep gullies, and lumps of all sizes come sliding down the saturated slopes, multiplying the heaps below, and running across the beach in red slimy streams. The process of waste is going on before your eyes, from small to great; but greatest when the sea, dashing on the shore in its wrath, undermines the solid cliff, and with tongue of foam licks off the fallen masses by thousands of tons. The demolition that takes place all round our coasts every year is almost incredible to those who have paid no attention to the subject. At one point the accumulation of large flints washed out of the clay made a barrier not easily passed; and the whole line of beach is pebbles, walking on which will try your patience. The Chesil Bank would soon disappear were the advance of pebbles from the west to be checked; but as pebbles constitute nearly the whole shore for a hundred miles or more, you see that without a geological disturbance the immense supply must still go on. I picked up a fine specimen of red jasper, a pocket-pebble, and carried away a small crystalline lump of sulphate of lime from the face of the cliff, where it was kept in a state of moisture by percolation from the clay behind. The substance was tender enough to be cut with a knife, and the minute thread-like crystals of which it was composed could be easily separated one from the other. But as it dried, the lump became hard as limestone. If the walking be toilsome, there

are many things to observe that will make you forget it: one is the mouth of the Sid, which, instead of being an open mouth, is dammed up so as to form a pool by the pebbles, and through these it oozes away timidly to the sea.

Sidmouth has its fashionable quarter, and some of the pretentious artifices which watering-places usually invent for the amusement of visitors, while in the older streets, within a stone's throw, you may see houses roofed with unsophisticated thatch. The chief signs of life outside the esplanade are a few coal-ships discharging cargo, a few boats, and the bathing-machines, with the row of capstans by which they are hauled up from the water; but turn your back to the sea, and round from right to left, the view is one not to be left unnoticed. High Peake, the cliff on the west, is a magnificent object.

High walls again, as you go up the hill on leaving the town; but at length the view opens, and you see the vale of Sid, the town a mixture of red and gray, the houses in the rear straggling away to the fields, Salcombe Down opposite, cut in two by a white stripe of road, and the hills around more or less flat-topped. Within the woods that darken the hollows are pleasant nooks well known to visitors; and yonder is Sidford, where "the merry monarch" as he is called, after his hurried flight from Lyme, hid in a chimney, to escape the party in pursuit. The royal fugitive had to learn there were worse hiding-places than within the crooked arms of an oak. But chief, the red cliffs attract your eye; the bright green runners of plants and grasses hanging from the summits and shooting from the crevices, in beautiful contrast with the deep rich colour full against the sun.

In the neighbourhood of Sidmouth you may see an instance of what is often taught by the learned in such matters—that the fertility of surface depends more on the underlying rock than on climate. The vale is less sheltered from the north than Lyme, yet having a soil composed of red marl and sandstone, occasionally mixed with gravel and greensand from the adjacent hills, it is much more fertile, as is evident to the eye. Lyme rests on the lias: hence the throwing out of rain, landslips, and a damp soil.

The shaggy crown of High Peake is one of those places which print themselves, so to speak, on the memory, and

remain prominent among the reminiscences of the Devonshire coast. The ground falls so rapidly inwards that you can see across the country for miles, away to a brown moorland range in the north-west. By steep, yet pleasant paths, you descend to Ladram Bay; now with scant room between the tall wheat and the edge of the cliff; now beating a fresh track across a field newly sown with turnips; now again on the open turf. At times the path appears to end against a bank with no visible outlet; but on coming up you find it has made a sharp turn to the right or left, and there will be a little stile of the most rustic construction barring the narrow passage through the hedge. In some places the way lies through such curious nooks and corners, that you must bestow a little searching to discover it, and perhaps fail; in which case you will have to advance as best you can—the nearer the edge of the cliffs the less chance of losing the way.

Ladram Bay, three miles from Sidmouth, presents a strange assemblage of rock and island, cavern and promontory, some of the projecting masses arched or tunnelled, and the red shadow of the cliffs quivering in the glistening water below, where it rolls from the arches and plays among the rocks. The dottings of white and gray seen on the crags are colonies of birds, which seem to lead a pleasant life on their sunny perch, or floating with outstretched wing, as if conscious of appearing beautiful by contrast with the green sea and the dark-hued precipice. Less fortunate in winter, they then become targets for the shots of adventurous sportsmen, who row into the bay and fire up at them from the boats. The cliffs here exhibit the several strata in well-marked horizontal bands; and if you are a botanist, the rare plants growing from the clefts will soon be transferred to your specimen-book.

Farther down, and there is the little coast-guard station, so happily situated, that whether it be rural or marine would be a nice question. While the man on duty, a hale old fellow, was directing me how to find the way through the lanes to Otterton, I could not but be struck by the difference between his instructions and those of a rustic. Your genuine peasant seldom succeeds in communicating topographical information; he omits the points most essential to the stranger,

and exemplifies unconsciously the difference between education and the want of it. Yet have patience with him, and you shall find a substratum of shrewd common sense under that uncultivated exterior. And what endurance equals his, toiling on from year to year for nine shillings a week?

Otterton is a thorough Devonshire village—thatched cottages built of ‘cob,’ a material much used in all the southern parts of the county. It is composed of the red gravelly earth mixed with straw, moistened, and trodden down to form the walls, one layer being left to harden before another is put on. When of the requisite height the two sides are trimmed smooth with a hayknife, and the outer surface is generally rough-cast. A cottage of four rooms and the outworks can be built for 50*l*. From eighteen inches to two feet is the usual thickness; but three feet is not at all uncommon in old walls, and a strange appearance they have, with their small deep-set windows. The floors are made of lime and ashes, which in time become almost as hard as stone. Sometimes these cottages are whitewashed; most are, however, left of their natural colour, and you may see a village completely red from one end to the other; and pretty enough they look, with their little flower-gardens in front, and honeysuckle and roses climbing to the thatch. But prettiest of all when you come upon a single cottage at the bend of a lane, where a spring bubbles out of the bank, or on the edge of a grassy opening; then the weather-worn thatch, the red walls, the glimmer of the casement, the thin curling smoke, all seen amid the surrounding verdure, is a picture for the eye to dwell on. There is, however, another side to the picture: cob walls, when neglected, lose patches from the surface, the children grub holes, and the dwelling looks squalid and miserable. But when neglect has passed into decay, and the cottage becomes a ruin, then all is picturesque again, as you will discover by numerous examples.

The main street of Otterton was gay with flags and garlanded fir-trees, remains of a celebration held the day before. The ‘Women’s Club’ had brought in their year’s product of lace—the factor was there on his annual visit to receive the delicate tissue—accounts were squared and balances paid—the women, serenaded by a band of music, drank tea under the tall, spreading chestnuts at the end of the street, and

the village generally took part in the holiday. "It does 'em good to have a little sport once a year," said the landlord of the *King's Arms*, while I drank my glass of cider; which is hardly to be doubted; only rural sport is too apt to degenerate into grossness. I asked him if it were possible for a man to become intoxicated on cider, as it seemed to me a sufficient quantity could hardly be swallowed to produce the effect. "It takes a smartish drop to do that," he answered; "but if you'll come in here in the evenin' you'll see some of the labourers swallow eight or nine quarts, and go away rolling drunk." Eight or nine quarts! How is it possible to force the bibulous appetite to such an extreme, and on thin, hard cider, too, sour enough to make a stranger shudder? The sweet cider sold in London is but little esteemed in Devonshire, the native palate not being satisfied without a smack of the opposite flavour. To know what that flavour is in perfection, you should taste 'bottled cockagee,' the nature of which may be inferred from the fact that a boy who was once tempted by the offer of a shilling to try to eat a cockagee* apple, gave up the trial at the fifth bite, defeated by the intense sourness.

At the end of the village you cross the Otter, a small lively stream, one that Coleridge loved, winding through meadows and between the red scarped hills to the sea, some four miles distant. The footpath running along its margin tempted me; but for the moment the object which led me away from the coast had greater attraction—it was to see the house where Raleigh was born. If you have time, it is possible to get a sight of Bicton Gardens, about half a mile away to the right, said to be an exquisite specimen of horticultural art; there are, however, some things which the passing traveller must make up his mind to forego, unless he wish to carry home none but tessellated reminiscences.

Less than two miles farther and you come to Budleigh, a pretty village, enlivened by the noise of a swift-flowing brook, where one in search of health or quiet might find a peaceful sojourn. To see the lace-makers sitting at their doors, with pillow on knee, and plying their task with nimble fingers, was like going back a hundred years to a scene of homely

* Pronounced with the *g* hard.

industry. Turning off by a lane on the left, near the church, another mile brings you to Hays Barton—Raleigh's birthplace. It is a solitary farm-house—once the manor-house—built in the picturesque style of four hundred years ago, with gabled wings and portico, thatched roof, small mullioned windows, and a heavy oaken door thickly studded with iron nails, standing at the end of a garden, partly concealed by a few old trees that rise from among the herbs and flowers. At one side of the barton, in front, is a modern brick barn ; but there are two or three sheds and stables built of cob on the other side, which keep up the olden character. The whole scene, shut in by low swelling hills and lines of tall hedges, is eminently rural ; and how much more so in Raleigh's day ! Just the place for a happy childhood.

I knocked at the door : it was opened by a good-humoured-looking damsel, who, to my inquiry as to whether it was true as I had read, that strangers were permitted to see the interior of the house, answered, " No it isn't. We used to show it, but had to give up ; people hindered our time so ; and now they stand and look at it as long as they like, and then go away again." This was said with a smile, as if not meant seriously ; and as she stood still at the half-opened door, seeming in no hurry to retire, we had a chat for some twenty minutes. I might sit under the porch for an hour if I pleased and look at the beehives and the old trees, and at the upper window on the left—the window of the room. There Raleigh was born. They had a book in the house containing his life and writings, but did not like it so well as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Did the gallant adventurer ever think of the quiet homestead in the days of his courtly prosperity ? He could not have helped reverting to the hours of boyhood, when adversity overtook him ; when he lay stricken with fever on the coast of Guiana, or during his long and weary imprisonment in the Tower. Was he thinking of the woods around Hays Barton when he wrote his *Country's Recreations*, and with a pen sobered by experience drew so true a contrast between the "anxious sighs and untimely tears" of courts, and the silent groves, downs, meads, and gliding fountains, which he tenderly apostrophises ? Did recollections of innocent youth come back upon him when, in his after years of sorrow, he said :

"Give me my Scallopshell of Quiet;
My Staff of Faith to walk upon;
My Scrip of Joy, immortal Diet;
My Bottle of Salvation;
My Gown of Glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage."

To me, musing under the rustling leaves, while the scent of hay filled the air, there was a touching moral in the great man's history. Here the glad beginning; and far away, within the shadow of the court, its heroic ending. Whatever his faults, he deserved better than to lose his head by the executioner's axe, at the behest too of a king foolish enough to imagine that by tearing a leaf from the Journal of the Commons he could deprive the nation he misruled of their rights and liberties.

I returned to Budleigh, and from there made my way back to the coast by the road, nearly three miles, leading to Budleigh Salterton. This is a village watering-place with a growing reputation, and not undeservedly; for it stands in a valley so narrow and well sheltered that myrtles grow in the open air all the year round, and like its namesake in the interior, it has a sprightly brook running by the side of the road, crossed by numerous light bridges to the trim gardens in front of the houses: a place of cheerful aspect. From an eminence on the beach the Otter is seen, its vivacity left behind, creeping ingloriously through a marshy flat to the sea, where a long reef stretches out at one side of its mouth. The coal merchants here, wiser in their generation than some elsewhere, have laid a tramway across the pebbly shore, along which the laden trucks are hauled from the vessel.

As usual, there is a cliff-sided hill on the west, and still of a red colour—West Down Beacon. Seats are placed at short intervals on the long sloping ascent; and from the top you can get a view of the three miles of cliffs which you may have missed by the visit to Hays Barton; and in the other direction, down to Torbay and Berry Head. To an unaccustomed eye there is something surprising in the successive headlands, each stretching farther and farther to seawards, that to walk to their extremity seems an endless task, so different from what it appears on the map, and you can scarcely help fancying that the last will take you far into

the sunny regions of the south. Pacing the coast mile by mile for days together, you find England to be not so small a country after all.

The path skirts the edge of the Beacon Cliff for some distance, and drops down to the small out-of-the-way village of Littleham, whence to Exmouth by lane and highway is nearly three miles. About half-way down the descent on which the town is built you come to a broad terrace on the right, the Beacon-walks, with a grand hotel and rows of aristocratic-looking houses behind, and in front a shrubbery sloping away to the long sea-wall beneath, where trees, grass-plats, and winding paths make up a pleasant lounging-place. Before you spreads the estuary of the Exe, narrowed by encroaching tongues, islands, and a wild waste of sand on the opposite shore. That dark rugged point beyond Dawlish is the Parson and Clerk; there is Starcross, there the woods of Powderham; there, some ten miles up the valley, the towers of Exeter stand up massy against the clear evening sky; there the Haldon Moors, seeming a distant mountain range, black and barren, shut in the view of the green cultivated country. Pleasure-boats glide here and there over the calm waters; larger vessels steer lazily in or out of the sea-channels, and while you look, a rushing streamer of steam bursts into view on the other side, and the swift roar of a train comes faintly across from the South Devon Railway. There is something impressive in the view, though nothing like so beautiful as some you have seen and are yet to see; and it is not easy to discover offhand why Exmouth should have become famous. Its immediate neighbourhood is prosaic enough to delight an inhabitant of Cambridge-shire; a visitor, however, able to explore, may find a few pleasant walks—to Withecomb, Orcomb Point, and to the sanctuary of St. John in the Wilderness—a picturesque little ruin. You might see this by coming directly across the country from Hays Barton to Exmouth instead of going down to Budleigh Salterton.

The ferry here is of considerable width; while crossing, you see that the 'bight,' as the estuary is named within the shoals, has all the appearance of a lake:—rough enough in windy weather to frighten timid folk. You are landed on the Warren, the wild waste of sand before-mentioned, which

juts out two miles from the main shore ; and a dreary expanse it is when seen as I saw it, in the gloom of twilight. Here and there are slimy patches, treacherous if not dangerous to the stranger ; but for the most part the sand affords firm footing. The only guide was the faint track of wheels that had recently crossed, which I followed till it disappeared on the margin of a broad shallow stream flowing gently through one of the numerous hollows. Which way now ? I tried the stream, but found its bed grow too soft, and everywhere in what seemed to me the right direction there lay pools at the bottom of shallow basins of sludge. It was just such a difficulty as a man resolved on roughing it along the coast must make up his mind to ; but I little liked the prospect of detention, and was, moreover, uncertain as to what would be the effect of the rising tide. This, at all events, was one of the lowest parts of the bank, which it would be desirable to escape from. I turned round, and retraced my steps for some minutes towards the lights of Exmouth twinkling in the distance, and struck out for a new track. After a quarter of an hour's walking, I felt my feet brushing among coarse reedy grass on a low ridge, which apparently ran the right way for me. I strode hastily along it, and found the grass grow thicker and longer, and hundreds of rabbits scudding hither and thither at the noise of my approach : a satisfactory sign of being out of the reach of water. I kept on, and after sundry ups and downs, and a tedious tramp over a flat on which the foot slid back with every step, came at last to the gap where Langstone Cliff is cut in two by the railway.

Still deeper grew the twilight under the shadow of the dark precipices ; but the walking is good on the broad seawall which protects the line from the assaults of the waves ; and another half hour brought me to Dawlish.

CHAPTER VI.

Leave Dawlish—Parson and Clerk—The Sea-wall—Teignmouth—The Den—Ferry to Shaldon—An Audience of Haymakers—Saying a Song—Rustic Hospitality—Nine Shillings a Week—A Bath—Watcombe—Anstis's Cove—Babbacombe Bay—Torquay—A Tailor Cicerone—Torbay—Climate—Paignton—Brixham—The Pedlars—The Port—Landing of William III.—Berry Head—The Dart—Dartmouth—Old Houses—Stoke Fleming—Blackpool—Street—Slapton Sands—Torcross—Halsands—A Fishing Village—Reluctant Hostess—Start Bay.

THERE was a more pleasing view of the little town next morning than I had thought. It lies in one of those valleys which Nature has formed along this coast to gladden the invalid and refresh the wanderer. Its centre is occupied by a small stream, crossed by two or three bridges, and a railed grassy inclosure, and on each side extends a line of houses immediately under the hills. The space between is wide and green enough to give a sense of freedom and pleasure to those who look from the frequent bay-windows; and to make them believe Polwhele's derivation, *Dol is*, "fruitful mead on river side," not at all inappropriate, whether true or not. The mouth of the valley is traversed by the railway viaduct, supported on massive columns, and so designed as not to shock the eye too much when looking seawards, and to afford free access to the shore. In the gardens you may see plants and flowering shrubs which in the midland counties have to be kept in a conservatory, the climate being remarkably mild: preferable, say some authorities, to Torquay.

Looking back as you go up the hill towards Teignmouth, the campanile-formed chimney of what was the station when the South Devon was an atmospheric line, is a conspicuous and elegant, though comparatively useless object. It would be a real ornament if transferred into the town. Between Dawlish and Teignmouth the red honeycombed cliffs are,

perhaps, more broken up into wild forms than on any other part of the coast; but there is no road to the beach till you come to Smuggler's-lane, nearly two miles farther. I got over into the first field, dodged about the edge of the corn, scrambled across a ditch, and so made my way at once to the edge of the cliff. It was strange to look down on a railway and a party of plate-layers, whose hammers woke the echoes with unceremonious strokes, after having come, by a few days' experience, to associate the idea of complete solitude with the windings of the shore. While walking along here you can see those two singular rocks named Parson and Clerk, from a resemblance which they are supposed to bear to their living clerical namesakes. Both are in the attitude of supplication, and the clerk, being farthest in the sea, receives the first shock of the waves: no unapt representation of what takes place in actual life—most buffetings for those of fewest honours and smallest pay. The cliffs are of red sandstone, not clay, as farther east; much of their broken character is due to the many 'faults,' which, giving entrance to the water, facilitate the work of destruction during storms. The detached masses, some bridged together by planks, are so numerous, veined with streaks of a lighter colour, and the outline of the cliffs so irregular, that the stroll, whether at the top or at the base, is unusually interesting. The estuary of the Teign, Hope's Nose, and Berry Head, come into view from the height immediately above Smuggler's-lane; and you may scan beforehand the greater part of your day's work. I found the advantage of this more than once in the view it gave me of things and places a little way inland, which when I came abreast of them were concealed by an intervening rise of the ground.

There is the railway again below, issuing from a tunnel pierced through the mighty headland; and by descending to the lane you may walk the rest of the way to Teignmouth along the sea-wall—a smooth and level promenade, for which visitors are no doubt truly thankful.

The valley of the Teign offers a variety of beautiful scenery, where the sojourner may find pleasure and interest for weeks. Take a place in one of the market-boats that ply to and from Newton, and the reaches of the river, here shut in by

wooded slopes, there by swelling meadows, yonder by precipitous cliffs, will present a rare feast to your eye: twofold, for there are the shadows on the water, and cottages and homesteads in the hollows, and little valleys that open from time to time on each side. The bridge, nearly 1700 feet long, commands a fine view, especially at high tide, when the stream resembles a broad lake, particularly striking, as is said, if seen by moonlight. Then Chudleigh, famous for cider and its remarkable rock, are within reach, eight miles up the valley, and all round the neighbourhood there are delightful excursions, with such a maze of lanes as almost to insure the excitement of losing yourself.

Between the town and the sea is a large bank of sand, called the Den—a marine parade of Nature's own making—covered in places with turf. In the rear stand the assembly-rooms, the centre of a showy crescent, and at the outer corner a small lighthouse to guide vessels entering the river. Turning your back on the sea you have a prospect of bold heights, the town narrowing off in the distance, the masts of shipping above the roofs, the railway running away inland, and beyond all green woods and hills.

An old song records an instance of Devonshire courage, and "loyalty to King William and Queen Mary," which will amuse us while at breakfast. It begins—

"Brave Devonshire boys made haste away,
When news did come from Tinnmouth bay,
The French were landed in that town,
And treacherously had burnt it down.

When to the town they did draw near
The French did straightways disappear;
Because that they had then beat down
And basely burnt poor Tinnmouth town.

On Halden hill they did design
To draw their men up in a line,
But Devonshire boys did make them run,
When once they did discharge a gun.

Let Monsieur then do what he can
We'll still reign masters o'er the main,
Old England's right upon the sea
In spight of France maintain'd shall be.

The Cornish lads will lend a hand,
 And Devonshire boys will with them band,
 To pull the pride of Monsieur down
 Who basely burn'd poor Tinmouth town."

And so on for eighteen stanzas.

On again: through the town and over the lengthy bridge, or along the Den, past the ship-yards and across the ferry to Shaldon. You will see a stair leading up the cliff, a short distance to the left of the landing-place, which gives access to a private road traversing the Ness—a fir-crowned height at the mouth of the river—and to the cliffs beyond. Steeper ups and downs here than any yet, and the heat reflected as you toil up the ascents compels a little philosophy. But there are grand views from the summits over a wide expanse of country to the sullen rocky ridge of Dartmoor, and far, far across the flashing sea.

Presently, a great undercliff appears, where you must look to your footing on the narrow paths. In a field beyond, so steep that anything short of a double-quick descent was scarcely possible, a noisy party of haymakers at work cried to know what I had to sell. They took my knapsack for a pedlar's pack. If nothing to sell, perhaps I could tell some news—how was the war going on, and so forth? I was minded to humour them, and sat down on a haycock, when they drew round me, and half a dozen cider-kegs were held out for me to drink from. One among them, evidently *the* politician, had plenty to say, and delivered his opinions with an eloquence that surprised me. "If the Zarr, as people called 'n, would only come into the field for about half an hour, he'd show 'n what 'twas to go to war. He'd mark 'n. Bread was dear enough a'ready, and what was poor men to do when 't got dearer? If Austria and Prussia would come too, he'd rub them down into the bargain: none of 'em was a bit better 'n they should be; they was all in the same boat"—and more to the same purport. The sunburned orator was warmly applauded by his companions; and when I told him there were people in London who thought as he did, he looked round with an air of triumph. With dear bread in prospect, they were, however, for the moment in gay good humour, perhaps owing to the cider-kegs, and made a show of keeping me prisoner, unless I would consent to

“zing a zong.” Singing in public was not one of my accomplishments, but if they liked I would *say* a song. The compromise was accepted; and men and women, boys and girls, came closer together as I drew back a few paces up the slope, so as to catch the eyes of the whole group. I then began Macaulay’s spirited poem *The Armada*:

“Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England’s praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.”

These first four lines completely fixed their attention, and they listened in silence to the end, though here and there an eye brightened, and a face glowed, as the recitation stirred their latent patriotism. Besides the heroic spirit, the poem contains many proper names belonging to Devonshire, and these being familiar to the haymakers, made it the more interesting to them. They gave a cheer as I concluded, and were still repeating “‘Thot be a good un,” “‘Thot’s better ’n a zong,” when I bade them good-day.

Half an hour later a couple of ploughmen, who caused me the trouble of beating a new path across the field they were furrowing, made an offer also of their cider-keg. So rarely did strangers come “drow and auver”—through and over—that the sight of one kindled their hospitable feelings. They, too, had the same story to tell about dear bread, and the difficulty of providing for a family out of nine shillings a week; yet with somewhat of resignation in their tone, the result, perhaps, of long endurance. The patience of the agricultural labourer is indeed wonderful! He gets but little sympathy, has the worst seat at church, the most uncomfortable railway-carriage, and yet he, and such as he, will put on a red jacket, go away to the East or anywhere else, fight like a lion, and win a “soldiers’ victory.” Is it not an opprobrium to our civilization that a man, willing and able to work, should be expected to content himself and feed a wife and family with eighteenpence a day?

On again, the walking by no means easy; the land having shaped itself, apparently, on the model of the stormiest sea. Good exercise, nevertheless; and the muscles soon accommo-

date themselves to the frequent ascents and descents, slippery with the wind-and-sun-dried grass. How delightful, too, to scramble down every morning to one of those tiny coves, where the water seems liquid sapphire resting on the pale sandy bottom, and splash and tumble in the cooling brine, or sit on a weedy lump of rock, immersed to the chin in a bath which a merman might envy. And then, to bask in the sun, while fanned by the breezes, fearing no intrusion, and dress at leisure: what process of invigoration is there half so delicious? And besides the swim, little basins, lined with sea-moss, may always be found among the rocks, wherein the feet may be cooled and strengthened two or three times a day. The opportunities were there, and I enjoyed them to the full.

More ins and outs, freakish paths and mazy hedges, and the cliffs in places covered with verdure from top to bottom, down even among the huge boulders heaped on the beach—and so to Maidencombe—a dell filled with trees and about a dozen houses, and a charming little bay, which, having looked at from above, you will scarcely be able to pass without descending to look at from below. Fail not to observe the ferns grouped along the course of the rill and scattered in the damp hollows, where it droops over the cliff. Going on from here the path soon ends: I was unwilling to leave the wooded cliff, but had to make a *détour* over the fields, and approach them again at Watcombe. This is another landslip, deep, horseshoe-shaped, with perpendicular sides, and an uneven slope to the top of the hill behind; but so full of hillocks and hollows, ridges and rocks, coated with the softest turf—here smooth and open, there filled with a dense growth of brambles, ferns, rushes, and a miscellaneous tangle—that for the moment you fancy it the most romantic scene of all. The inclosing cliffs are of strangely fantastic forms, such as might be hewn out in the wildest dreams, and central in the foreground, rising from the edge of the sea, dark red masses of rock robed in ivy form striking points of view above, and a cove below. Climb to the top of the highest, and you will be well placed to survey the scene in all directions. Seats are fixed in some of the best situations, and a path descends at long sharp angles from top to bottom. Two houses, which stand in the garden that occupies the upper

portion of the hollow, overlook the pleasant spot; but the lower portion, cut off by a wall, is left free to the wanderer. A lane leads from it to the Torquay-road, a short distance over the hill.

To pursue the shore route: mount the opposite steep, and thence take the path along the hill-side to the marble quarries at Mary Church and the little port of Petit Tor. The red sandstone is now left behind, and you tread on a diversity of strata; beautifully veined marble, gray limestone, and here and there intrusive masses of shale and slate, as shown in the next few miles of cliff. If you wish to know what Devonshire can produce in the shape of marbles, call at the works in Mary Church, and you will see specimens surprising for their number and beauty.

Babbacombe Bay is in sight, its narrow, white, crystalline beach glistening in the sun, backed by the variegated cliffs sprinkled with wood. I had scrambled through two or three hedges on my way down to it, when the impenetrable fences of private grounds barred the passage to the very edge of the cliff, and there was nothing for it but to tack about and find a lane. This brought me to a road bordered by villas, and formal gardens and shrubberies, looking almost too nice and new to be inhabited; dainty dwellings provided by enterprising builders for the accommodation of those compelled by want of health to hybernate on a southern shore. Ere long the road descends steeply between scarped, rocks, and trees, and walks running off on each side to houses perched here and there on a shelf in the cliff, and lower down something like a village street, and ends at last on the beach. Here the curving line of cliffs come well into view, in some places perpendicular and smoothly polished, but not by hand; in others sloping away above, as if to make room for the hanging woods that fill every recess. A short time suffices to walk from end to end of the bay, and to climb over the rocks into the curious hollow at its western extremity; and then, to leave it, you must return some distance up the road again, and turn to the left by a rough path rising to the lofty downs, from the farther side of which you look down on Anstis's Cove, said to be the most beautiful indentation on all the coast. One who has footed the cliffs all the way from Lyme, and intends to continue, may be permitted to

demur to this conclusion. It is a sloping, irregular hollow, seemingly formed by a subsidence or the action of water, made romantic by a wooded undercliff, stunted trees, gorse and lichens, and shining precipices and limestone crags hung with ivy and creepers. At the point nearest to Babbacombe is a marble quarry in full work; and from the other point, Hope's Nose, there are paths running along the face of the cliffs to Torquay. Or you may go round by the road, and see the marine residence of the Bishop of Exeter, a handsome edifice in the Italian style, so situated as to command prospects over land and sea which have a perpetual beauty. The sight of its towers, peering above the surrounding mass of umbrageous foliage, suggests to the mind the well-known couplet about the churchmen of old who never built "in barren land." Why should they? Farther on, too, is that famous cavern, Kent's Hole, which excited so much surprise when Dr. Buckland described the fossil bones of bears, hyenas, and elephants he found inside some thirty years ago. To visit it you must have an order from the keeper of the Torquay Museum, and a guide with torches, and then you may penetrate the hill for about six hundred feet till stopped by a small lake. The width of the cavern varies from one to twenty-five yards, and the height from five to fifteen feet. Except to a scientific explorer such a cavern presents little of interest.

I had torn my coat badly when creeping through the hedges above Babbacombe, and seeing a tailor sitting on his board at a shop in Torquay, I resorted to him for the needful repair. While he sewed he talked affectionately of the town and neighbourhood: he was a Devonshire man, had once lived in London, thought no place like it; but having revisited his native county, could not resist staying there, and now he wondered the smoky metropolis had ever been endurable. Here he had beautiful scenery, fresh air, and the open sea, and what could London offer in comparison to a man in business? Here was something that smacked of philosophy. The honest tailor, indeed, worked himself up to a pitch of enthusiasm, and nothing would do but he must go with me and be my guide to the places I had not yet seen. He knew all the short cuts, and away we went up long flights of stairs from one street level to another, to the

top of Beacon Hill, to Daddy's Hole, to Meadfoot Cove, he pointing out what was most remarkable, and making me observe that the rows of detached houses were so placed that each house had an uninterrupted view of the sea. There was Walden Hill, there the Heytor Rocks, there Hope's Nose, and the Thatcher; there the town, terrace above terrace, alternate ranges of bright pretentious houses and belts of green from the beach to the summit of the heights behind, and on all sides new buildings in course of erection. Imagine portions of 'Paddingtonia,' detachments of shops from Piccadilly and Regent-street, and a few churches and chapels, migrated to the warm wooded slope of a high Devonshire hill looking forth on the sea, and you have Torquay. That sea, be it remembered, is Torbay—a noble expanse, Berry Head its farther horn, some eight miles distant. A little within lies Brixham; there is Paignton, and the whole semicircular sweep of the shore. The scene is one striking in itself, and in the memories of great events which it recalls.

The evening shadows were thrown far across the bay when I went on towards Brixham. The road may be seen describing a bold curve within a few yards of the sea for miles, and the farther you proceed, Torquay, relieved by distance of its somewhat Cockney aspect, is brought more and more into view, until at last the whole town opens—the white houses in strong relief against the green background—and you can see how completely it is sheltered from all northerly points by the bold heights in the rear, and from the east wind—that scourge of invalids—by the jutting cliffs. To this protection, and, as Sir James Clark shows, to being less damp than any other part of the Devonshire coast, the place owes its continuous prosperity; continuous, because no sooner do the hundreds retire who come hither for their summer holiday, than they are succeeded by as many more of delicate lung and feeble limb seeking the blessed healing influence of a mild winter temperature.

The south-western coast generally is two degrees warmer in winter than the favourite resorts on the Hampshire and Sussex shores, and from three to five degrees warmer than Middlesex; the greatest difference being in the months of November, December, and January. But the relaxing effects of a humid atmosphere must not be lost sight of, nor the

visitations of south-westerly gales which blow at times for weeks together with very uncomfortable consequences. To some persons the narrow limits of the space really sheltered, as at Teignmouth, Sidmouth, and other places, would be irksome as imprisonment: once extend your walk, or ride but for half a mile, and all the benefit of the mild climate is exchanged for the cold breath of winter. At Torquay there is, indeed, more scope, and walks and rides of considerable extent may be taken without injurious exposure. It is, moreover, almost entirely free from the fogs which too often hang over Exmouth and Dawlish.

Not many years ago Torquay and other watering-places along the coast were mere fishing villages, huddled on the shore, dreaming nothing of the change shortly to come over them. Their rapid growth is remarkable; but to some who wander from one wooded landscape to another the sight of villas, terraces, and smoking chimneys will be but a poor exchange for hill-sides rough with crags and embowered with trees.

Paignton, a village about half-way, with fine old church-tower, supplies a want felt at Torquay—a good sandy beach for bathing—and shows the results in new houses pushed on and on till they have crossed the road. There is another attraction of which the villagers are, or were, not a little proud—a species of early cabbage much cultivated in the neighbourhood. A rural, undulating country, stocked with orchards, lies behind. Sheltered on all other quarters, Torbay is open to the east, and when gales blow from that quarter the sea tumbles in with great violence, and Paignton being situated in the centre, its sands sustain the shock of the storm. The tons of seaweed, the thousands of bushels of shell-fish of many sorts, and heaps of drift-wood thrown up by one of these easterly growls are marvellous to contemplate, and are the cause of a most animated outbreak of industry among the inhabitants, who flock to the beach and carry off the spoil.

Brixham is a strange place—that is, the old part of the town known as Brixham Quay; the new portion is a mile or more from the sea. I engaged a bed at what, in the dark, appeared to be a respectable inn; but when the hostess showed me into a room where a couple of pedlars were at

their supper, I began to have doubts, and asked to see my bedroom. It was as clean and airy as could be wished; so, reassured, I went down again to the wayfarers' apartment. Had I not myself been taken for a pedlar that very day? The two strangers were master and man, travelling the country with "ornyments," as they called them, of Derbyshire spar. Each carried a basket filled with the crystalline wares on his head—the man's the heavier—and seeing such loads, I felt ashamed of occasional impatience under my knapsack: a trifle in comparison. What appetites they had; and how economically satisfied! A bag, containing bread, cheese, and tea was produced from one of the baskets—the inn supplied what Cobbett calls "the tea-tackle," boiling water, and a plate of cold meat—and they ate and drank as only hungry trampers can. It had been a bad day with them; only five shillings taken in twelve hours' walking was, as the master said, "tightish work;" but some days they took thirty shillings, and so the trade answered pretty well in the long run. New supplies when wanted were drawn from a stock left in London; and though times were not what they used to be, there was still a handsome profit to be made for those who knew how. It was their first visit to Devonshire, and though the hills were well enough to look at, to trudge up one side and down the other with a load on your head was no joke. "Give me the other side of London—Essex and Cambridgeshire," said the master, and the man declared himself of the same mind. I recommended Salisbury Plain, and both agreed to try Wiltshire on their way back.

On turning out early the next morning I found the *Globe* to be within a few yards of the port; and such a port as one hardly expects to see in England, being not unlike those queer old places on the opposite side of the Channel. A slovenly quay runs along two sides of a basin, crowded with fishing-boats and square-rigged vessels; the third is occupied by a ship-yard, where noisy hammer-strokes prevail, and odours of pitch and tar. The houses around are quite in keeping, built in happy disregard of taste and order, and as if meant to be shabby; yet, with a quick eye and ready pencil, a score of sketches may be carried away from this, at first sight, unpromising spot: frowsy old houses and sheds, rickety stairs, a condemned hull or two, piles of

baskets, heaps of nets, and amphibious-looking men and women, supply a choice of subjects. And over all there predominates a smell of fish, and, should the tide be out, of slime; and you fancy it can hardly be true that Brixham is one of the most important fishing-towns in England. Torbay is a mine of wealth to it.

Look at that man, burly as an old-fashioned coachman, pacing up and down the pier, hands in pockets, with the air of one well satisfied with himself: he is a 'Brixham lord'; in other words, he holds a share in the manorial revenues. The Normans, who knew how to appropriate the good things of their conquest, once held the manor of Brixham, and it was handed over from one noble family to another for centuries, until a dozen fishermen clubbed together and bought it. Since then the original shares have undergone many subdivisions, and now the 'lords' are numerous. No wonder they look a little saucy, for the value of the fish brought in is sometimes 600*l.* a week, captured by a fleet of two hundred trawling vessels. When these return in the evening the quay presents a busy scene with the landing, selling, sorting, and packing of fish. There is great uproar and much apparent confusion; but soon the large vans standing in readiness are piled with the laden baskets, and driven off to Torquay, whence the fish is forwarded by rail.

On the pier stands what many will consider the chief object of interest at Brixham—the stone on which William III. stepped when he disembarked with his troops to give a lesson to the unteachable Stuarts. It is preserved in the base of a small obelisk, protected by an iron railing, and bears the inscription: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on his landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." A memorable day. We know, or ought to know, the sequel. At the end of the pier, under the lantern, is a tablet recording the landing of another William—Duke of Clarence—in 1823: an incident which the townsfolk celebrated by presenting a piece chipped off from the original stone, and inclosed in an oaken box, to their royal visitor.

Cross to the opposite side of the harbour and take the road leading out to the bay. You pass the new breakwater:

which is to enlarge the capacity of the port, and about a mile farther come to a brambled steep—the flank of Berry Head. Climb to the top, and you find an undulating plain, narrowing as it stretches seawards, where an embrasured line of fortification meets the eye, and here and there, along its margin, the platforms of long-disused batteries, inclosed on three sides by grassy banks; harmless enough now, but formidable with cannon during the long French war, when privateers and hostile cruisers prowled the Channel. Then over the wooden bridge, and through the arched stone gateway of the fort, and there within are the buildings, partly in ruin, once used as barracks, magazines, and storehouses; and mounting to the embrasures you look towards Brixham and across the bay—Torquay gleaming in the sun—on one side; on the other to Sharkham Point, beyond which lies Dartmouth. The space inclosed by the defences is level, and of considerable extent; a walk of ten minutes brings you to the extremity of the Head, a square perpendicular cliff, presenting an irresistible front to the waves. Peer over the edge and you will see how the hard, pale-red limestone is thickly mottled and veined, and polished by ages of storm. Here the outer slope of the earthy parapet makes a comfortable resting-place, where you may lie and enjoy the view of the sea.

Going out again at the strong palisaded gateway you see another fort on the left, near to which is a footpath running across the fields to the high road for Dartmouth. The farmyards on the way are surrounded by walls so thick and high that you might believe their owners lived in constant dread of bombardment. If intended merely to resist the wind, the blasts must be tremendous. The sight of the valley of the Dart is hailed with the more satisfaction, as the long, tedious ascent is then overpast, and the next two miles are all down hill, with pleasing views before you—at times a momentary glimpse of the sea, and the windings of the river between the leafy hills and fruitful fields that slope towards it from each side. The scent of honeysuckle growing thickly in the hedges perfumes the air all down the descent, and every bend of the road reveals a new prospect, till with the last the town opens on the opposite side of the stream. The ferry-

boat, with its two guide-chains, is a large, lumbering machine, worked by horses, at a rate slow enough to give time for seeing all that is to be seen while crossing. There are some pretty peeps up and down the river, which, in the latter direction, appears to be a lake shut in by hills beautifully wooded. As we neared the ship-yards on the western shore, a small schooner, ready for launching, was pointed out to me as the *Allen Gardiner*, named after the unfortunate captain who perished so miserably on the coast of Patagonia; and, judging from the handbills posted for miles around the neighbourhood, the launch of the "missionary schooner" was looked forward to as an interesting event.

Dartmouth is a rare little town; quaint old houses—real studies; narrow and hilly streets, and a church worth the trouble of finding out the sexton to unlock the gate. Some of the old houses have a piazza in front, and the projecting upper stories, curiously carved and ornamented, with their antique gables, are remarkable specimens of what architecture was three hundred years ago. Mr. Ruskin says that our cathedrals are but the highest expression of what was then universal—a beautiful and picturesque style of building. If the whole of Dartmouth was ever anything like those fine old relics still left to dignify some of her streets, modern improvements have much to answer for.

I glanced but briefly at all this, for it was near noon, and I had not yet breakfasted, having lingered the time away on Berry Head. How the fish relished! And, to speak of material enjoyments: one of the pleasures of a sea-side ramble is the choice of excellent fish at meals, with a flavour unknown to those who dwell inland.

Before or after breakfast makes a difference in one's impressions; to be cynical or censorious becomes hardly worth while when the cravings of hunger are satisfied. I went on again, caring nothing for the heat, which earlier in the day had been rather distressing. The street, parallel with the river, gradually rises, and looking back you see how the houses are built one above another on the hill-side, giving a lively view of roofs and chimneys to those who live in the upper tiers. Ground-floor and attic may hold a neighbourly talk on the same level—an arrangement certainly more pic-

turesque than convenient. Modern improvement is clearly not wholly wrong. Dartmouth is left behind now; but I shall, perhaps, pay it another visit on my way back to London.

The road commands beautiful views across the river; the woods grow so close down to the water that no break is seen where they merge into their shadows. But soon it turns aside at a cove where stands a mill with a wheel fifty feet in diameter, whirling round and round, and exciting a busy clack amid the green seclusion. Then a long stiff pull up hill that makes you eager for air, and covetous of the narrow strip of shade under the hedge. It seemed aggravating that while I had no more breath than the exertion demanded, three women, a little in advance, had enough to spare for a loud and ceaseless chatter. "How was it?" I asked, on coming up with them. "'Tis the ale as does it, master. We had some afore we started. Nothing like ale for goin' up hill."

Once past the toll-bar at the top and there is the sea again, a grand sweep of Start Bay; and then it is all down hill to Stoke Fleming, and Blackpool, a pleasant spot, which will tempt you to turn down by the side of the little river underneath the elms, and take a foot-bath where it oozes through a pebbly bank to the sea against a rocky point. The scenery about here is extremely pleasing.

Up hill again, and turn off where the finger-post points *To Slapton*, through the little village of Street, beyond which you descend to Slapton Sands—a remarkable bank of shingle, in which a grain of sand is scarcely to be seen, forming the shore on a dead level for more than three miles, and high enough to keep out the tide, which here rises twenty feet. A well-beaten road runs from one end to the other, bordered in places by patches of grass, refreshing to the feet, but lost in the general barrenness. Step off the road, and you are ankle deep in the minute pebbles of which the bank is composed. The quantity is perfectly amazing, and all so smooth and clean; from the size of horse-beans down to pins'-heads. Yet there is vegetation even here: a species of convolvulus—the sea-bindweed—growing with a dirty pink flower from a wiry thread-like stalk creeping among the

stones. What adds to the singularity of the bank is Slapton Lea, a broad lake by which it is separated from the main shore for nearly its entire length, produced by the accumulated waters of three small streams that drain the country behind. Their current not being strong enough to keep their outfall clear, the sea has heaped up the bank at their mouth without interruption. Most of the small rivers of Devonshire—the Axe and Teign, for example—would become similarly dammed did anything happen to diminish their stream. As it is, the Axe only keeps its mouth clear by a constant struggle with the encroaching pebbles. The margin of the Lea is swampy, and the surface overgrown with sedge and forests of rushes, in which numbers of wild fowl find shelter. The reeds are harvested in autumn for thatch, and in winter sportsmen come and shoot the birds. At intervals along the beach you see a party of fishermen and women, boys and girls, hauling in their nets, hand over hand, with an irregular pull—a half-hour's task; others sleeping away the time in and around their boats till their turn comes; others, again, cutting bait, or spreading their nets to dry. The *Sands Hotel* is a respectable but solitary house, about three miles from Street, well known in the neighbourhood; and Torcross, a village at the southern extremity of the sands, is much resorted to by visitors, who find on its beach the perfection of sea-bathing. I felt inclined to rest here, but remembering that the next day's walk would not be easy, I kept on, willing to take my chance of sleeping-quarters nearer to the Start.

At Torcross the cliffs begin again, and you mount to the top by a rude stair, and get a view in the reverse direction to that seen from the heights at Street. A little farther and you are stopped by a deep gap leading into a slate quarry, where the noise of a steam-engine and of the machinery for squaring the slabs seems an intrusion. You have to descend here by steep paths among the crags, and may halt from time to time to inspect all the works and secrets of the quarry, the walls of which have a curious appearance from the perpendicular lines of cleavage. Then out to the beach again between piles of slates, and on to the primitive-looking fishy-smelling little village of Beesands, and there take to the cliffs

again by a hilly, rugged path, from which you can see the upper part of the lighthouse rising above the extremity of a sloping, jagged promontory—a perfect sierra. There is a lonely, wild look about the place, making you fancy it beyond the confines of civilization. Another half hour and you look down on about a dozen rude little cottages, some close to the shingle, others raised a few feet on a shelf of rock, others on ledges and recesses of the cliff—the village of Halsands. I began to doubt for my night's lodging; but having descended, saw projecting from the corner of one of the largest cottages a swinging sign, ambitiously inscribed *The London Inn*. There was a large party in the kitchen: old fishermen and young fishermen, a couple of pilots, a butcher, a small farmer, and some of his men, holding a talk over their cider. I addressed myself to the ancient hostess, who sat darning stockings by the window—a clean broad-bordered cap on her head, and a handkerchief pinned shawl-wise across her breast, such as we see in portraits of our grandmothers; but my having a bed was out of the question. It was no use talking, she wouldn't take a gentleman in unless she could make him comfortable. There wasn't quite room enough up-stairs for the family, let alone a stranger.

"Who sleeps there?" I inquired, pointing to the little front parlour, and suggesting the possibility of a shake-down on the chairs.

"Oh, nobody slept there; of coorse not. She never had took people in to make 'em uncomfortable, and never would."

I was in no humour for a retreat to Torcross, and calling for a glass of cider, sipped it, while exchanging a few words with the company. Here, as everywhere else, What news about the war? was the first question. Mine, already a week old, was news at Halsands; the listeners happily were all patriots, and not over critical. Then a matter of trade, in which "vowr-and-sixpence" and "vive shillin's" were iterated again and again, was debated between the farmer and the butcher, and neither would give way. Then the man of meat changing the subject, talked physiologically: "The life of a man," he said, "was nothing but thousands of insects within him, which kept on eating away and building

up as long as the body breathed. 'Twas all nonsense," he went on, "for people to say that strong drink did 'em good : he knew better." "Why then do you drink?" I asked. His reply was one that takes the wind out of a teetotaller's sails—"Because I like it." But he meant to give over before long, and quoted a passage from John Bunyan in proof of his sincerity.

While this was going on I saw the old lady beckon her daughter-in-law, and whisper a few words in her ear, and she presently gave me to understand that if I "didn't mind they'd manage a bed in the parlour." I had anticipated this result, and assured her that four chairs and a blanket would content me.

After tea I strolled along the beach towards the Point. In the cliffs here you make acquaintance with stone of a greenish-red colour, sprinkled and veined with quartz, worn into singular forms; and to see how they were overhung with ivy, how creepers wandered about the hollows, and oxeye, hemlock, and thistles grew from the chinks, was a very wonder. And so near the sea, too, as to be often washed by the spray. Huge masses of the hard rock form here and there an advanced guard of shapes not easy to describe; and behind them, in the cavernous recesses, little wooden huts are built for the storage of fishing-tackle. There was a refreshing influence in the saunter among the grim rocks: looking out on the tranquil sea; on the vessels in the offing; the lighthouse gleaming bright as a beacon in the rays of the western sun, the shadow meanwhile deepening under all the tortuous range of cliffs.

Then, returning, there was the magnificent expanse of the bay terminated by the headlands near Dartmouth; Stoke Fleming church-tower, a conspicuous sea-mark, and the white line of foam all along the hollow shore. The village, too, so unsophisticated; the houses so out of proportion to the large families inhabiting them; and the numbers of that large, flat fish, the ray, hanging up to dry, each with a circular hole cut through its body—all for bait. The children were carrying piles of them from place to place on their heads. And in a line on the beach, the boats piled with nets lay ready for the next tide; and, scattered here and

there, anchors, oars, buoys, lobster-pots, bits of cork, and broken timber. I envied the sketcher's cunning. Boys and girls were playing at a species of leapfrog over lumps of rock; the young men had got up a game of skittles for quarts of cider on the open space in front of the "Inn," and the old men looked on, seated on a low wall. But the dusk fell more and more, and in twos and threes players and spectators withdrew to their homes, bidding a general "good night." Among them was an old weather-beaten man, who "turned in," as he told me, with a heavy heart, for his wife was insane, and talked all night long without intermission, and kept him from sleeping, till he was weary of his life. "They took her into the 'sylum once," he said, "but sent her back again; and now I never gets a minute's rest."

My bed was ready, spread on a double rank of chairs. For a few minutes I heard the solemn plunge of the surge upon the beach, not forty feet from the window; and then—I never slept better.

CHAPTER VII.

The Start—Wild Cliffs—Tides and Currents—Breakfast in the Lighthouse—Sierra—Striking Scenery—Lannacombe Mill—Sea-side Enjoyments—Prawle Point—The *Royal William*—Exhilarating Route—"Ain't she a pictur'?"—Rickham—Coast-guard Men—Salcombe—Sheltered Shore—Rich Vegetation—Bolt Head—Old Pensioner—Bolbury Down—Rotten Pits—Bolt Tail—The Fatal *Ramillies*—View of Bigbury Bay—Hope Cove—White Ale—Impromptu Hospitality.

UP and away betimes the next morning before all the village was awake, every step bringing me nearer to the promontory whose name, by frequent use, has become as familiar to us as a household word. In the slopes and hollows of the cliff you see small cultivated patches, where the fisher-folk grow cabbages and potatoes. Yonder is the white patch on the rock, just within the Point, marking the landing-place for the Trinity House steamer, when she comes with the periodical supplies of oil and stores. Then the path descends under the serrated ridge, and in about half an hour from Halsands you enter the well-kept premises of the lighthouse, and not without a feeling of surprise at finding things so carefully ordered in so wild a spot. A substantial house connected with the tall, circular tower, in a walled inclosure, all nicely whitened, is the residence of the light-keepers. The buildings stand within a few yards of the verge of the cliff, the wall serving as parapet, from which you look down on the craggy slope outside and the jutting rocks beyond—the outermost point. You may descend by the narrow path, protected also by a low white wall, and stride and scramble from rock to rock, with but little risk of slipping, so rough are the surfaces with minute shells. It is not a place to hurry from. Sit, and look round. What chasms and fissures! yawning, as if to show the crystalline veins in their interior; and here and there the wild sea has

licked the stubborn stone into the form of towers and bastions, and gnawed out deep caverns in which, even on calm days, the waters are heard to struggle and heave with mighty sighs and solemn reverberations. There is an endless variety of watery motion in the many channels among the rocks, and a restless ripple a little way to seawards, where the sunken masses irritate the surface.

A rude, steep stair, chopped in the rock, leads down still lower to a little cove and a narrow strip of beach at the foot of the cliffs. It is the landing-place for the lighthouse-keepers when they go fishing; but can only be used in calm weather. Iron rings, fixed here and there in the stone, serve as moorings for the boat. You feel imprisoned, standing on that morsel of beach, frowned upon by the high, dark, inclosing crags. It must be an awful place in a south-westerly gale!

The assistant-keeper seeing a stranger on the rocks, was leaning over the parapet-wall ready for a talk, when I went up again. The arrival of a visitor was a pleasure in the monotonous life of the establishment. Winter, he said, was a dreary time with them, not so much on account of cold as of storms, fogs, and wild weather generally. In easterly gales the fury of the wind would be often such, that to walk across the yard was impossible; they had to crawl under shelter of the wall, and the spray flew from one side of the Point to the other. But in-doors there was no lack of comfort, for the house was solidly built and conveniently fitted, and the Trinity Board kept a small collection of books circulating from lighthouse to lighthouse. The people who lived thereabouts were not so much cut off from the world as one who had come along the land might suppose; they could get easily to Plymouth or Southampton by steamer—the vessel was then passing—and go off to her in a boat from the landing-place, except when there was a rough sea on. For his part, he was well content, but he could not say the same for his wife: she found the place terribly lonesome.

The tower shows a revolving light to the Channel, and a fixed light to guide vessels clear of the Skerries; a shoal about a mile to the eastward. If a pilot going down Channel find that light on his left, let him look to his ship, for she is running into the bay. There are streams and eddies,

too, about here, which tease the mariner. The keeper had once seen a man-of-war's boat putting in, rowed by a stout crew; but no sooner had they come near the Point, making for the bay, than the current—too strong to be trifled with—caught them, and the more they pulled the more were they drifted away to the east. While we were speaking, one of the Halsands boats, that had been fishing off the Point, came by, the man rowing with quick strokes, scarce an oar's length from the extremity of the rocks, and in a minute the little craft was round and inside the bay. "That's where the man-of-war's boat should have gone," said the keeper; "unless you take that narrow bit of current setting close round, you never get in." The tide makes the tour of Start Bay: here, at the Point, the stream sets in for three hours and out for nine hours, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Our talk led to an offer of breakfast, for I found, on inquiry, there was neither village or public-house along the next ten miles of coast, and to wait till I got to Salcombe would be too long a fast. I ought to have eaten before leaving Halsands, or brought supplies with me. Coffee and mutton-chops were soon set before me, and, while I ate, the wife talked of the contrast between the Start and London. Her husband had brought her down, newly-married, some four or five years ago; it was dark when they arrived at the lighthouse, where all seemed pleasant and snug; but when she looked out the next morning and saw the loneliness of her future home, her spirit sank, and had not yet fully recovered. But it was a fine, healthy place for the children, of whom two or three were running about; and that was something. On taking my departure I was charged with a message to "our uncle," the head-keeper at the Lizard, should I reach so far south as that remote Cornish promontory. I did visit it, and with consequences that are a pleasure to remember.

From the next point, known by the singular name of the Pear-tree, you get a good view of the headland, on which the lighthouse stands, with its jagged summit sloping from rear to front, and on each side steep as a house-roof, and so narrow at the peak that you may sit astride between the protruded rocks, which are deeply notched and fretted into pinnacles by the winds and storms of centuries. The cliff, indeed, is low; but is worn into such strange shapes, and

presents so many curiously formed spurs and buttresses to the sea, crowned by the slope of turf dotted with sheep, that the scene is felt to be more striking than some other headlands of greater elevation.

Hence to Prawle Point, some five miles distant, the scenery presents a new appearance. The hills, sweeping inwards from the shore, leave a low, irregular plain, diversified by fields of grain and potatoes, and with so diminished a cliff that you fancy the sea will pour over it in the next gale. But coming nearer, you see that the slaty strata dipping down beneath the water interpose a sufficient barrier, on the slopes of which the waves expend their force ere the main shore is reached, and fall back again harmless from the smooth surface. Some of the outlying slabs are enormous, and form a complete natural breakwater. Though the walking be rough, the eye is gratified by the aspect of the hills, a small mountain range, strewn and capped with stone, and showing against the sun a broad expanse of green and bronze. The distant prospect, too, is such as awakes curiosity, and invites the wayfarer onward, promising new delights. A coast-guard, whom I met, marvelled much at seeing a stranger in so unfrequented a region: the sight of a new face was something to be remembered. "'Tis as rough a bit of country," he said, "as any part of the coast of Devonshire; but 'tis well worth looking at. An Englishman don't know what England is till he has been along here:" and he handed me his telescope that I might spy out whatever of noteworthy fell within its range. Those who have been disappointed with foreign travel would do well to bend their steps to this little-known part of our own country. One may journey far before he finds so much to satisfy the eye and charm the imagination as came before me in this day's wandering.

Lannacombe Mill, with one solitary house, stands in a break of the cliff, where a noisy brook rushes to the shore, looked down upon by an advancing hill, bristled with crags. Then another inward sweep, where the low, broken, irregular cliff is backed by a higher range, and you walk as on a terrace, discovering some new beauty in the rocky wall at every hundred yards. The beach, too, is easily accessible, with its varieties of seaweed, its sandy patches among the masses of

slate, and shallows and basins in the rocks, where you may contemplate at leisure the wonders of the deep. In one little pool I saw half a dozen of those animated anemones and other curious ocean flowers; and round about numerous jelly fishes, stranded or melting away, or gently rotating on the surface of the water: all the life of an aquarium, without its confinement. And as the glinting ripples danced to the beach before the gladsome breeze, the poet's imagery seemed yet more exquisite than when viewed merely through the words:

"The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride;
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her."

A little farther and you come to a port in miniature—a small basin in which some half-dozen fishing boats may float, surrounded by rocks, with no outlet but a narrow groove worn through the reef. The fishermen, however, turn it to account, notwithstanding the contracted entrance, which must necessitate delicate steering, and use it as a harbour; and in the hollows of the big rock close by they find store-rooms for their tackle and vaults for their fish. Now Prawle Point is in full view, rising grandly from the waves; a majestic pile of crags pierced by an arch below, through which the adventurous may row a boat in calm weather. Its sides are steep; but when at the top, among the huge gray hummocks of gneiss, treading the soft turf and pink thrift-blossoms, you will find delightful resting-places. The rocks dip inwards, and form numerous ledges on the face of the Point, where, scrambling from one to the other, you may sit on a cushion of lichens and enjoy the scene. Westwards, Bolt Head, outrivalling the Prawle in elevation, terminates a bay, the shores of which, alternate hill and hollow, and full of indentations, where ivy creeps down to the green twinkling water, are wondrously wild and beautiful. That break yonder shows the entrance to Salcombe estuary, which you will have to cross before the day is over, and there are the sloping hill-sides along which lies your route for the next few miles.

Had I time I would visit all the headlands round England. I like these outstretched points that dispute old Ocean's empire. Whether in calm or storm there is something interesting about them—oftentimes magnificent and sublime. Drenched by the salt spray, and swept by howling gales when seasons are fitful, there are times when the sunlight sleeps on their brow, when soft breezes caress their sturdy front, and the ripples whisper low at their foot. Hours are too short to familiarise oneself with their moods and features; I wished for days, but holiday limits were not to be overstepped. The Prawle and the Bolt are the southernmost extremities of Devonshire. It is something to sit on the outward ledge and think of all that lies behind.

So quiet was the time during my halt that the voices of the men speaking to one another in the trawl-boats off the Point could be distinctly heard, though some three hundred feet below. In such moments one forgets some of the hard realities of life. Just then, however, the bow of a steamer, leaving Plymouth Sound, emerged slowly from beyond the Bolt, then the entire hull, labouring and smoking as if overtasked; another moment and there appeared the mighty bulk and tall masts of a ship of the line, compared with which the steamer appeared but a pigmy. It was the *Royal William*, the first of our vessels of war towed across Channel to embark French troops for service in the Baltic. It was an interesting sight; but not at all in harmony with a peaceful reverie.

Then across the slopes and levels, climbing two or three stone fences on the way until you see the path again, as a faint, irregular line running along the hill-side midway between the summit and base; now inwards, now outwards; now up, now down; and everywhere dense patches of gorse over which the red dodder spreads here and there its slender fibres, complex as a spider's web. You see all the sweep of the hills: one side, as it were, of a Scottish glen transferred to the sea-shore. You must look to your feet, for the path in places takes sharp and awkward turns, which are marked by a lump of white crystalline rock, placed by the coast-guard men to serve as indicators when nights are dark and foggy. I found this part of the route particularly exhilarating, and wished it longer. But after two or three miles you come to

the foot of the hill crowned by the Rickham coast-guard station. It was warm work mounting the steep field that covers the whole of the slope. "Ain't she a pictur', Sur?" said a woman on her way down, pointing to the great warship that crept farther and farther from the land. A picture truly; and to meet with a haymaker able to appreciate it was an incident: the first of the kind in my experience.

All hands were out at the top looking at the vessels through their telescopes, and commenting on their appearance with emulous pride. It was "all up" with the Russians. The chief boatman was going down to Salcombe on an official errand, and offered to accompany me. The path was still high up on the hill-side, and every step brought us nearer to the mouth of the estuary I had seen from the Prawle. He had something to say as we walked about the effect of the sudden demand of men for the navy; all the able-bodied men under fifty had been taken away from Rickham, and their places partly supplied by old pensioners, not to the advantage of the service. At some stations the lieutenant had gone too, leaving the chief boatman in charge, so urgent was the call for competent officers. The men rather liked the promotion, as it brought them an extra shilling per day; and smuggling now-a-days "wasn't much to speak of." Each man has to find his own clothes, and give five pounds a year rent for his house and garden, and he receives as pay a guinea a week, and an annual bonus of five pounds, equivalent to living rent free. "It isn't over much," said my companion, talking over his shoulder, "but there's excitement in our life, hard as it is at times. And then we have always the chance of getting our boys apprenticed on board government ships, and off our hands pretty early; so we make out on the whole tolerably well."

The path, gradually descending as it turned, brought us to a level on the margin of the estuary, where stands a low, square shed, sheltering the two guns with which the men occasionally practise firing at a mark moored a mile or more out to sea. When near the ferry-house we scrambled down the steep bank to the coast-guard boat that lay in a snug little cove, and were soon rowing towards the western shore. There lay Salcombe, looking pleasant and respectable in the distance, the woods about it greener and more luxuriant than

any, and the water bluer. Yonder on the right, its church-tower prominent on the hill-top, is the village of Portle-mouth; and the view up the estuary tempts you to explore its windings as far as Kingsbridge. There is Lord Kinsale's estate of Ringrone; there Lord Courtenay's on the Molt, that singular wooded eminence projecting between two bare sandy beaches. Indeed, Salcombe and its neighbourhood are so well sheltered that the vegetation partakes somewhat of a tropical character; the aloe grows, and orange and lemon trees blossom in the open air; myrtles flourish as garden-hedges; and the teeming flower-beds respond to the genial warmth. The two sides of the estuary are in striking contrast; and when the heights beyond the town are crossed, the prospect is dreary enough to please a misanthropist. To seaward you see the Black Rock, and smaller rocks peering out here and there, and buoys and channel marks. "The harbour is a good one," as the boatman said, "when once you are in it."

The road to Bolt Head runs parallel to the estuary. At the outskirts of the town you pass the remains of Salcombe Castle—portions of two round towers, one larger than the other, and a broken stair, standing on a rock between the road and the water; celebrated for its vigorous resistance to the Parliamentary forces in 1645. For four months did the thunder of cannon shake the walls and startle the peaceful hills before the resolute governor, Sir Edmund Fortescue, would yield; and then the besiegers, admiring his bravery, let him carry away the key of the castle and march out with the honours of war. And there it remains, quiet enough now, a memorial of the progress of the "good old cause." Presently the road descends to the North Sands, the first of the two low beaches that look so white from the opposite shore, and which, judging from appearances on the surrounding escarpment, have sunk down many feet below their ancient level. And a few feet below the loose surface there is other evidence of subsidence: a hazel copse, with stems and nuts all fossilized. Then you cross the Molt by a shady avenue, and come down on the South Sands, a similar sandy patch to the former, and thence to the broad path carried along the flank of the steep, hilly projection, terminated by the Head. The scenery grows wilder as you advance; the

path ends at a fence, and after that you have only a dim track, which in turn disappears, and you take your own course along the smooth and slippery turf. When at some distance beyond the crags they are seen to be the finish of what has all the effect of a chain of hills dipping suddenly into the sea.

Wilder and wilder becomes the scene, the cliffs are bolder, the slopes more broken and abrupt, and the final climb to the top of the Head is very steep and fatiguing. But once up you will find many a resting-place among the masses of mica slate that crown the point. The ends of the strata here standing perpendicular bear witness to rude upheaval in their past history. There is a savage sublimity about the place. The solitude complete. No sheep or donkeys grazing as at the Prawle. Soft cushions of heath swell up between the topmost crags, 430 feet above the sea, and on these you may lie at ease and look over the edge. The seaward face is a slope not too steep for an adventurous foot, and there you may descend by zigzags to the verge of a precipice below; but not every one will feel inclined to venture down in that direction. The steep winding roadway of Stair Hole affords safer access to the narrow strip of beach, worth exploring, as also Bull's Hole, a cavern which, opening in a low part of the cliff, penetrates the entire hill, and comes to light again in a bay some two miles off; at least such is the tradition of the neighbourhood, coupled with an old story, current also in Spain and India, about a bull that went in black at one end and came out white at the other. Queer names, too, are given to some of the rocks about different parts of the Head; but unless the objects have some significance—some association to make them worth remembering—something, indeed, beyond mere fancy—one need hardly take pains to verify their outline. I was quite satisfied to survey all the rocks within view, as rocks, although there may have been among them the Great and Little Goat, and the Old Man and his Children. The trails and wedges of ivy, in beautiful contrast with the deep orange lichen that coated some of the dark gray stones, were charm enough for me.

Westward the shore continues bold and lofty, a solid mass of high ground, nearly on a level, jutting here and there on the sea in magnificent cliffs which can only be seen partially

from the several points. Fully to appreciate them in their blackness and grandeur, their rifts, chasms, and caverns, you should take a boat at Salcombe, and sail round to Hope Cove, and thus get a view from below of Bolt Head, Bolt Tail, and all the intervening range of cliffs. Looking from above, the effect of the black, sheer, perpendicular wall is in places tremendous. The walk along the summit is rough and toilsome, and the flat, furze-patched table-land rather dreary; but the glimpses down into the depths will recompense the exertion. Yonder, on the right, is the church-tower of Marlborough, amid broad, rolling fields; and nearer, distinguished by its flagstaff, a small off-station of the coast-guard, where the three men have just room to swing their hammocks between walls hung with a formidable array of pistols and cutlasses. At the top of the descent into Saw-mill Cove I fell in with one of the men who was removing some of the impediments from the path with a hoe. Having an errand to the 'conference rock,' which he pointed out on the opposite hill, he shouldered his implement and walked with me. He was one of the old pensioners appointed in place of the men drafted off for the navy, and by a touch of the hoe here and there every day had already made the path safer as well as smoother. "My two comrades laugh at me," he said, "and say nobody will thank me for my trouble; but I keep on all the same, and ain't a bit the worse satisfied if the path is better for others as well as myself." His philosophy, however, was occasionally disturbed by mischievous boys, who hurled away the large lumps of white stone which he fetched from a distance to mark the dangerous places; yet he hoped to tire them out in the end. It was terrible work going down the steep sides of the cove the first night he joined; he had to find his way without a companion, and narrowly escaped walking over the precipice. He could no longer climb the steepes as in his younger days; but if less active he was more careful, and didn't mean to flinch from duty, although the temptation to keep away from the edge of the cliffs on a dark and stormy night was hardly to be resisted.

Saw-mill Cove is the only opening in the cliffs between Bolt Head and Tail, and with sides so abrupt that rude steps are cut in the turf to facilitate ascent and descent. Two small streams run along the bottom, and following them

down to the scanty beach, you see the western entrance of Bull's Hole, and the Ham Stone, a big rock in the sea. After 'a blow,' the people of the neighbourhood hasten hither to pick up the waifs and strays cast on shore; sometimes there is nothing but oarweed, and in such quantities that from fifty to a hundred cart-loads have been drawn from this one little spot. "Now and then," whispered the old pensioner, "they carry off something as well as seaweed, before we can get down to stop them."

I left the ancient at the stony hump which he called the 'conference rock,' where he paced up and down on the short well-worn track, waiting for the man from Hope, to interchange reports, communicate warnings and suspicions, and talk as befits guardians of the revenue. Another stiff pull and I was on the top of Bolbury Down, a higher table-land, rough with brake and bramble. The edge of the cliffs is not to be taken except in full daylight, for you come ere long to the Rotten Pits, a strange sort of landslip, which, sunken long ago, gives you the idea of being still about to fall; and the broken masses are flung one on the other in wild confusion, with crevices between too deep for the eye to penetrate. The mouths of some, overhung with grass and ferns, have an inviting appearance, especially on a hot day; but they must be approached with a wary step. And a short distance farther on you have to be still more cautious, where another disturbance has taken place, and produced, not a slip, but a splitting of the land; and for a considerable space within the edge of the cliff and parallel to it, the surface is cut up by holes, cracks, and chasms. Some masked by the gorse and fern are dangerous traps for a stranger, and inspire a sense of insecurity. Not a place to linger in after you have looked into the deepest fissures, and scanned their perpendicular sides.

Beyond these, which are known as the Vincent Pits, rises the pointed crag visible from the other side of Saw-mill Cove. It stands on the edge of the cliff, sheltering a little cabin and a foot or two of ground, protected by a low wall, used as a look-out station. There, in the west, lay the Mewstone, indicating the site of Plymouth; and there, scarcely discernible, far, far away to seaward, rose a tiny dark column—the Eddystone Lighthouse. To my unac-

customed eyes it seemed much more than ten miles from the nearest shore.

From this point the ground slopes rapidly inwards, and you see to a long distance inland, and up to the extremity of Bolt Tail, across cultivated fields. That notch yonder is Ramillies Cove, where the *Ramillies* frigate was wrecked in 1760, and her captain perished with nearly all on board. The catastrophe is recorded in the history of shipwrecks, and in the ditty composed by one whom Admiral Smyth would call a very "brackish poet."

"Seven hundred and twenty brave men had she,
And ninety good guns for to keep her company;
But as we were sailing, to our great surprise,
A terrible storm then began for to rise.

Oh, the fatal Ramillies!

The sea look'd fire, and it roll'd mountains high,
Which made our men to weep, and our captain to cry
'My boys, mind your business, your skill do not spare,
For as long as we've sea-room we've nothing else to fear.'

Oh, the fatal Ramillies!

In a few minutes after with a most dreadful shock,
Oh, the fatal Ramillies, she dashed against a rock;
Both Jews and Christians would sadly lament—
Few were the cries when down she went.

Oh, the fatal Ramillies!"

And more in the same style.

From the top of Bolt Tail you overlook the whole of Bigbury Bay: there is the Thurlestone, a remarkable isolated arched rock of red sandstone, rising from the sea, where the prevailing strata are slate; and beyond it Burr Island, off the mouth of the Avon; the estuary of the Erme, Stoke Point in the distance, and the broken and irregular line of the shore—the morrow's route. Then down to Hope Cove, where, at the *Yacht* public-house, you may get a decent bed and entertainment. The cove is formed by a break in the dark, rugged cliffs, and behind it stands the little village on the road leading from Salcombe to Kingsbridge. This road is seen on the right on descending from Bolbury Down, and you may get into it, if so inclined, without going round by Bolt Tail.

Visitors are, perhaps, rare at Hope, for while I sat over

my tea a number of the children and some of their parents came jumping and peeping in at the window to see the stranger, upon whom they passed sundry criticisms. A troop of damsels went past on horseback ; and presently came laden pack-horses, and hucksters selling fish and vegetables from the panniers. It was Saturday evening, and the villagers made their purchases for the next day. Glasses of ale were frequently called for ; not the sparkling beverage brewed from malt and hops ; but a milky-looking compound, of which, judging from the flavour, milk, spice, and gin seemed to me to be among the ingredients. It is locally known as ' white ale ;' and as it does not improve by keeping, is brewed only in small quantities at a time for immediate consumption. It is kept in large stone bottles, and you will scarcely pass a public-house from Dartmouth to Plymouth without seeing a number of the empty bottles piled away in some part of the premises. I saw a dozen or two outside the miserable little " Inn " at Halsands.

Later in the evening I strolled round the beach, and up to the flagstaff overlooking the bay. The cove itself is narrow, sprinkled with rocks, among which a large conical mass stands conspicuous ; and is noted for the great quantities of crabs and lobsters caught around its shores. The houses of the village form an irregular street, with piles of dried fern for fuel, standing here and there in gaps and corners, and a stream that skirts the road for a short distance, and tumbles into the sea at the head of the cove.

I was watching the deepening of the shadows on the calm water, when a cheerful salutation roused me, and after the interchange of a few words, the friendly strangers who gave it invited me to pass the rest of the evening with them at the coast-guard station. The interior of the house a little surprised me by the resemblance of its fittings to those of a ship, its queer little nooks and corners, and medley of paintings, fishing-tackle, and pistols and cutlasses. I had two pleasant hours of social chat, and went back to my sleeping quarters at the *Yacht*, gladdened by such an experience of impromptu hospitality.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bigbury Bay—Burr Island—Sandy Beach—Bantham—A Room-full of Fishermen—Veined Cliffs—Shuffleborough—Formidable Fences—The Two Snails—Stitscombe—Mouth of the Erme—Mothecombe—Stoke Church—Noss, a Picturesque Village—The Yealm—Newton Ferrers—Noisy Sabbath Eve—The Echo—Wembury—Plymouth Sound—Bovisand Bay—The Watering-place—The Breakwater—The Catwater—The Dockyard—Mount Edgcumbe—The Hoe—Emigrants.

THE shore of Bigbury Bay is as irregular in elevation as in outline; masses of bold cliff alternating with broad depressions that sink to the level of the beach, where you walk through deep, loose sand, or up to your knees in the rushes that grow along the damp streaks which mark the course of some small stream, absorbed in its struggle to reach the sea. Something suggestive for the moralising mood. In the deep indentations of the coast-line you see how the waves prevail against soft strata, while the harder rock is left projecting. The map shows an instance on the great scale, from the Start to Bolt Tail, where the stubborn strata defy old Ocean and intrude far into his dominion; but on each side of this solid bulwark he has wasted the land and formed the two large bays there represented.

From the top of the cliff to which the path rises on leaving Hope you get a fair view over the bay, the numerous ridges of rock running out from the shore, the Thurlestone, and Burr or Borough Island, a smaller Portland, off the mouth of the Avon, and the stern black bluff between, the front of which having slipped down some six feet, is broken into strangely-heaped crags—a very chaos. Descending soon after to the sand you again come upon specimens of the sea bindweed, looking so sad and solitary, that one may fancy them banished by Flora from happier regions.

The wild aspect of the shore is relieved by the cultivated

uplands on the right, now green, now yellow, and here and there a church-tower marking the site of some hidden village. The sands spread out widely at the mouth of the Avon, but large patches are covered and fixed by coarse grass; and along the rills that creep between the mounds, you may gather a feast of water-cress—a welcome regale for one on foot—cool and refreshing. About half a mile up the rough, deeply-furrowed cart-track, and you come to Bantam, built on a high bank, overlooking a long bend of the river—a village once frequented by summer visitors before railways diverted them to pleasanter places. You will find good, homely entertainment at the *Sloop*, and a few studies of the half-rustic, half-fisher species. I saw twenty or more of these broad-shouldered fellows wedged as closely into a little back-room as Dutchmen into the cabin of a *trekschuyt*, and went in to have a chat with them; but the hot, close atmosphere, charged with the odour of damp clothes, strong waters, and tobacco, speedily drove me forth again. It was one of those snug Sunday-morning sittings, not uncommon in out-of-the-way villages, where the telling of the news is promoted by something to drink.

By a path down the steep bank you descend to the ferry and cross the river. The tide was out, leaving a broad, smooth expanse of sand, a little soft in places, but not unsafe, over which you return to the mouth of the stream. In the low cliff, and the countless masses of rock of all sizes that peer above the surface, numerous examples of slate and crystalline formations may be seen in intimate association, beautified by pale-red glistening veins. Here and there a little rill furrowing its way across the sand, shows you some of the phenomena of streams; how it is they diverge, form an island, come together again, and finally, separating into branches, fashion a delta at their mouth. Here, too, are so many pools and patches of weed that you may beguile hours if you will with glimpses of natural history, and find the broad, brown level to be anything but a desert.

From the top of the cliff you see Burr Island off the mouth of the river, and if at ebb tide, the whole length of the sandy spit which connects it with the main shore is visible, showing its brown back above the waters. The Island itself is but a small territory, about ten acres, with a

few cultivated fields, a few cottages at the head of a little bay, a few boats used in the pilchard fishery, and the memory of a chapel dedicated to the saint of the Mount that once stood on its summit. Then having passed Shuffelborough coast-guard station, you come to stone fences which hereabouts are built so thick and solid, and smooth of surface, that they might serve for the walls of houses, and the upright slabs bristling along the top are as troublesome to climb over as *chevaux-de-frise*. The latches of the gates, too, are on a great scale; a slice of timber six feet long, crooked as a ship's knee, and heavy enough to fall into the snick against a gale of wind.

About two miles farther you descend into a ravine, beyond which is the highest cliff along the bay, and the ascent almost too steep for one pair of feet. I was preparing to mount, when a heavy shower came on, and soon a thin sheet of water ran streaming down the slope, making the climb still more difficult. It seemed best to wait, and I took shelter for half an hour under the lee of an old wall, and while the rain pattered on my umbrella, made a little acquaintance with the economy and resources of the snails that were snugly lodged in the chinks of the stones. I placed one on its back, if such an expression may be used, on a ledge, having a clear space of nearly two inches, and watched the result. First a little froth appeared at the orifice of the shell; then timidly and slowly, and with frequent drawings-back, one of the feelers was thrust out, then the other, stretching hither and thither in a preliminary reconnoissance. Nothing within reach; so the body emerged, with really graceful movements describing curves all round the position, until at last one of the still extended feelers touched the stone immediately above. It was suddenly shortened: a pause—then another touch, apparently satisfactory, for the body of the animal rose perpendicularly, and touching in turn, applied with the head a small spot of white varnish to the rough surface of the stone, drew back for a few seconds, and then, with another stretch upwards, affixed itself to the varnished spot, lifted the shell from below, shortened the body once more, then another upward stretch, and the operation was complete. The snail crawled slowly away, and found new quarters in a crevice about four inches distant.

How would an imprisoned snail behave? The base of the shell will bear considerable pressure, and I forced one tightly into a chink, the orifice uppermost, and waited; for the rain still fell. There was the same display of froth and extension of the feelers, and slow elongation of the body, which attached itself closely to the stone immediately above, and pulled, and pulled, and stretched to such a length as seemed impossible to be again accommodated within the brief spiral. The hinder half of the body was of a pale gray colour, almost white, and from end to end there passed a series of those convulsive heavings exhibited by a snake in mortal struggle—efforts for liberty; but the shell was too firmly fixed. I expected every moment to see the body slip altogether from its habitation. Finding the vertical pull ineffectual, the snail released its hold, shrank itself up into a strange, slimy-looking mass, remained quiet for about a minute, and then tried again; but this time stretching out at an angle to the right. The same efforts were repeated, and with no better success than before. Another contraction; another rest, followed by another pull, at an angle to the left, and the strongest pull of all, exhibiting what was to me an astonishing degree of muscular power. It was, as it deserved to be, successful; and an involuntary "Well done!" broke from me as I saw the shell suddenly start from its confinement. The snail, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, crawled with accustomed slowness up the wall to the ledge next above; and when there I laid before it a small thistle leaf to reward its exertions. The creature began immediately to feed, careless of the minute prickles, and made a gap in the leaf with more celerity than might have been imagined of a tardy habit, displaying all the while a hippopotamus mouth, armed with serviceable teeth. The head moved as if mounted on a pivot, so readily was it turned in all directions, backwards even, while gnawing the leaf. Its appetite satisfied, the snail crawled away, as the other had; and I observed that the rain-drops falling on its body were unheeded; but if I touched it with ever so slender a blade of grass it immediately shrank, and paused for a while before resuming its course. One must not, it seems, think too meanly of snails.

Rain, though friendly to moralising, is not favourable to the romantic; and the rough hill-side which you admire for

its steepness when dry and crisp under the sunshine, is beheld with very different feelings after a smart shower, when the turf is a saturated sponge, and your feet slip back with every step. You get to the top nevertheless, adding somewhat to your experiences of travel, if only by a sight of the way in which the sheep make dry, snug, sheltering bowers for themselves in the clumps of furze.

Another half-hour along the gradually diminishing cliffs, after passing the wooded hollow of Stitscombe, and you look down on the mouth of the Erme—a stream which rising in Dartmoor here finds its way to the sea through an estuary three miles in length. It is wild at the entrance; but softening towards the interior, the banks are seen winding away in a succession of curving masses of wood. At low water you may explore it by a road that skirts the shore, and travel up to Erme Pound, or onwards to the picturesque scenery about Ivy Bridge.

The path by the cliff brings you to a solitary cottage near the entrance, whence, if the men are at home, you may get a cast across to the other side; or you may go a mile farther to the ferry, taking the lane, should the tide be in. I looked at the lane; the rain had converted it into a quagmire; and waited a short time at the cottage till a sailor who came on shore from a vessel at anchor rowed me across to the opposite landing.

Here I left the shore for a while, and following the lanes to Mothecombe and Battisboro, through a pleasant rural district, but little frequented except by the natives, came to a short lane on the left which leads down to Stoke church, situate in a hollow, within a few yards of the sea, and so quiet and sequestered, that any heart-stricken mortal—such as we sometimes hear of—longing for a peaceful grave in a little rural churchyard, would here find a meet resting-place. The graves, marked by stones of dark slate, are numerous; for here are laid the dead of the parish of Revelstoke, mounds and headstones alike half concealed by tall, rank grass, through which you stride mid-leg deep. The church is a low, gray, rustic building, betraying signs of age in the lichens that fringe the venerable walls, soon, perhaps, to be hidden by the plants of ivy which have begun to creep upwards on each side. Service is held once in three weeks;

and service in such a place—the song of thanksgiving and voice of supplication—would seem doubly impressive. And when the wind is up, the salt foam is drifted against the windows, and the roar of the storm is heard in pauses of the worship. I like to have a temporary halt in a lone churchyard when on my wanderings; but this of Revelstoke was more than usually favourable to contemplation.

The cliffs about here will repay the trouble of searching for their best points of view. You will find a pathway leading to the beach, or you may walk along the top of the cliff to Stoke Point, a grand slaty bluff, rising from a floor of slate spread out at its base, and so round to Newton Ferrers. Better perhaps to return to the lane, for by-and-by you look down on the village of Noss, scattered along the wooded ridge which borders an inlet that winds prettily between the hills; and there beyond it, on the farther bank of the Yealm, is Newton. Homely, whitewashed cottages, set in deep masses of green; narrow lanes and paths running hither and thither among the gardens; here an open space thronged with children at play, there the school-house, compose a view wonderfully picturesque. Standing high above the valley your eye takes in everything at once: all the life, the goings and comings of the village; and the voices ascend to your ear—all beautified by the environment of water and foliage.

The scene is so interesting that you will stop frequently on the long descent of the road to observe and fix its features in your mind. At length you cross a bridge over the Yealm, and take the road along the edge of the river's bed, to the public-house at Newton Ferrers: the only one in the parish. It was about eight in the evening when I arrived, to exchange, as it proved, the calm of Nature for a Babel of boys and men gathered in and around the little hostelry. "There goes a postman," cried the boys, seeing my knapsack as I turned in at the door. Luckily there was a vacant bed, and by a few civil words to the hostess I got admission to the snuggerly behind the bar, where I took my tea unmolested by the smoke and noise that pervaded all the rest of the house. At Bantham I had seen a specimen of the way in which village life begins its Sunday: here I saw the manner of its end. The habit of deep drinking, shamed from our high places, lingers in the nooks and corners of the land.

The next morning, what a contrast! A Sabbath stillness reigned over the whole neighbourhood. The village at work was quieter than the village at rest. The ebb tide had laid bare the causeways which cross the two channels, affording ready access between Noss and Newton, and shortening the distance to Stoke by about a mile. Here and there moored under the bank lay one of those trim, sharp eight-oared boats in which, if local testimony may be trusted, adventurous villagers row far out to sea, and return with kegs of brandy, in spite of the vigilance of the coast-guard station half a mile lower down the stream. In fine weather some have pushed their trip as far as Jersey, and not without profit.

Leaving Newton, you follow the path by the side of the Yealm, till stopped by another inlet on the right; and standing here at the point where a few steps lead down to the shore, you will have to cry "Over," and wait the result. Over—repeats an echo, surprisingly distinct, in the wooded hill opposite, provoking you to reiterate the call, and the more so, as dilatoriness seems to be the rule of the ferry. At last the boat appeared, deliberately rowed by a woman, and the tide being out, I had to cross a slope of mud to get to it, for no one cares to build a jetty where passengers are not numerous; and unless there be a jutting rock embarkation is always a disagreeable task at low water. Here the branching stream has all the appearance of irregular landlocked lakes, shut in by wooded hills, terminating in a low cliff. Having scrambled up on the opposite side, you are in a position to see that the scene is one of real beauty: a blue channel, green banks, gray cliffs, and a background of trees; and to seawards, off the mouth of the estuary, there lies the Mewstone, an islet familiar by name all over the kingdom, a pyramid of turf and rock, and Rame Head away in the distance, hiding all the coast beyond.

About two miles along the cliffs and you are at Wembury church, admiring, perhaps, the tall, grizzly, weather-beaten tower, set off by patches of glowing orange lichen; then by a flowery path which skirts a range of pleasant fields you approach the flank of a hill and overlook the entrance of Plymouth Sound, part of the Breakwater, and the lighthouse on its farther extremity. Every step now becomes invested with pleasurable excitement, for it brings you

nearer to a magnificent sea-view where Nature and Art have done so much ; one intimately associated in our minds with England's naval history. There Blake ended his glorious career, returning home to die within sight of his native county. Another turn, and the whole Sound opens. There is the long, white, angular line of the Breakwater—there Mount Edgcumbe—there Drake's Island—there are the towns glimmering against the sun, and the blue water looking bluer by the contrast. How the red buoys catch the eye as they rise and fall on the restless swell ! Yonder lie moored our great war-vessels, while ships, steamers, fishing-boats, pleasure-boats, gliding hither and thither, dashing in from the sea, or tacking vigorously out under the quickening breeze, impart life and animation to the roadstead, and satisfy your liveliest expectations.

A little farther, and there is Staddon Point, crowned by a fort that has the look of being meant for real service, and not simply for show ; and descending to Bovisand Bay, you see, immediately beneath the fort, the pier, and that useful establishment where the navy is supplied with water. To get rid of the disgraceful make-shift system that once prevailed, the stream flowing into the bay was dammed about three-quarters of a mile up the valley, and a reservoir constructed to contain twelve thousand tuns of water, from which a nine-inch pipe leads to the pier, where boats and tenders can lie at all times of the tide. The supply is always pure, as the stream is contrived to flow only from the surface of the reservoir. These works were finished in 1824 ; and the largest ship can now take in her water in one-fourth of the time formerly required.

Bovisand is a pleasant little bay, much resorted to by parties from Plymouth, and you may voyage up to the town in a boat, or by a road, or along the heights which border the Sound. I preferred the latter route, and climbed the hill to the corner of the fort, where the sentry, pointing to a door in the wall, told me it was the " way to Plymouth." You come out on a rough path that twists and pitches through Staddon Quarries and leads up to the heath, and past the ten-gun battery, commanding delightful views of the Sound ; of the furzy hills springing boldly from its waters ; of Cawsand Bay, and the forest-like elevations of the Cornish shore. The Sound itself, three miles deep and

nearly as much in breadth, impresses you with a sense of vastness; realising your idea of a magnificent port, with room for innumerable fleets, and you will scarcely feel surprised that writers, especially some few of early date, have waxed enthusiastic in their descriptions of Plymouth and its environs. In some places the hills are precipitous, and from the path running along their edge, at a height of four hundred feet, you have the whole scene spread out as a panorama.

When abreast of the Breakwater you will not fail to remark the effect of its mass on the sea: calmness within, commotion without; and from this some faint idea may be formed of the protection to the inner anchorage, when the waves come sweeping in with tremendous fury, driven by south-westerly gales. Before the great barrier was commenced, in 1812, there was nothing to impede their rush up the whole length of the Sound, and vessels were sometimes wrecked close to Plymouth.

Near Mount Batten the path leads off on the right to Turnchapel. And now you see the quarries of Oreston, the Catwater, Sutton Pool, the Citadel, the Hoe, and the ins and outs of the harbour up to the Hamoaze. The Catwater is the estuary of the Plym; you may cross the ferry direct, or get rowed down to the Barbican for sixpence. Bluff old boatmen are always in waiting.

A whole volume might be written about Plymouth and the interesting sights within and around it. I passed a day here on my return, and saw the Dockyard, the building slips, in one a keel just laid down, in another a frigate ready for launching; the spinning of ropes and cables in rooms twelve hundred feet long; the forges and saw-mills, and all that the stranger is permitted to see; ending with a survey over the whole of the busy area from the King's Hill. I saw, too, the Royal William Victualling Establishment at Stonehouse, a space of fourteen acres occupied with provisions for the navy, where the mills were grinding wheat day and night, and the bakers converting a sack of flour into biscuit every five minutes, so pressing was the demand occasioned by the war. Before this yard was built, the brewery was at one place, the slaughter-house at another, both inaccessible at low water; the bakery was somewhere else, three miles from the brewery, and the mill a quarter of a mile

from the bakery. Now that all are brought together, the fleets are better served, and the public money is economised. .

Then to Mount Edgumbe, which, on Mondays, is open to all visitors. You will find a number of boats, besides the regular ferry, at Stonehouse Hard. You may wander about the beautiful grounds and enjoy the view from the top of the hills unquestioned. It overlooks that portion of the harbour seen but imperfectly from Mount Batten. You look into Mill Bay, and up the Hamoaze, and see the rush and whirl of the tide past the Devil's Point, and all the populous shore from Mount Wise to the Citadel.

Then if you end the day on the Hoe, till gun-fire tells the hour of sunset, and note the numbers of townsfolk of all classes sitting on the rocks, or on the turf, or strolling up and down the slopes; and the gangs of men and boys playing at leapfrog and fly-the-garter, you will believe that no better recreation-ground is to be found in the kingdom. It commands a view to seawards along the whole extent of the Sound.

I dined at a house where a party of emigrants were staying; some had been waiting six weeks for a ship. They were mostly small farmers from Cornwall, with two or three labourers from Dorsetshire. One of the latter, who had just returned from an inspection of a vessel with his newly-wedded wife, was eloquent in praise of the accommodation. "No genelman's parlour could be finer, and if that was hardship he hoped never to have wus." Some of the farmers told me they could get a fairish living in Cornwall; but they wanted something better, and meant to seek it in America. From experience I was able to communicate information concerning that country; but as they had taken their berths, I did not tell them they would repent their expatriation. Thousands abandon their homes in England and a comfortable livelihood for a life of unmitigated drudgery in the backwoods, where their hope is perpetually cheated—where, after all, they get no more than a living, and in a climate which afflicts them with a West Indian summer and a Russian winter. How many are there who would give all they possess were it sufficient to bring them *home* again!

CHAPTER IX.

Enter Cornwall—Different character of Scenery—Antony—A Cornish Stile—Grafthole—Nackers—A Dreary Lane—A Retreat—Shoemaker's Cottage—Sleeping Quarters—A Shoemaker's Notions—Aspect of the Country—Above Ground and Under Ground—Seaton—Looe—A Queer Town—Talland—A Fetish—Polperro—Fossil Cliffs—Early Vegetation—Polruan—Fowey—Past and Present—Par—St. Austell.

It was about five in the afternoon when I crossed the Hamoaze by the great steam-bridge, which, plying continually, carries passengers, vehicles, horses, and merchandise, from one county to the other. The channel is six hundred yards wide, and though but a few minutes on the passage you have time to look at the fortifications on the Devonport side, at the vessels laid up 'in ordinary,' huge floating structures of famous name, that impress you with their mass, but now depreciated by the mightier energy of vapour. There you see away to the Sound, there up towards Saltash, and the upper course of the river, which will have to be visited by-and-by.

You land at Torpoint, a small place, which looks like a sort of genteel suburb to the more crowded towns on the Devonshire shore, out of the noise and smoke; and here, for the first time, I set foot in the venerable Duchy—Cornwall. A few minutes take you clear of the houses, and then at once you are struck with the difference between the county you are in and the one you have left. It is obvious. The generally soft features of Devonshire are exchanged for a landscape of a stern and unfinished aspect. Trees are few; and you see a prominent characteristic of Cornwall—a surface heaved into long, rolling swells, brown and bare, not unlike what we should fancy of waves from the adjoining ocean solidified, cut up into squares by thick stone fences, which in many places are thickly covered with brilliant yellow stone-

crop, growing from the crevices. By the time you have noted these peculiarities, and the alternate horizontal and vertical construction of the fences, you leave the highway, the main route to Liskeard and the west, and turn on the left into the road to Antony and the small towns on the coast. For the time, the sea-side had greater attractions for me than the interior.

A rise of the road gives another view over the Sound and its naval phenomena; and on the right you see that irregular inlet, Lynher Creek, at the extremity of which stands the old town of St. Germans. In about an hour you come to Antony, where, as in most of the villages throughout the country, the church is by far the most noticeable object. Standing on a steep hill-side, a deep notch has been excavated to get a level floor; and in walking round it a singular effect is produced by finding yourself many feet below the surrounding surface, and the rows of graves and tombstones. While the people are in church their friends are mouldering in some parts of the churchyard, at a level above the heads of the worshippers: a fact by no means salubrious. But the tower is good; some of the stained glass in the windows is excellent; there is a monument to Carew, who wrote the interesting *Survey of Cornwall*; and on one side is a hedge sprinkled with flowers. The stocks are under the church porch, and a couple of low stools for the misdemeanants: a combined indulgence which I never saw elsewhere. The village, too, has a foreign look about it; and here you will make acquaintance with the first Cornish stile: some six or eight slabs of stone about nine inches wide placed edgewise on the ground eighteen inches apart, in a narrow gap of the thick stone fence; and you step from one to the other of these as on the rounds of a horizontal ladder. Insufficient as this contrivance seems, it effectually prevents the escape of sheep or cattle.

Ere long another village, Craffhole, and the elevation of the ground commands a wider prospect of the bare and dreary moors, and you are near enough to the shore to see the irregular outline of the cliffs. The road had been gradually getting worse, and the miles seemed unusually long, as they always do when you have no other measure than guesses of the country-folk. It was already dusk when I

passed through a third village, which rejoices in the name of Nackers, and turned again to the left to the coast-road for Looe, a narrow uneven lane, ankle deep in sludge from recent rain, where walking became slow and laborious. The landmarks were becoming indistinct, and when the track fell away down a steep hill, between high hedges, to avoid the wrong turnings was no easy task. A little lower, and I met a cold, dense mist creeping up from the sea, making the night still more dark and dreary. It was near ten o'clock, and yet five miles to Looe. They might be long miles; midnight would be an awkward hour to arrive in a strange place; I was tired, too, with the walk from Newton Ferrers, and, under the circumstances, thought it best to retreat, and take my chance of the entertainment to be found under the little swinging sign I had seen at Nackers. I trudged back: it was too dark to see what was painted on the board; but there was a cottage a short distance off, in the rear of a garden, with a cheerful light shining from the open door. Looking in, I saw a man blowing the fire, and inquired if his were the public-house.

"There ain't no public-house in the village, Sur; but we takes in travellers here."

The sign was only an advertisement of ginger-beer.

"Can I have a clean bed, and a room to myself?"

"Yes, that you can. I'll warr'nt the bed shall be clean," replied the man, suspending his task with the bellows; and I could have tea, also, when "missus" came home. So, having meanwhile taken a survey of the apartment, and noted signs of cleanliness and humble comfort, I laid aside my knapsack, and, stretching myself upon a couple of chairs, made the best of my novel position. How, even in England, a little departure from the beaten track and usual habit will introduce a wayfarer into circumstances as strange as they are unexpected! I, for one, rather like to make acquaintance with an humble interior; you see life there divested of some of its conventionalities. The man inclined to be friendly and confidential; shoe-making was his trade, eked out by a little speculation in thirsty weather. "Missus," had gone with the boy and a donkey to deliver an order of ginger-beer, at a house some two miles away; the price was sixteenpence a dozen, which included delivery and fetching home the

empty bottles. She did not, however, return so soon as was expected ; and being hungry I proposed to make tea without further delay.

"Better wait a bit longer," said the man ; "we shall be sure to make a mess on't."

No fear of that, as I soon showed him, when he brought out the needful appliances, and filled the teapot from the kettle that boiled with a merry hiss on the blazing hearth. Just then "missus" returned with the boy, donkey, and empty bottles ; she immediately set to work with hospitable demonstrations to supply my wants, and seemed to have an idea that I could eat an unlimited number of eggs. Presently I heard her moving about overhead preparing the bedroom, to which I soon after ascended by the short straight flight of steps, not without misgivings as to the accommodations. But the room, though low and open to the thatch, was clean, and with no appearance of habitual neglect hurriedly disguised. There was a mahogany four-post bedstead too ; the sheets were clean, the wash-stand properly furnished, and towels without stint. I have often paid two shillings for a bed, where the appointments were stingy in comparison. The woman refilled my teapot as soon as she descended ; and after I lay down I heard the honest couple chatting in a low tone over a quiet cup of tea.

The noise of the man's hammer mending my boots woke me early the next morning ; and if frequent snatches of whistling may be accepted as evidence, the shoemaker was in good spirits. Daylight, with its prying rays, did nothing to alter the favourable impression the cottage had made on me the evening before ; neither did the breakfast. My boots were ready ; but it came on to rain heavily, and though I care little for rain when once on the road, I prefer not to start in the midst of a down-pour. At such times a book becomes doubly acceptable, and taking Trench's *Lessons in Proverbs* from my knapsack, I gave myself up to the genial little volume, chatting occasionally with my entertainers, who, having again filled up the teapot, had sat down to table. To talk of themselves seemed to give the man especial pleasure. He once brewed and sold table-beer, thinking he might do so without a license ; but the magistrates, when he was summoned before them, having asked whether the innocent

beverage, in common with ale or porter, was not made with malt and hops, he had to answer in the affirmative, and was convicted and fined accordingly. Since then he only meddles with ginger-beer, the sale of which, with his trade, his pig and garden, and a forage on the beach after a storm, keeps them "pretty comfortable." He thought the "genelfolk" a little too hard on the poor, and had a notion that government might do something to mitigate the effects of local despotisms; for as it was, "them as worked the hardest didn't get fair play." He felt inclined at times to emigrate; and would, if he could only be sure of being better off; a question on which I gave him satisfactory reasons for staying at home. If the thousands who depart every year would but live half as frugally, and work half as hard in England as they are compelled to do in America, they would never have reason to leave their native country. The world seldom hears of the thousands who would almost give their right hand to be back once more in the land of their forefathers. "After that," exclaimed the shoemaker, looking at his wife, "we shall stick by the old place. It do give us a living."

Of course, he always got ready money for his work? No, he had to give six months' credit, and to be careful in the choice of customers. Some were safe enough; but if a man brought him a pair of boots to mend, passing on the way two or three other shoemakers, "then," he said, "I thinks it ain't all right, and I declines doing the job on trust." A shrewd process of reasoning, suited doubtless to rustic emergencies. He "wondered rather" that any one should go wandering about the country carrying a knapsack, getting tired and benighted, and having to sleep in out-of-the-way quarters. Poor tramps did that. And yet, after all, there must be a pleasure in seeing strange places. "'Tisn't often I goes to Plymouth," he added; "but when I do, I feels like a boy going out for a holiday." He had once met a gentleman down by the sea who had come all the way from Fal-mouth along the beach collecting specimens of different species of oarweed, and who, opening his box, showed him such a number of varieties as was truly astonishing.

As the rain continues to fall, let us take a brief survey of the country around; to know what its features are will inform our subsequent walk. Cornwall, stretching over a

length of seventy-eight miles, is divided by a great central ridge into two principal slopes, one facing the English, the other the Bristol Channel. This ridge comprehends 200,000 acres of wastes, so dreary of aspect as to dishearten the traveller who enters the county by any of the roads within their limits. Gilpin, journeying westwards from Launceston in search of the Picturesque, saw nothing but "a coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived," and went no farther than Bodmin. There he turned back. Had the good pastor first made acquaintance with the southern side of the county, he would not have pronounced it all barren. The ridge, moreover, has grand and impressive features, produced by a series of remarkable elevations, which, commencing in Devonshire, occur at intervals down to the Land's End. Dartmoor, with its numerous tors, the highest rising to an altitude of 2052 feet, is a vast upheaved mass of "boss" of granite—the first of the series. Crossing the Tamar, we find a second—that traversed by Gilpin—its chief hills Brown Willy and Rowtor; and the Cheesewring on its eastern margin. It is in view from all the highest parts of the road between Antony and Looe. A few miles farther, and there is a third boss, north of St. Austell, rich in china-stone and clay; the Roche Rocks, a romantic group, and Hensbarrow rising from its centre. Two small patches appear, one east, the other west of Helstone; and again, beyond Penzance, the whole extremity of the island is granite: a solid bulwark against the ocean. The extent and elevation of the upheavals successively diminish until, at the Land's End, the cliffs are less than a hundred feet high. The same reddish, coarse-grained granite is seen in all. But farther still: the Scilly Isles are granite, much of it perfectly identical with that of Dartmoor. Thus we see proof of some tremendous force having been at work, along a line of more than a hundred miles, to elevate a system, so to speak, of huge vertebræ, to strengthen the narrowing land, and enable it to bear the pressure of the sea on each side. They form a minor mountain range of striking contrasts: rocky summits, bleak slopes, craggy steeps, and wild ravines, which, as they decline towards the shore, become fertile and bosky valleys.

And there is variety below, as well as on the surface.

Cornwall has been called the country of veins : it is full of them, running in all directions, but principally from east to west. The numerous interstices formed in the rocky strata by the uneasy throes of the old earth in past ages have since become filled with metalliferous deposits, which now constitute the subterranean wealth of the county. Copper, tin, and lead are dug out every year by thousands of tons, besides a variety of other highly valuable minerals ; and gold and silver are found in small quantities. The mineral character, unmatched by that of other English counties, has its counterpart in France. Here enterprise and speculation may be seen burrowing three hundred and fifty fathoms deep in eager quest of the precious ores ; sending away the solid substance of the county, stone, marble, and metal by thousands of tons, pumping millions of gallons of water into the sea, and carrying millions of bushels of sand from the shore to spread over the fields. A perpetual interchange. Only in comparatively recent years has agriculture risen into esteem. "Fish, tin, and copper" used to be the standing toast ; and but few cared to cultivate a soil thought unfit for cultivation. Now, tillage competes with mining, having found in some places a surface of extraordinary fertility. Draw a line from Callington to Falmouth, and you cut off the best corner of the county. And with these remarkable phenomena, as we shall by-and-by see, is associated as remarkable a climate.

Eighteenpence was the charge made for my two meals and bed, when, at ten o'clock, the rain having slackened, I went on my way again. But for the mist I should have had a view over the broad moorland district to the north-west, where the Caraton mines and the Cheesewring appear on the horizon. The weather was, however, brightening. The muddy lane was not improved by the rain ; but I could see better to avoid the softest places, and was soon down on the beach at Seaton—a small bay containing two or three miserable cottages, and a bridge, where carts come from the neighbouring farms for sand and seaweed. The lane ascends the opposite hill between high hedges, and only at the breaks can you step aside to look back to Rame Head, or forwards to Looe Island ; and altogether the way was such as made me felicitate myself on having fallen back on Nackers the night before. Another descent, and another rise up the very

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face of the cliff, and so lane and cliff alternately, until turning the corner of a high, rocky hill, where a fence guards the path, a deep valley is seen beneath, with the queer-looking town of Looe squeezed into its mouth—a place of foreign aspect: and you will say the same of other Cornish towns before you leave the county. Here the houses are grouped irregularly together—a mass of whitewashed walls, outside stairs, gray gables, green roofs, and dilapidated chimneys; scattered at the outskirts, and straggling away up the valley. That patchy line slanting up between the trees of the opposite hill is the main street of West Looe. Going down you will see myrtles, fuschias, and geraniums, which stand out the whole year, in the little bits of gardens, warmed by the southern sun. The street is as narrow, tortuous, and ill-paved as the view from above may have led you to expect, bordered by old-fashioned little shops, offering very miscellaneous wares, among which stand the two inns. Presently emerging you come to the open road by the side of the river, up which it is worth while to walk for a mile or two. There is the inlet, singularly beautiful, leading to Trelawny Mill; and along its banks a few hours may be delightfully spent in exploring some of the finest scenery of the county. The name recalls one of the ancient families; and a memorable passage in the national history. Continuing upwards you come to the lock, where the river seems an embowered lake, the verdure in cheerful contrast to the naked downs, and the sullen-looking cliffs. Three miles farther will bring you to that famous spring, St. Keyne's Well, overshadowed by its five trees, at which you may quaff the miraculous water that imparts to bride or bridegroom the right to rule, according as one or the other first drinks of it after wedding.

Back to the bridge—a thirteen-arched structure, four hundred and fifty years old, barely wide enough for a cart, which does not convincingly testify in favour of wisdom of ancestors, whatever may be said of the pillory and cucking-stool, that once formed part of the town's legal machinery. A new bridge is now building, a few yards higher up the stream, of which the first stone was laid a fortnight before my visit. Then up the steep street of West Looe, which suffers by comparison with its eastern namesake. It is tenanted chiefly by fisher-folk, and you may form some opi-

nion of their diet by the medley of articles in the little shop-windows: tawny bacon; long, thin candles; cheese and matches, soap, butter, brimstone, and other sundries; besides a tempting display of rich-looking yellow cakes. They exhibit the Cornish practice, being richly coloured and flavoured with saffron. I bought a large piece, being curious to test the quality. Nets, jackets, and heavy hose were hung out to dry; and on every doorstep sat women and girls knitting dark blue stockings and Guernsey frocks. You will have ample time to observe all these and other matters, for the road is too steep for any but a creeping pace; and you will enjoy a draught from the gushing stream at the top.

Then away to the left again, and across a rural bit of country till a descent through a grove of trees brings you to a charming prospect—the church and village of Talland. The churchyard has sunk pathways, as at Antony, with steps leading to the higher ground; and sitting on the topmost of these I ate my piece of cake, and surveyed the scene around. The hills here come rounding down in a half-circle, which forms Talland Bay, leaving a breadth of gently undulating fields, with here and there a cottage, a farm-house, and the village among the trees and clumps that adorn the slopes. On one side, “Old Ocean’s everlasting voice” kept up a playful murmur; on the other, the shouts and laughter of haymakers, cries to the horses, and smacking of whips came softened to the ear—

“Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall
Of waters, and the busy hum of bees,
And larks in air, and throistles in the trees
Thrill the moist air with murmurs musical:
While cottage smoke goes drifting on the breeze,
And sunny clouds are floating over all.”

The tower stands detached from the church; and, as elsewhere, Time screens the walls with ivy to conceal the slow progress of decay. Talk to the rustics about here, and get them to show you the contents of their pockets. You will find, in some instances, a little stick of the mountain-ash, which they carry with them to ward off witchcraft. One need not go to Africa for fetishism.

The rocks on the beach contain some fine specimens of the

green and red crystalline veins; and in the western cliffs an experienced eye may detect the remains of fossil fish. A broad, well-kept path girdles the hill in the rear of these cliffs, forming a walk which, excepting the sea-view, reminded me of that along Salisbury Crags at Edinburgh. Here I fell in with a sturdy little fellow about seven years old, trudging along with a dozen pounds of sand in a bag on his head, for which he was to get a halfpenny at Polperro—the distance more than a mile. No sand suitable for floors is to be found nearer; and he comes twice a day to fill his bag, on terms that might conciliate the thriftiest housewife. I gave him a penny, which, though it made him wild with delight, did not produce a relinquishment of his burden. He only trotted on a little faster, telling me it was fair-time.

A glorious bit of walk is this path, creeping gradually up the flank of the hill, round its seaward front, then gradually down again. All praise to those who constructed and still maintain it! Once round the bend and you see Polperro, a village built in a deep rocky inlet, which narrows into a picturesque ravine. If you were surprised by Looe, this will surprise you still more. Such a strange assemblage of houses, crowded into the narrow space; such queer little landing-places; such narrow streets, with stray crags peeping up here and there among the gables; the inner port; the stream splashing through; the fretted hollows and caves in the cliffs, all come into a picture which, were it on the other side of the Channel, would attract a host of visitors. I sat down on the grass above the coast-guard station to view it in detail, for it was too rare to be left in a hurry. Polperro is “a little fischar towne with a peere,” says Leland; and the description is just as true now as when he wrote it.

Here lives Mr. Couch, a naturalist, of whom Cornwall may be proud. It was he who discovered in the cliffs of slate, trap, and limestone, a few miles to the east and west, those fossil remains which illustrate the Silurian era of Sir Roderick Murchison. Corals, bones, fishes, and fragments of rough skin are singularly abundant, and are met with in places at the very top of the hills. The cliff under the signal-station is described as “literally blackened with them.” But if a practised eye be essential for their discovery, still more is it to distinguish their character and species.

Before descending, observe the large claret-coloured and blue patches in the slate, and take a look towards Fowey, for thither lies your route. All around here you see the hills similarly steep and abrupt, from four hundred to five hundred feet high, with deep, narrow coombs between, some prettily wooded and watered by little brooks. They terminate in the sea in lofty cliffs. Then a few minutes will take you down into the village, and back into the mediæval ages: rude architecture, streets narrow as alleys, quays not so wide as the pavement in the Strand, strange names, and people of a distinct national feature. Frequently did I fancy myself out of England while in Cornwall; and any one able to use his eyes may well be pardoned for the illusion. The little town was trying to be merry with its annual fair; but, as it seemed to me, with no more success than those ancestors of ours who, as Froissart describes, "enjoyed themselves sadly."

To the meteorologist there is something especially interesting about Polperro, as the systematic researches made of late on the climate of Europe show it to be the place where, in England, plants first awaken from their winter torpor. In the early months of the year it is some weeks in advance of the north of Italy, and agrees with Naples, varying only with the temper of the Cornish winter. This forwardness holds till the end of March. In April the conditions are equal; and in the subsequent months the advantage is on the other side, the Cornish summer being comparatively cool, till the mild winter comes and restores the balance.

You will be tempted to pause again on the brow of the opposite cliff for a reverse view of the picture. Going on again you soon find the coast to be wilder and ruggeded than in Devonshire; no path at all in many places, and the ground so rough and tangled that progress becomes a toilsome struggle. I gave it up at the first opening, about two miles from Polperro, and steered across the fields for the nearest lane. An old fisherman, going in the same direction, wished to know if I had "lost myself;" and, without further preliminary, plunged into an account of an adventure that once befel him and two others, and introduced them to a French prison for a couple of years, with a taste of the "noir cachot" whenever they were unruly. That black-hole seemed to have left a most uncomfortable impression on his mind. "But for

all that," he said, "I learned to parly-voo a bit," and off he went into a glib string of phrases, made up of local Cornish terms and imperfect recollections of his French education. He begged for twopence when we got to the hill-top; and, pointing to a farm-house, said, "I don't know what you've got to sell, but there's a young widow lives yonder, and she'll be sure to buy something if you call." My disclaimer of pedlery availed nothing: he knew better.

The lanes again; and not without views over land and water. A boy, driving a cart, overtook me; he was going my way for a couple of miles, and offered a seat. I accepted, and found him to be another specimen of the primitive character of the neighbourhood. He lived at Polperro, was fourteen years old, and had never been to any other town than Looe, though he had seen Fowey from a distance. His first visit to Looe was an incident to be remembered, and he still thought it a wonderful place. He hoped some day to go to Plymouth; and then—perhaps he would "go for a sailor." He had been to school, could read and write, and "do sums;" and among all the boys he knew, there were but few who could not do the same. He was an intelligent boy of his class. Some others, whom I fell in with afterwards, fully confirmed the School Inspector's Reports as to the dense ignorance on some subjects prevailing in certain parts of Cornwall.

From the high ground where I alighted I saw the church of Lansalloes, and Lanteglos, and Fowey, on the farther shore of the estuary, backed by what seems a bold, dark ridge. Presently an old carved stone cross appeared, mounted on a pedestal, over a fountain—something Swiss-like; and there begins the descent to Polruan, which has, what seems inevitable in these coast towns, a street too steep to be ascended or descended without inconvenience. I could not help noticing the shop-fronts and shutters, painted a very florid mahogany, by an artist apparently of one idea, for they were all of the same pattern.

The estuary here is of considerable width, and while waiting for the ferry-boat you will have time to observe surrounding objects, from the variegated cliffs of Polruan to Black Head, at the extremity of St. Austell Bay, and the Dodman, still farther to the west. The haven itself, said to

be one of the best in the kingdom, is a noble expanse of water, navigable at all times of the tide; yet, judging from appearances, the trade is nothing like commensurate with the natural advantages. It looks inviting upwards where the water disappears between the hills; and a pleasant boat excursion may be made to Lostwithiel, eight miles distant. There is the tall obelisk on Greben Point; there St. Catherine's Fort; there the ruined chapel; there the remains of the two castles that once guarded the entrance, for Fowey has been a place of note in its day. The town itself is pleasantly situated, looking across to Hall Walk, an elevated promenade among the trees, and the green hills beyond.

The bluff old boatman obeys the Dutch maxim—keep on, however slowly, and conveys you across in time. The town loses somewhat on a closer view: the streets are narrow and crooked; the quay, with the vessels moored alongside, seems lifeless; but there are a quaint old market-house, a fine church-tower, and a churchyard, bordered by rows of trees. And higher up is Place House, which has a history of its own dating from the times when Warwick the King-maker was making a noise in the world. Some of the apartments are paved and decorated with the choicest of Cornish stone. Famous, too, has it become through its restorer, the late Joseph Treffry—a giant of modern days, mightier far than those huge Cornish giants we read about in old story-books. With wealth at command, and endowed with energy and enterprise, he undertook and accomplished great works, which remain to show how natural difficulties may be overcome, resources developed, and society benefited. Harbours, canals, viaducts, and breakwaters, all at a man's own cost, are no unworthy monument.

One reads with surprise that Fowey gave forty-seven ships and seven hundred and seventy mariners to Edward's Calais fleet: more than any other port, except Yarmouth. From that time down to Henry V., so writes the old chronicler, the town was in its glory; "partely by feates of warre, partely by pyracie; and so waxing riche felle all to marchaundize; so that the towne was haunted with shippes of diverse nations, and their shippes went to al nations." Liverpool was then a mere fishing village:—and now! Success made the Fowey mariners proud, and when sailing past Rye

and Winchelsea they "would vale no bonet being requirid," whereupon the men of the Cinque Ports came out to do battle for their privileges; but Fowey beat them back, and thereafter bore the arms of the two towns with its own. From this incident arose the term "gallaunts of Fowey." The townsmen had, however, occasion to fight against others than their own countrymen, for the French not unfrequently paid them a predatory visit. Place House was first built by the husband of a spirited dame, who animating her servants in his absence, successfully repelled an attack of the piratical invaders.

A stiff ascent awaits you on leaving Fowey, between walls of solid rock, that serve as a basement to some of the houses, grim in their style of architecture. "Come up!" is the never-failing admonition to horses in Cornwall on road or in field; but on this steep hill I heard it more than ever. Arrived at the top there is a view of Par, one of Mr. Treffry's harbours, at the head of St. Blazey Bay; a busy trading place, kept alive by mines, china-clay works, quarries of white granite, and pilchard fishery. Another half hour and you are walking on the level of green turf and sand, that stretches in front of the houses; and behind are the mines—Par Consols, well known to those who study the mining lists in newspapers. Then you come to paths across flats of dirty water, where the noise of the ore-crushing machinery—thump, thump, thump—is heard for miles, and you see iron rods stretching away furlongs in length, some horizontal, others at an angle. What can they be for? Suddenly some unseen power gives one of them a pull a yard or two to the right or left, with a jerking clank, followed by a watery gush. It is a pump-rod, making perhaps six strokes a minute, impelled by the engine which is too far off to be visible, and keeping the workings beneath your feet free from water. The hill beyond presents a curious medley of machinery and trees: a spectacle for one unaccustomed to the mining districts. Then you come out on a broad and well-kept turnpike-road, not far from the viaduct of the Cornwall Railway, and soon after arrive at St. Austell.

CHAPTER X.

St. Austell—The China-clay Works—Clay Digging and Washing—The Drying—The First English Porcelain—Carclaze Mine—The Sparkling Cliffs—Glimpse of Hensbarrow—The Giant's Walking Staff—The Highway—A Foreign Aspect—Grampound—Probus—"Wrostlin' Day"—The Wrestling Match—The Fall—Tresilian Bridge—Truro—Market Day—Studies of Character—Cornish Loyalty—"And shall Trelawny die?"—Mary Kelynack—The Lander Column—Carnon Creek—The Stream Works—The Great Adit—Arsenic—Perran Wharf—Penryn.

ST. AUSTELL was the first Cornish town in which I saw noticeable indications of life and business; accounted for by its being the capital of a busy district, and not far from the three important ports where mineral produce is shipped in large quantities. Remarkable is the number of carts rumbling along the streets laden with what appear to be cubes of chalk, each as big as a peck loaf; and should your curiosity be excited to know what they are and where they come from, a brief and interesting excursion will enable you to gratify it, as we shall presently see.

Inquire for anything remarkable in the town, you will hardly fail to be told of the Mengu Stone, a slab in the market-place, regarded with some veneration by its possessors, probably because no one knows anything about it, except that it is the spot from which proclamations and public announcements are delivered. The church has a fine tower, and a few peculiarities worth examination. Leaving the edifice on your left, take the street leading north-east to the village of Tregonissey; and, after a pleasant up-hill walk of about two miles between trees and hedges and across a wild down, you see upon the shaggy slope large white patches, rising one above another, pumps working, wheels revolving, white torrents flowing, and gangs of men, women, and boys variously employed. Striding through the dense

beds of heath, still ascending, you come at last to a novel scene of industry. The white patches are china-clay in its several conditions, and here is one of the china-clay works which, extending far into the dreary district north of St. Austell, animate it with an activity nourished from its own bosom.

To comprehend what is going on, one needs to know something of the object of this industry. The inhospitable landscape, looking across to St. Columb, lies about the centre of the second granite district of Cornwall; and this rock, after long exposure to the weather, undergoes a change which converts it into a material indispensable to the important manufactures carried on in the Potteries. Granite contains felspar; and felspar, as a German chemist remarks, is "a mineral at all times disposed to play the part of a false friend, and to forsake its companions in distress." The consequence is a process of decomposition, most observable on the southern slope of the county, from its exposure to the most prevalent rains and winds; and in time, in place of granite, there is found a deposit of gray or bluish white powder, intermingled with grains and scales of mica and quartz. In this state it forms large beds, generally concave, on the hill-sides, marked by a vigorous and luxuriant vegetation, and the springs that not unfrequently bubble from near their margin. In some places these 'stopes,' as they are called, are within two or three feet of the surface; in others they lie at a depth of from forty to eighty feet. Here we see a process of natural chemistry preparing the granite, without which there would be no china-clay.

The artificial process of conversion into clay is very simple. In one place I saw a party paring off the heather, and digging away the 'overburden' to lay bare the valuable material beneath. The refuse is wheeled away to a short distance, and spread over the rough surface to prepare a level drying-ground, the sand uppermost. The sand is also distributed to the existing drying-grounds by trucks running on tramways, impelled by water-power. The refuse having been removed from a large patch, a stream of water, led from the higher part of the slope, is made to fall on the exposed surface, which, trampled by the heavy boots of the diggers, speedily becomes a bed of slime. Hither and thither stride

the men, treading the clammy surface, stirring with their implements, washing the clay, in fact, and presently the excavation resembles a pool of whitewash. As the liquid accumulates it flows off at the lower side of the bed into a series of six or seven broad, shallow trays, called 'launders,' in which the grosser particles, mostly mica and quartz, are deposited; while the clay being light runs from one to the other, leaving impurities in each, and pours from the last, smooth as milk, into a capacious reservoir. The more perfect the separation of the crystalline matters, the purer and more plastic will be the clay. In the reservoir, which is either circular or oval, forty feet in diameter, and from six to ten feet deep, a second deposition takes place, the surface-water, meanwhile, escaping over the rim, until at length the huge basin is filled with liquid clay of the consistence of cream. The supply from the stope is now stopped or diverted in another direction; and a hatch or sluice being opened in the bottom of the reservoir, the whole of the clay is discharged into a dozen smaller cisterns, scattered round their great central feeder. Sometimes the distribution is effected by a pump, and the clay may be seen flowing in different directions along wooden gutters. From forty to fifty tons of clay are thus shared into each cistern, where it remains for four or five months exposed to the action of the sun and wind.

As there are certain qualities of water unsuited to the constitution of locomotives, so are there qualities detrimental to the making of china-clay, rough and ready though the process appear. Only in a mixture of two-thirds spring water with one-third rain water will the clay properly subside; in either, separately, it is held too much in suspension, and carried away with the waste. Should the proportion of rain water be too great, as is sometimes the case in a wet season, a small quantity of alum is added, and the clay is then 'thrown down' at the usual rate. Charcoal dust, sprinkled on the surface of the liquid in the cisterns, will produce a similar effect on the solid particles. Should there have been any iron in the stope, the clay is 'brawny,' and useless.

After the clay has remained in the cisterns, where we left it, exposed to the evaporating action of the sun and wind

for four or five months, it is ready for a further manipulation. Two men, with a knife fixed at right angles to a pole, cut it into long parallel slices a foot thick: and, as it will now bear to be walked on, these slices are dug out in cubes about twelve inches square. The diggers fling the lumps upon a board, and boys and women carry them to the drying-ground, where, if the weather be fine, they soon become white and dry. Rain in summer is as unwelcome in the china-clay works as in the harvest-field. Near Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire, there is a natural deposit of the clay formed by the washing down of decomposed granite into what may at one time have been an estuary, and from this lumps are dug as from that artificially prepared.

All this was to me a very novel sort of industry, and I wandered from place to place looking at its various processes; now striding across the channels along which rushed the milky-looking waste; now treading a plank from one cistern to another; now watching the women and boys as they spread their burdens on the drying-ground, all as white as only clay-workers or millers can be. A few yards farther, and another party were piling the lumps for a further drying in open sheds, where, in case of rain, they are protected by 'reeders'—a kind of hurdle thatched with straw or rushes. Then another shed, where the drying is complete, and another party are busy as bees scraping the lumps with an instrument resembling a small Dutch hoe. And now the waiting carts are laden by sturdy labourers, and the spotless cubes are conveyed to the neighbouring ports.

In very damp seasons the drying has to be accomplished in a kiln; but besides the cost of fuel, the clay is sometimes found to be still moist within, while baked to a crust on the outside; a condition discreditable to the maker, and an abomination to Staffordshire. This difficulty, and the delay occasioned by the weather, have recently been obviated by the introduction of a drying-machine, constructed on the same principle as that which a few years ago used to astonish visitors to the Polytechnic Institution by its marvellous performance. In the Cornish machine two tons of clay are thoroughly dried in five minutes; and superabundant rains, no longer a hopeless cause of delay, are made to assist in

turning the powerful driving-wheel. Another means of accelerating the preliminary process has also been introduced on some of the works; namely, by constructing the small cisterns as filters, in which the clay becomes dense enough to be dug out in six or eight weeks: a saving of four months.

When the stope is sunk too deep for a natural outflow, the liquid clay is pumped up sometimes from a depth of fifty feet or more; and not the least interesting part of the operation is to see the various effects produced under such circumstances. There comes a cascade plunging down into the pit; there a stream to turn the wheel; and there fall the white torrents from the launders and gutters. Yonder is a larger wheel, from which you hear the heavy thud-thud of stampers rising and falling with measured blows. They are crushing lumps of the granite, which has the appearance of having been arrested in its progress towards complete decomposition, and left too hard for gentle treatment. A stream flowing through the trough carries it off as fast as it is comminuted to the tanks.

I went and came as I pleased—for no one questioned me—now on the lowest terrace, now on the highest, hearing everywhere the rolling of wheels, the clank of pumps, the dash of water, mingled with the sound of voices; and always with a feeling of astonishment at the industry which had created such a scene on a wild and shaggy hill-slope. The white paths, banks, and levels made strange chequer-work among the dark patches of heath. Though much trodden and defiled, there were places in which the plant had escaped, and was blooming luxuriantly, its pink flowers more lively from the contrast: Nature, ever true to herself, asserting her right to beautify.

There was a time when we bought our china from the Chinese; they alone were believed to possess the materials requisite for its manufacture, until kaolin, or china-clay, was met with in other parts of the world. Specimens found by a mining adventurer in Virginia, and brought to England in 1745, were valued at 13*l.* a ton. Within the next twenty years, however, W. Cookworthy, a Quaker of Plymouth, discovered china-stone in Cornwall; and, in conjunction with Lord Camelford, he took out a patent in 1768, and started a china manufactory. The first trials proved its

excellence, and the English porcelain was found to bear a heat which melted the ware imported from China. The clay, too, was seen to be fit for other purposes than stopping the joints in furnaces and fireplaces, or to be moulded into rude candlesticks for the miners. Now, more than 80,000 tons of china-clay, worth 240,000*l.*, are exported from Cornwall every year, mostly to Staffordshire, and more than 7000 persons are employed in its production and transport. The best quality, which is packed in casks before shipment, brings from 36*s.* to 40*s.* a ton; the worst not more than 17*s.*

In the adjoining parish of St. Stephen's large deposits of china-stone—granite partially decomposed—are worked, and 18,000 tons are sent away annually, at which rate the supply will not last more than fifty years longer; and already the discovery of a substitute is felt to be a question of essential importance. Of this stone, when crushed, the best porcelain is made.

From the upper side of the works I passed to the open heath beyond, still ascending. Here were other parties of men, digging water-courses, fitting sluices, or removing the surface soil: all ready with a friendly salute. A lone house, some distance to the right, on the summit, was my landmark: an elevation of more than 660 feet. Hence you have a fine, characteristic view. Far in front spreads the blue sea, dotted with a few white sails, *Par*, with its smoking chimneys and mining works standing on its margin; the *Greben* still in sight on the left; pale stripes of road curving away and disappearing where the black moorland meets the first patches of green; wagons and carts creeping slowly along; working parties of men and women scattered over the heath; and here and there a solitary digger seen in bold relief against the clear, blue sky. I saw it under favourable circumstances; for the day was one of those which sunshine and breezes combine to render doubly delightful.

A few yards farther, and *Carclaze* mine, the second object of my excursion, lay before me. Not one of those mines to which you descend by a long, dark shaft, as down a well; but a huge gap in the earth, a mile in circumference, and all open to the light of day. It is, in fact, a quarry. I sat down on the edge for a leisurely survey. The granite here

is for the most part of so incompact a texture, that to sink a shaft or drive a gallery was found impossible; but it contained tin, and the miners, unable to extract the ore in their usual way, have made the present excavation. The depth is nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and the sides being precipitous and broken, and the bottom all hummocks, an extraordinary effect is produced. The pale gray rock, almost white in places, and full of crystalline grains, sparkles everywhere in the sunlight, and with such brightness, that a stranger might fancy the whole to be of the richest metal. The gleaming cliffs, indeed, will remind you of those wonderful silver mines to which the Kobolds of the Hartz Mountains used in their good-natured moods to admit the benighted traveller. The accompaniment of gloomy pine woods is wanting; but the scene is yet sufficiently striking, contrasted with the sombre country around.

The gradations of colour from the reddish-yellow surface soil downwards, till all merge into the gray, are interesting. Here and there the dark line of a cross-course, or crystalline veins, and what resembles a thin band of earth, mark the cliff with irregular lines, and add to its variety. In some places, where the granite is hard, you see the entrance to a gallery that runs away into subterraneous gloom; and the bottom is furrowed by water-courses led to the several wheels of the stamping-machines.

The opportunity is favourable for witnessing mining operations in full daylight; preferable, as I think, to the gloom, heat, and foul air of an ordinary mine. You may go down and examine for yourself; creep into the galleries, scramble up the cliff for a closer view of the veins, or watch the miners digging ore out of the rusty-looking patches. But you will not see the operation of crushing; for the wheels stand motionless, and the stamps silent during the day, the whole of the water-power being required for the clay-works. Come again at nightfall, and you will find them beginning their noisy task. The daily quantity of ore extracted is about half a ton, not more than four or five men being employed. "There isn't so much tin as there used to be," said one of the miners, "and we go to work at the clay, because it pays best."

It pays best! thought I, walking away; by far too often our motive in other matters as well as mining.

By making a circuit to St. Austell down on the way back you may get a sight of Hensborough Hill, the highest land in the district. As the old doggerel says:

“Haynborough's wide prospect at once both feeds and gluts your eye
With Cornwall's whole extent as it in length and breadth doth lie.”

And on the down you will come to a large upright stone, which dates, so says tradition, from the days of the giants. One of the Anakim, we are told, was trudging across the down on a stormy night, when his hat blew off; away he started to recover it; but finding his speed retarded by the weight of his staff, he struck it into the ground and continued the pursuit. Whether it was that he grew bewildered on the bleak hill-side, or the night was darker than usual, is not clearly made out; certain it is that he could neither find his broad-brim, nor his staff, when he gave up the search and returned as he thought to the spot where he had left it sticking in the gravel. How he finished his journey under these circumstances is not recorded. The next day some country people journeying over the down were amazed by the sight of the walking-stick rooted in the ground, where it stands to this day, known as the Giant's Staff, or Longstone. When by the side of it, scanning its girth, and the height to the top, you will have an enlarged conception of the stature of the fellow who once wielded it; even beyond that inspired in childhood by the history of the redoubtable Jack. The hat was found a mile away from the staff, and there it lay for hundreds of years, a flat circular mass, big as a cart-wheel. At length, in 1798, an encampment having been formed in the neighbourhood for the protection of the coast, a party of soldiers, perhaps without ever having heard of the relation between Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands, to put an end to a long wet season of which they were weary, sent the giant's hat rolling down the steep; and now the staff alone remains to support the tradition.

The main turnpike-road will next be your route for a while; different, indeed, from the by-lanes and the rough track along the cliffs; presenting another kind of interest. Your impression of Cornwall will not, however, be complete

without a tramp along the highways as well as the byways. St. Austell is scarcely left behind than a milk-white stream that dashes under the road shows how far extends the whitening influence of the distant clay-works. The tall arches of the railway viaduct and St. Mewan's church and Beacon on the right, are striking objects; and wherever the dark moorland appears beyond, you see the upreared timbers of mining-works, and hear remote the din of the stamping-mills, and creaking of the 'whims.' Looking back from the top of the first ascent, your view of the town is picturesque and pleasing. You might almost doubt it to be the same place that looked so tame from the eastern side. I stepped out briskly, for it was something new to have smooth ground under my feet. The road, indeed, is remarkably well kept; as it ought to be with such excellent material for macadamization close at hand. Presently, the sound of a horn and the trampling of hoofs, and there comes the Falmouth mail speeding round the bend at ten miles an hour, the horses trotting as if enjoying the exercise. A sight to be gazed on with pride and pleasure—mail-trains notwithstanding—reviving thoughts of former days, when the swift vehicles were the very perfection of locomotion; and the red coats and emblazoned panels traversed the length and breadth of the land. One must be far away from London to see such a sight now; and even in Cornwall it will soon disappear, for the new railway is stretching far on towards the Land's End.

What curious names you read on the sides of the carts as they pass!—scarcely one but purports to come from some parish which has *Tre* for its first syllable. You may, indeed, pick out more than a hundred names beginning with *Tre* from the map of the county, and find *Pol* and *Pen* almost equally numerous. Under the influence of these strange names, the peculiarities of the people, and unfamiliar landscape features, it seemed to me more than once that I was in a foreign country, and I caught myself saying in conversation—"When I get back to England."

Grampound, five miles on, is a very small borough on the Fal, with an air of respectability about it: once part of the stock-in-trade of those who sold seats in Parliament to ambitious politicians. A pleasant walk winds among the trees on

the brink of the ochre-coloured stream, and you will see in the market-house and the granite cross relics of that hoary age for which the place appears to have been long remarkable. Carew said, when he saw it, that the inhabitants might "better vaunt of their townes antiquitie, than the towne of their abilitie." Some writers pretend that Ptolemy mentions it.

Two miles more and you come to Probus, the best-farmed parish in the county, where a lofty church-tower, said to be the most beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Cornwall, appears far too good for the bleak-looking village from which it rises. It is built of hewn granite, faced with sculptured devices, now in many places obscured by a growth of lichen, and has a double buttress at each corner tapering off into groups of pinnacles at the top. It "was builded," says the writer above quoted, "within compasse of our remembrance, by the well-disposed inhabitants." What with the great height, more than one hundred feet, and the Perpendicular style, the whole effect is extremely light and graceful. The church has, besides, an especial distinction, in being dedicated to a married pair—Probus and Grace—rare among the saints.

A little excitement was apparent in the village: expectant loungers hung about, heads projected from open windows, a stall covered with lollipops and nuts stood at the door of each of the two taverns, between which a hasty messenger came and went. It was, as one of the loungers told me, "wrostlin' day;" the sport had begun the day before; but having been interrupted by a fierce dispute, was to be resumed at two o'clock, and if possible settled. I had frequently heard of Cornish wrestling as a fine manly exercise, and took advantage of the opportunity to see for myself. There was an hour to wait, which I found none too long for a stroll round the church, and a peep at the rival parties in the taverns, where they sat in noisy talk, drinking bad beer and worse cider, and, as I thought, in anything but the generous mood supposed to precede a "fine manly exercise." At the first notes of the drum and clarionet I walked up to the field where the ring was formed on the smooth turf, and where each tavern had an improvised tap, with casks of ale, bottles of spirits, and pipes and tobacco, all in readiness.

A considerable number of spectators were already seated on the forms round the ring, some of them none the better for drink, and a few lying in drunken sleep in the ring, all the worse. The latter, as also some among the throng of foul and brutal speech, were, I incline to believe, not natives, but immigrant navvies from the railway works in the neighbourhood. Ere long up came the music, followed by the "wrestlers" and their friends; and their arrival was the signal for so vehement a debate among the umpires, that it seemed likely to result in a continuation of the yesterday's quarrel. While it was going on, two Devonshire men got into the ring to wrestle by way of pastime; and true to the old Devonshire practice, they kicked each other's shins so vigorously with their thick-soled shoes, that the blows could be heard above all the noisy altercation. Order being at length restored, the sleeping drunkards were dragged to one side, the amateurs left off their playful bruising, and proclamation was made: "All standers come into the ring"—signifying all those who had not been thrown the day before. About a dozen men obeyed the call, forming a group on opposite sides of the circle; and two having been selected—one from each group—they proceeded deliberately to undress. Kicking of shins not being recognised in Cornish wrestling, they pulled off shoes and stockings, and garment after garment, even to the shirt; and I was beginning to surmise that gladiators had come again, when off flew the shirts, and with the exception of brief drawers round the loins, each man stood in a state of nudity. To me this absence of restraint was something unaccustomed; but to the others only the familiar prelude to a wrestling-match. A party of well-dressed women standing near me on the bank, under a cloud of gay parasols, looked on with perfect composure. But soon each wrestler had put on a large loose jacket, tying with strong tapes down the front; and then bending forwards, with hands on knees, they slowly came together, each fixing a keen look on the other's face. Both were about the middle height, and of ordinary muscular development. One, however, with his shock head of hair, and bushy sweep of whisker, seemed to me as he stooped no unapt resemblance to a grisly bear. Now they turned this way, now that; now a few paces to the right, now to the left, still with the same

fixed stare; and at last one, stretching out a hand, gripped the shoulder of his opponent's jacket, and was in turn seized by the elbow. Another moment, and the other two hands were fast; and keeping their legs as far as possible out of reach, they wheeled round and round, a convulsive jerk showing now and then an effort for a fall; the two umpires keeping a jealous watch on their movements. Not for an instant did a knee bend, or an arm slacken; and when a leg was suddenly advanced, it was as suddenly withdrawn. So the contest went on for about half an hour. The grisly bear became impatient, and growled a few words, which, ominous for himself, sounded like ill-temper. No retort; but a moment later the quiet one, with a sudden jerk of his leg, and a twist of the body to the left, threw the other off his balance, and down went the bear, his shoulder indenting the turf. A burst of acclamation followed, interrupted by denials from the discomfited; but "a fair fall!"—"a fair fall!" was the cry all round the ring; whereupon the vanquished gave up his jacket—equivalent to striking the flag—and acknowledged himself beaten. Then more acclamations; and lively appeals to the beer-barrels. I had seen a specimen of Cornish wrestling.

As a people, we are not so fond of out-door athletic sports as we ought to be, and are too fond of work—that is, money-making. But I have little faith in sports and exercises which cannot be carried on for their own sake, without the aid of beer or betting, and the excitement of the Stock Exchange. Pastime should be pastime, not business. The wrestling at Probus seemed to me more a speculation of the two tavern-keepers than the emulous recreation of a parish.

Two more 'standers' came into the ring: but my curiosity was satisfied. After these two more were to come, and so on till all had wrestled, when the remaining standers would be paired, and in the end two champions left to contend for the victory.

On the road again, through a pleasant undulating valley well sprinkled with trees. At Tresilian Bridge, two miles from Probus, you cross St. Clement's Creek, which, winding under the beautifully-wooded eminence of Tregothnan, the seat of the Earl of Falmouth, communicates with the Truro river and Falmouth Harbour. History and Nature combine

to give interest to the spot. Here it was that Sir Ralph Hopton surrendered to Fairfax in 1646, and Cornwall closed her obstinate struggle with the Parliament: able no longer, even with her ancient rallying cry, *One and all!* to make head against the new order of things. There is now the charm of scenery to soothe whatever may remain of sorrow; and the neighbouring park abounds in delightful prospects.

It was market-day at Truro, and there was all the lively bustle incident to the weekly throng. On the right of the entrance to the market-house you may see a carefully-preserved inscription, which, on the authority of Jenken Daniel, Mayor, and bearing date 1615, sets forth:

"Who seek to find eternal treasure,
Must use no guile in weight or measure."

A precept which certain traders of the present day would do well to bear in mind.

The concourse was very miscellaneous: miners and mariners, cattle-dealers, fat and lean farmers, and the usual gathering of buxom damsels, and kerchiefed dames with poultry and butter. Strange was the mixture of talk I heard while strolling through, about tin and copper; prospects of the harvest; how the turnips looked; wheat up because of the war; vessels waiting for cargo, and a running accompaniment about eggs and butter. But it was more to use my eyes than my ears that I went among the crowd. A market-place on a market-day is a good spot on which to observe local peculiarities; and varieties are to be seen in every county. How different, for example, the tall, burly, shrewd-looking men seen in the market-place at Leeds, or the stalwart yeomen who congregate once a week at Cocker-mouth, to those met with at Hereford or Basingstoke! And here, again, a difference at Truro: the eye, feature, and expression, are Celtic. You can distinguish rustics from miners and fishers: the latter have the look of men accustomed to reflect and observe, to find in themselves resources against emergencies. Lord Exmouth, when Captain Pellew, once sailed from Plymouth with a crew composed chiefly of Cornish miners. That the Celtic blood prevails is perhaps the reason why a strong spirit of distinct nationality is still cherished in Cornwall. Not more than ten years ago a

speaker at a scientific meeting at Falmouth argued that the county should be treated as an island, and mourned for the days when it had forty-four representatives all to itself, instead of only fourteen, as now. As if little towns that could not keep themselves from decay were qualified to assist in the national councils. The motto *One and all!* betokens a clannish feeling. Some two hundred and fifty years ago, when their language was dying out, "driven into the uttermost skirts of the shire," and scarcely one was acquainted with it, they would still, if accosted in English, reply in a short phrase which meant—"I can speak no Saxonage." I have sometimes fancied the *Dym Sassenach* one hears in North Wales at the present day to be a similar instance of proud reserve. In ardent loyalty to the Stuarts the Cornishmen showed their affinity with the Celts of the north: Charles's letter may still be seen on the walls of some of the village churches. But loyalty gave way to patriotism when James shut up Bishop Trelawny with the other prelates in the Tower. *One and all!* was again the cry, for the bishop came of one of the most ancient Cornish families, and under the influence of high-wrought feeling a multitude marched as far as Exeter on their way to London to release their countryman, as recorded in the spirited ballad entitled *The Song of the Western Men*:

"A good sword, and a trusty hand!
 A merry heart and true!
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do!
 And have they fix'd the where and when?
 And shall Trelawny die?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
 Will know the reason why!
 And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen? and shall Trelawny die?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why.

Ont spake their Captain, brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he:
 "If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free!
 We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,—
 All side by side, and hand to hand,
 And who shall bid us nay?"
 And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen? and shall Trelawny die?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why.

And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
'Come forth! Come forth! ye cowards all
To better men than you!'
Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die,
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen? and shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why."

The clannish feeling exhibits itself at times with violent demonstrations in the mining districts on the banks of the Tamar, where Devon and Cornwall meet. Fierce disputes break out between the miners of the two counties, and the Cornish raise the old slogan to animate themselves for the fray. And when that aged dame, Mary Kelynack, walked to London to see the Great Exhibition, and Burnard, struck by the expression of character in her face, requested leave to take her bust, she replied, with a hearty laugh, "Oh, bless your heart, my dear! if you be a Cornishman you may do what you like with me; for I'll stick up for the Cornish as long as I've a drop of blood left in my body;" emphasizing the latter words by a thump on the table. The bust was made; and when exhibited at the Polytechnic meeting at Falmouth, Cornwall felt prouder than ever of her sculptor's genius.

While walking about Truro, Boscawen-street will remind you of a gallant admiral; and the *Red Lion Hotel* of Samuel Foote, for in that house the English Aristophanes, as his contemporaries called him, is said to have been born; but Polwhele, also a native, mentions another house as that in which the humorist made his first appearance in the world. Here, too, were born those meritorious travellers, Richard and John Lander; the first to descend the Niger and clear up the mystery of its union with the sea. A handsome granite column, erected in a commanding situation at the end of Lemon-street, perpetuates their memory; and remembering what the brothers were, and what they did, you will hardly fail to stay a few minutes to look at the statue of Richard Lander, which stands high aloft on the capital.

From Truro by a long ascent and descent, past the tin smelting-works at Calenick, and you are at Carnon, crossing the creek on an embankment, once more in presence of busy

mining operations. Numerous excavations still show how keen has been the search for metal hereabouts. There was something to reward the search—one of the richest beds of stream-tin in Cornwall. Stream-tin, as its name indicates, is deposited by the action of running water, and is generally found at the bottom of valleys and along the courses of streams. Floods sweeping over and bursting from the hills in past ages have washed away the decomposed rock, laid bare the veins of tin, and brought it down in grains, pebbles, and nuggets; small as sand, and up to ten pounds in weight. Rocky nuggets have been found weighing two hundred pounds. In some places, as here at Carnon, the deposit is covered by beds of sea-sand and river-mud, intermingled with twigs and roots of trees. At Pentuan, bones of the red-deer and human skulls were found among the refuse: a discovery which has suggested important conclusions as to the elevation of the land in this part of England. It is remarkable that the richest tin-streams are on the southern side of the county, while the richest veins are all on the north: a fact which appears to indicate the direction of the tin-bearing current. Traces of its action are met with all the way from Dartmoor to the Land's End.

Here at Carnon the deposit of 'tin-stones' was so valuable, in some places twelve feet thick, that the waters of the creek were dammed out to a considerable distance, to enable the miners to excavate the bed. But one day the tide broke in and stopped the proceedings; and now other means will have to be devised for the extraction of the long-buried treasure.

For some distance around the land is curiously interpenetrated by water; straggling arms from the head of the deep inlet which lower down expands into Falmouth Harbour. The many bends and reaches are puzzling to a stranger. Here and there a few pleasant snatches of scenery remain, where the hill-sides have been left unmutated, with their trees growing down to the tortuous shore. Some of the reaches form a snug anchorage, where Norwegian ships discharge their cargoes of timber, for use in the mines; the demand being incessant. The quantity of Norway pine required every year for constructions on the surface, and for supports below, is indeed enormous: one hundred and fifty thousand trees a year, requiring one hundred and forty

square miles of forest to keep up the supply. Here, too, is the outlet of the great adit which drains the mines of a large district as far as Redruth. Its importance to the underground operations may be inferred from the fact that its main branches alone are said to comprise a length of thirty miles; while the discharge of water, as ascertained by observations made at different seasons, is from one thousand to two thousand cubic feet a minute. The mouth of the adit is thirty-nine feet above the sea-level in a valley communicating with the creek. A good deal of ingenuity is exhibited in getting full duty out of the water—making it turn as many wheels as possible before it is finally allowed to run to waste.

Arsenic in its crude form is found in most of the mines of Cornwall; and here are the works for converting it into a marketable commodity. You will have little desire to witness the process should you meet some of the men employed, who, with ugly knots or deadly sores on the exposed parts of their skin, show proof of its malignant effects. Woe to the man who perspires while exposed to the poisonous fumes: a sore is the inevitable consequence, and he is at all times liable to injury in the armpits.

Another surprise awaits you half a mile farther, at the head of Restrongett Creek, where the village of Perran Wharf, and its noisy foundry, occupy the bottom of a shady hollow, which might be taken for a broad glade in a forest. You will perhaps be as much surprised to find that industry need not always be associated with ugliness, as by the beauty of the place itself. Piles of manufactured iron lie about, and heaps of coal and refuse, and vessels are loading and unloading at the wharf; but the scene is romantic, and the woods of Carclew, Sir Charles Lemon's domain, come sweeping down in masses of foliage that triumph over smoke, and all the roar of bellows and furnaces, and shelter one of the finest arboretums in the kingdom.

Beyond Perran you may take the old road which rises over a bit of wild country, whence the sea is again visible, and a long stretch of Carrick Road is seen on the right. In another hour you will arrive at Penryn. The church of St. Gluvias, among the trees on the left, not far from the entrance to the town, is worth the trouble of turning aside to look at; if you are not too tired—as I was.

CHAPTER XI.

Falmouth—The "Intricate Bay"—Pendennis Castle—Swanpool—Helford Ferry—A Heavy Passenger—Monaccan—St. Keverne—The Downs—The White Heath—Fertility and Barrenness—Chynals Wollows—Cove-rack Cove—Crousa Downs—Diallage and Serpentine—Kennack Sands—Cadgwith—Its People—Serpentine Quarries—The Devil's Frying-Pan—Landewednack—A 'Double Hedge'—The Lighthouses—The Lion's Den—Along the Cliffs—Smugglers Seventy Years Ago—The *Happy-go-Lucky*—Old Lizard Head, the Southernmost Point—Kynance Cove—Walk to Loo Pool—Helstone—Penzance.

"OPEN cheery heights, rather bare of wood ; fresh south-western breezes ; a brisk laughing sea, swept by industrious sails, and the nets of a most stalwart, wholesome, frank, and interesting population ; the clean little fishing, trading, and packet town ; hanging on its slope towards the Eastern sun, close on the waters of its basin and intricate bay,—with the miniature Pendennis Castle seaward on the right, the miniature St. Mawes landward to the left, and the mining world and farming world open boundlessly to the rear:—all this made a pleasant outlook and environment."

Such is Falmouth in a few vigorous touches from a master-hand ; it answers best, however, for a distant view ; for when, after the two miles' walk from Penryn, you enter the narrow, zigzaggy street, and see the narrower streets and alleys branching off to the right and left, with a suspicion of squalor about them—in fact, a repetition of Wapping or Rotherhithe—your feeling is one of disappointment ; especially if, having read the above passage in Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*, it should have inspired you with anticipations fairer than the reality.

There, however, as elsewhere, handsome villas, cottages, and terraces, built on the outskirts, afford to their occupants the space, air, and light denied in the town ; and at each end, and in the rear of Falmouth, its inhabitants find breathing

room and agreeable prospects. But crowded as the interior is, trade finds room for its activities ; as you will see in shops and warehouses ; around the Custom House ; on the wharves, and in the harbour thronged with vessels ; many waiting for a wind. Rambling about, you come to Mount Zion, and its synagogue : you passed the Jews' burial-ground on the way from Penryn. The church, built on ground given by one of the Killigrews, is dedicated to Charles the Martyr ; a standing memorial of Cornish loyalty. And the sight of the Cornwall Sailors' Home, of the Public News Room, and other important buildings, will correct your first impressions. Here, too, are held the annual meetings of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society—a praiseworthy institution, helpful in developing still more the science and artistic industry for which the county has long been celebrated.

When clear of the town, and going up the hill towards Pendennis Castle, you will again find the external aspect of Falmouth all you could wish ; and having passed the sentry at the gate, and mounted to the ramparts, you will be tempted to linger awhile and contemplate the view. The great feature is the “intricate bay,” sending its numerous arms deep into the hilly shores, where fields and woods reflect their verdure in the water. From Zone Point, the opposite seaward extremity, marked by a beacon, your eye passes to St. Mawes and its winding inlet—to Carrick Road, running up to Truro—to the pretty village of Flushing, half concealed by the trees of Trefusis Point, St. Just, and Mylor Creek—and so to the western shore, the town, and peninsulated hill on which you are reposing. Turn and look in the other direction : there the land sinks, and, sweeping round the head of Falmouth Bay, rises again beyond Helford into the high dark cliffs of the great promontory of the Lizard. You will be at their summit ere the day be finished. The contrast is great. Soft and beautiful on the one hand ; grim and rocky on the other.

It was Raleigh who first called attention to Falmouth's magnificent harbour, and gave the impulse which brought it into importance. When he put in here, returning from his expedition to Guiana in search of Eldorado, he found, as is recorded, but a single house, the nucleus of a village which afterwards went by the name of *Penny-come-Quick*. The

site of some of the earliest houses is yet to be seen near the centre of the town, and a story is told to explain the curious name ; but it sounds like one of those which never were true. And out of this grew Falmouth, one day to become the chief station of the government mail-packets. Some thirty years ago the arrival of a packet was an incident to be eagerly announced to the whole kingdom by the newspapers. First started in 1688 to ply to Spain and Portugal, the number was increased until a regular service was established with the colonies and some principal foreign ports. They sailed to Lisbon once a week, to other places once a month, and brought us news from Brazil, New York, the West Indies, and Madeira, whenever they could, at the pleasure of wind and weather. All are now superseded by steam-vessels ; and not till Falmouth is linked to London by a railway and electric telegraph will she regain her prominence in the postal service.

But we are forgetting Pendennis Castle. The flag flying on the top of the round tower tells you where the commandant resides : his dwelling, a more or less modern structure grouped round the circular pile, which dates from Henry VIII. On the seaward side the walls, which inclose a space of about fourteen acres, are constructed more in accordance with the nature of the ground than with strict military principles ; and you may stroll from bastion to bastion, and look over the parapet, or out at the embrasures, at a height of two hundred feet above the sea. On one side are the barracks, well-tenanted, as indicated by the numbers of white gloves laid to dry on the window-ledges ; on another the magazine, armoury, and storehouses. Here and there are paved platforms, piles of cannon, and pyramids of balls, and everywhere green slopes and levels of sward, inviting to a lounge. From the inner court you pass a second sentry and a foot-bridge out to the hornwork and the extremity of the Head. Here, perched on a rock close to the water, are the remains of an ancient battery, and you see traces of a scarped ditch and other defences, once thought necessary for external protection. Since the time of my visit all the works here and at St. Mawes have been greatly strengthened ; for war has made us watchful and suspicious, and we are not yet prepared to trust to the forbearance of people whose

standard of right and wrong may not be so good as our own. Here you have a full view of the mouth of the harbour, nearly a mile in width, and Black Rock peering threateningly up in the centre. Pendennis and Raglan were the last two forts that held out for the Stuart. Here, the commander, John Arundel, a brave old soldier of eighty-seven, kept the besiegers at bay till he and his men were literally starved out.

Descend the road a short distance and make for the cliffs that border Falmouth Bay. There runs a path protected in places by a hedge or bank, in others passing under what resembles a tunnel, where a platform from some private garden projects to the very edge to secure an uninterrupted view. After about a mile it brings you down upon the beach—the bathing-place of Falmouth; and pleasant withal, as the school of young ladies doubtless thought who were plunging and splashing in the sparkling ripples with merry laughter as I passed. Here, too, is Swanpool, a lake lying in a hollow, backed by creaking mining-works, and between it and the sea a low bank of pebbles—an example of what is to be seen on a grand scale at Loo Pool, on the farther side of the Lizard. The cliffs beyond present extraordinary varieties of form and aspect; their base so jagged as to fret even a calm sea, sweeping round to Rosemullion Point, the western horn of the bay. Far beyond stretches Nare Point, and still farther may be seen a group of isolated rocks—the Manacles. Then across pleasant fields, the village of Mawnan Smith lying in a valley to the right, and down to the ferry at Helford, passing the coast-guard station, which forms so pretty an object at the bend. The Helford river, as it is called, is an arm of the sea, running across the root of the Lizard as far as Gweek, within three miles of the head of Loo Pool, whereby the great promontory becomes a real peninsula. The estuary is nearly a mile wide, and, being low water, there was a broad, slimy shore to be crossed to reach the boat. The ferryman came running out of the public-house as I passed, and from the top of the bank a few yards farther commenced shouting vociferously to two ladies who, burdened with a carpet-bag, were picking their way across the mud. “You’ll be up to your necks,” he cried, “if you keep on that way.” They waited; and followed on

a new track. One of the two was enormously stout—a very mountain of flesh! That she could walk at all seemed a miracle. I observed that our guide led us across the spots most covered with the thin grass-like weeds, and even here we made deep, squashy footprints. Meanwhile ‘the boy’ had brought the boat across; but so shallow was the stream that the plank had to be used for embarkation. It taxed our strength and ingenuity a little to get the stout lady on board; and when we at last succeeded, there was another dilemma. Her weight sent the stern down so deeply into the mud, that pushing off was out of the question; the man and boy tried and tried again, all to no purpose, and there we sat looking at one another: I hope sufficiently resigned. Luckily the tide was just coming in, and lifted us off after a penance of fifteen minutes; the heavy lady hoping the worst was over. “You should come either at new or full moon,” rejoined the ferryman; “it’s high water then in the middle o’ the day.” Thanks to a few lumps of rock on the opposite side our landing was less difficult.

Here is Helford; a few houses at the head of a small creek, in which a sloop and half a dozen boats lay imbedded in the mud; but so luxuriant and sequestered, so shut in by trees, as to present a singular combination of the sylvan with industry. Again you notice a change of scenery; every passage of a stream being an introduction to something different. The trees are small, and though the neighbourhood be green, it has an air of wildness.

A rough path skirts the margin of the creek, turns between the houses, and leads inland through a delightfully sheltered alley in the wood. A charming spot is that little valley, almost a glen; a stream leaping along the middle, and here and there stands a lone cottage, half-hidden by summer leaves. You emerge on a field-path, which, if followed, regardless of intervening roads, brings you presently to Monaccan, another of the small villages hereabouts so numerous. Having a good walk yet before me, I stopped at the public-house to eat a crust, and was agreeably surprised to find a capital glass of ale. An old man who sat poking sticks into the fire took pleasure in telling me he was “fourscore and six;” had neither taken physic nor had a day’s illness for sixty years. A remarkable instance, as I told him, of cause and effect.

On through the lanes to St. Keverne, the church-spire of which is seen from far. Mostly up hill; the higher you go the scantier becomes the wood, and the oaks leaning nearly at a right angle across the road, every twig and branch shrinking away, as it were, under shelter of the others, tell of long-continued and unwholesome blasts. Those who advocate the extirpation of all hedgerows would do well to journey down into Cornwall and witness with their own eyes the effect of an unbroken sweep of the wind. Whether the gales blow across the land or the water, there must be shelter if vegetation is to flourish, be it in field, garden, or coppice. England would not be the fertile agricultural country she is without her hedgerows.

The houses at St. Keverne have a curious appearance, being most of them built of unhewn stone, and the joints, stopped with pale mortar or china-clay, exhibit a grotesque confusion of lines. The walls of the upper story are faced with slate, curving outward a few inches where they meet the basement, probably to throw off the ever-abundant drip. Scarcely is the village left behind than you are upon the downs; in full presence of the characteristics by which the Lizard is distinguished and most remembered. A scene wild, coarse, and dreary. Patches of gorse here and there, and lumps and masses of stone everywhere. Now, there is nothing to check the wind sweeping in from the broad Atlantic, and it sings through the gorse as if trying to reproduce on land the roaring of the sea. Yet is there much to interest. Ere long a plant catches your eye, and hastening to pluck it, with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure you find it to be the white heath, *Erica vagans*, one of the most graceful of that singularly beautiful class of plants, and peculiar to Cornwall. It is, moreover, remarkable in growing only on the serpentine; and if you wish to know where this rock meets its neighbour strata, you have only to follow the ins and outs of the white heath. It never misleads: and on the western as on the eastern side of the peninsula will you be able to trace it. Serpentine prevails towards the south. Those scattered lumps of gray stone are syenite; the dark green masses are the crystallized serpentine, distinguished by geologists as diallage. Though so favourable to the white heath, serpentine is not kind to vegetation gene-

rally, the surface above it being cold and infertile; in singular contrast to the marl, or decomposed hornblende, on which the production is almost fabulous—from eighty to ninety-six bushels of oats to the acre, and wheat for years in succession without manure. A patch of this land, not far from St. Keverne, is called the Garden of Cornwall, such is its inexhaustible fertility. You will see acres of it on the way to and near the lighthouses. This marl is so much in request, that the soil has been dug from some of the fields to a depth of twenty feet or more, and carted away to improve farms less favourably situate. In many places the half or the whole of a field is left resembling a deep pit, yet with undiminished productiveness; and when walking along the top of a fence you are surprised by seeing that while on one side the height is but about six feet, on the other it is four times as much, where you look down on a teeming crop of grain.

What the interior lacks in attractiveness is made up along the shore by the variety and grandeur of the cliffs; and to these you may strike a direct course with but little risk of trespassing. There is a remarkable cavern at Nare Point, a hundred feet long, of which an ancient beach firmly imbedded forms the roof. And here, east of St. Keverne, you look down on an extraordinary scene—the Lowlands, or Chynals Wollows—a flat of sixty acres, for the most part sand, stretching into the sea, and so low that the waves at times roll over it at high water. It remains, so the learned tell us, an evidence of geological change; the floor of a cape that has been washed away, once entirely submerged, and destined, as is supposed, to be again covered by the water. Some of the sand being unusually fine is fetched away in considerable quantities, to be used for brass-castings in the great foundries at Hayle, on the northern coast of the county; and a small deposit of soft sand a little way inland is worked for the same purpose. The Manacles and Chynals Point are well seen from this part of the cliffs; and if you wish a nearer view, a steep, rugged road gives access to the beach. Those are the fatal rocks on which the ship *John* was wrecked, with the loss of more than a hundred lives.

Coverack, two miles farther, has some touches of the pic-

turesque about it, the houses huddled one above another on a point sloping down between two coves : whitewashed walls looking the brighter between weather-stained thatch and weather-beaten cliff. The road is a narrow shelf running round the point a considerable height above the sea, whence you look down on both coves, and the fleet of trim fishing-boats moored to the rude jetty ; and far away to the eastward. There is a little mill, scarcely larger than an omnibus, under the hill on the right, the smallest, perhaps, you ever saw, kept jogging by a tiny rill, and delivering but a mere thread of meal. It seemed left to take care of itself, for no one came near while I took a survey of the interior. A man accosted me near the public-house with : " You've made good use of your legs, Sir." I looked inquiringly, when he continued : " Ah ! you don't know me with my shore-going hat on ;" and I recognised the old pilot whom I had seen at Halsands. I expressed my surprise at meeting him again on shore, and pointed to the large ships sailing up Channel. " They're all too big for me," he replied ; " I can only take sixteen feet ;" thereby confessing himself but a second-rate pilot. Six weeks had he been beating about in quest of a ship.

Here I diverged again, and climbed the steep ascent beyond the village to Crousa Downs, where the boulders of diallage are still more numerous than before. From the highest swell you get a glimpse of the lighthouses in the south, and across part of Goonhilly Downs on the west—a wide expanse, with scarcely a tree, except here and there a stunted specimen growing on the sheltered side of the forlorn-looking cottages. Cheerless, but vast ; and impressive by reason of its vastness. The eye is at times not to be satisfied without free range over apparently limitless space ; interrogating the remote. But Crousa Down has especial interest for the geologist ; so great is the difficulty to account for its peculiar formation, and for the presence, not far from its centre, of a thick isolated bed of gravel nearly half a mile in width.

Towards the coast once more, and down a wild and stony valley to Kennack Sands, where you can look back along a frowning range of cliffs to Sparnick and Black Head ; the latter appellation fully justified by the sombre aspect of the

rugged precipices. Here, again, a jutting mass of rocks divides the space into a double bay, bordered by a considerable extent of sandy beach. The hour was late; and as I crossed the narrow strip left by the brimming tide, the mighty breakers rolled in with a plunge and a roar that sounded almost awful in the grim solitude. A painful sense of loneliness stole over me; and more than once I fancied the rushing wave about to overwhelm the whole margin of sand.

“ Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

The stars were beginning to twinkle: I had, therefore, again to leave the cliffs, and strike the shortest course for a resting-place. Up and down, curving hither and thither, went the track, rougher than was agreeable to weary feet, across the savage valley of Poltesco, and to Ruan Minor, whence a descending field-path brought me to Cadgwith, and most grateful repose at the *Star*. For supper I had a whiting that had been swimming in the sea but half an hour before my arrival: never till then had I known the true flavour of the fish. It was delicious.

Daylight showed me Cadgwith to be a smaller Polperro, shut in by tall cliffs of serpentine. It has a little cove for a harbour, and in the rear a valley, slanting upwards to Ruan, with gardens scattered here and there: altogether a pretty and romantic scene. You may walk up the valley and see St. Ruan's Well, a cool and crystal spring, sheltered by an ancient edifice of unhewn stone, with an arched entrance. From its exhaustless basin is taken the water used in the baptismal service in the neighbouring church of St. Grade. Who that has walked far on a hot day does not remember ever afterwards the refreshing draught and temporary halt at such a source? The people I talked to struck me as peculiar; sedate and plodding, as though influenced and toned by the nature that surrounds them. You soon discover that, in common with other Cornish folk, they entertain a pretty good conceit of themselves. They are rather fond of Scripture names, as may be seen on tombstones, over shop-windows, and heard in the calls of mothers to their children:

"You coom along here, Judith!" and Zenobia is not uncommon.

Or you may mount to the flagstaff on the eastern bluff, where some of the best serpentine is found, and see the quarrying of the stone. Choice morsels are to be picked up among the chippings, or you may buy them ready polished from the coast-guard men, who employ their leisure in working up the rarer specimens. Where newly-exposed, the mass has a singularly beautiful appearance, its multitudinous veins and markings, appropriately likened to those of the serpent, producing a surface of infinite variety; and you will perhaps think it ought to be more used than it now is in decorative architecture. One of its constituents is turned to good account by the chemists of Bristol, who get carbonate of magnesia out of the many tons of serpentine which they import every year from the Lizard. To the presence of magnesia is due the remarkable barrenness of soil wherever this rock is present, though so favourable to the growth of the white heath. Steatite appears in different parts of the quarry in veins and patches, feeling soft and soapy to the touch; whence its popular name, soap-stone. While here on the summit, go on to Ynys Head, about a mile to the east: it is a grand cliff walk, along which you may gather a few rare plants and wild asparagus in abundance.

A sudden change came over the weather; and when I left Cadgwith, and mounted to

"Yon rough crag,
Where the wild tamarisk whistles to the blast,"

I encountered half a gale of wind, which brought up a thick, misty rain, and drove it horizontally across the country, making the landscape look drearier than ever. The tamarisk hedges which shelter the homestead near the top appear to thrive, notwithstanding the shock of the breezes. How their slender, thong-like branches streamed out, dripping on the wind! Beyond one of these hedges is the chasm which bears a portentous name—the Devil's Frying-Pan. And here I may remark, by the way, that Cornwall, above all other counties, appears to be the one most subjected in times past to visitations of the Evil One. Not a shire in the kingdom but has traditions and memorials of his wicked pranks;

but here he has left traces of his power and wanton mischief in every parish. Happily the times are not what they were ; and now, so runs the proverb, he " will not come into Cornwall, for fear of being put into a pie."

To return, however, to the Frying-Pan. It is an irregular, crater-like hollow, nearly two acres in extent, two hundred feet deep, converging to an orifice at the bottom of some sixty feet diameter. Around the upper edge, and half-way down the slope, ferns, gorse, and grasses grow in profusion, here and there a tamarisk, and masses of stone peeping through ; but below, you see the bare rock, and at high water the sea playing in the cavern beneath. How was it formed ? is a question that immediately occurs to the mind. The explanation is, that the sea, having eaten away the beds of hornblende and lodes of steatite here imbedded in the serpentine, a cavern was gradually formed, wider and higher as the wearing action went on, till the roof, becoming too weak to bear the superincumbent weight, fell in. Down sank the mass of earth above, from the very top of the hill, leaving a perpendicular chasm, which, washed and widened by the rains and storms of years, has now the form of a huge funnel. The sea meanwhile perpetually wasting the base, once more cleared out the cavern ; and now the visitor, landing from a boat, may look up through the vast skylight to the strange scene overhead, and having gazed his fill, may turn to examine the wave-polished rocks, and pick specimens of asbestos from the crevices. I had to content myself with the view from above, the weather being unfavourable for a boat excursion, and to forego the sight of Dolor Hugo and Ravens' Hugo, two caverns running deep under the cliff at the foot of the next headland. They can only be entered from a boat ; but on a calm, bright day, well repay the visit.

I had also to forego the walk along the cliffs to the lighthouses ; for the rain, besides making the track impracticable, and in places dangerous, permitted only momentary and spectral glimpses of the jutting crags. I thus missed the Balk, Lizard Cove, Hot Point, Bass Point, and Penolver, and took a route which led me near Landewednack church. Here a pause of a few minutes sufficed for a look at the Norman doorway, and at that dreaded portion of the churchyard, separated from the rest by a railing, where the victims of the plague were buried : never since reopened, lest the

deadly pestilence reappear. One looks at the humble edifice with the more interest, remembering that within its walls was preached the last sermon in the Cornish language; at the time when Milton was preparing so noble a heritage for a language which has not perished. The village boasts a few small groups of trees, among them some well-grown tamarisks.

In many parts of Cornwall the field-paths, or short cuts, lie along the top of the fences; and on one of these, locally named a 'double hedge,' broad enough for two persons to walk abreast, I had now to mount. Hard work I found it to keep my footing and make head against a blast that seemed to have licked up all the spoon-drift of the Channel to shower it on the land. And there was a novel experience in the sight of figures stalking through the mist whenever any of the country folk trudged past on the neighbouring fences.

About an hour's walking and there was Lizard Town, a poor scattered village, with a tavern recently built for the entertainment of visitors, beyond which the ground falls to the shore. There are the lanterns of the lighthouses; and every yard that you advance, again on the top of a fence, brings the towers more and more into view. I delivered the message with which I had been charged at the Start, and was welcomed in a way which savoured much of genuine hospitality: such as in populous districts has come to be traditional. After a rest I went up to the lantern, and looked out from the balcony. The thing most interesting for the moment was that the rain had ceased, and left the clouds thin enough for the passage of a few stray gleams of sunshine. From this height I could see the headlands I had missed by having to leave the cliffs. There lay Househole, a snug cove, backed by the magnificent Penolver; Belidden and its supposititious amphitheatre beyond, and the Chair, dear to the tired wayfarer, among the rugged rocks, and so away towards the Bass and Cadgwith. Nearer, the ground slopes rapidly to the edge of the cliffs, the Lion's Den yawning a rude gap in the green turf; and off the low point, isolated at high water, the Bumble rears its columnar mass, literally

"The haunt of cormorants and seamews' clang."

There is Polpeer, the port of the immediate neighbourhood,

deficient in space and protection; there Pistol Meadow and Old Lizard Head to the west. Looking inland, the eye is caught first by the village and some of its back-door economy, and farther, by the expanse of downs with which I had already become acquainted. Then from the landscape to the light-house: the towers standing two hundred and forty feet apart, are seventy-nine feet high, with nineteen reflectors in each lantern, which can be seen at a distance of twenty-two miles. Between the two are built the residence and offices, so contrived that a long passage leads from one to the other, whereby the keepers communicate without going out of doors: an arrangement duly appreciated during the fierce and furious gales of winter. All, inside and out, even to the fences, is so beautifully white and clean, that you cannot but feel pride and pleasure in looking thereon.

The formation of the Lion's Den above-mentioned having occurred within the past few years, very satisfactorily confirms the theories concerning the origin of the Frying-Pan, already alluded to. On the morning of the 20th of February, 1847, the light-keeper noticed a wide-spread discoloration of the sea off the point, and, looking about for the cause, discovered a chasm in the steep slope to the eastward, where the ground had sunk down without noise or apparent warning, during the previous night. At that place the cliff is about eighty feet high; the chasm was twenty feet within the edge, and formed an irregular oval of fifty feet in length, and as many in depth; the bottom a chaos of turf, stones, and earth. So it remained for a time, since when the sides have lost their perpendicular, and vegetation has concealed the deformities.

As at Cadgwith, a cave, Daws' Hugo,* penetrated the cliff immediately below this remarkable landslip; and the same causes producing the same effects, the roof gave way, crushed by the overlying weight; the earth sank down, was washed out by the sea, and now the cave, hung with ferns and lichens, lighted from above and below, is a scene to be astonished at. It is, however, accessible only at low water. Neither this, nor the singular cave in the cliff at Polpeer, could I visit for the intrusive tide. Swarms of flies are sometimes found in the deep caves late in the season, where, if disturbed, they buzz in clouds around the intruder.

* *Hugo*, Cornish for *cavern*.

The weather kept its promise; and when I again set out the sun shone brightly through the dispersing clouds. The worthy keeper crowned his kindness by offering to accompany me to Kynance Cove, a place considered chief among the wonders of the Lizard. The wind had abated; the turf, though wet, teemed with flowers; and intelligent companionship made that three miles' walk especially agreeable. No lack of matters to talk about. An adventurous visitor had once tried to climb the Bumble; but, becoming frightened when half-way up, could neither advance nor recede, and had to cling for dear life till rescued by a man from the lighthouse. Then Pistol Meadow, so named from the number of pistols washed up there with two hundred dead bodies from a wreck on the Man-of-war Rocks, so long ago that no one remembers the date. Every point and every cove and cave had its story: here a fisherman had narrowly escaped destruction; there smugglers used to conceal themselves and their contraband cargoes. Not a few of the old houses all round the coast have hiding-places, known only to the occupants, where illegitimate goods were bestowed in days when the temptation to smuggle, and the chance of escaping detection, were greater than now. The back of a closet, often that which contained the household crockery in one corner of the kitchen, was the only entrance to these secret vaults. The region is not immaculate, however, even now. But smuggling in these days of Great Exhibitions and cheap literature is tame work compared with what it was at the end of last century, within the memory of many now living. At that time the revenue-officers were always in collusion with the contrabandists on one side, and the traders on the other; and even when not participating in the fraud they were afraid to interfere, the strength and daring of the smugglers being sufficient to inspire terror and achieve a rescue. If on the way to Cudden Point you visit Prussia Cove, you will see the remains of a battery which one of the desperadoes, named Carter, built, and mounted with long six-pounders for the defence of his unlawful merchandise. To throw dust in the eyes of the authorities, he kept a public-house, the *King of Prussia*, and, like other fishermen, had in the cliff a range of what were fish-cellars in appearance, but receptacles for contraband goods in reality. Thus circum-

stanced, the King of Prussia, as the man himself came to be called, carried on a wholesale business, and rose in notoriety. One day, in 1785, the *Thury* sloop-of-war standing in to examine the fortification, the long six-pounders were promptly fired, and the vessel not being able to bring her broadside to bear, the boats were sent to destroy the battery; and did their work very effectually, as your own eyes may witness.

When Samuel Pellew, Lord Exmouth's brother, was appointed Collector of Customs at Falmouth, he found corruption and effrontery the chief characteristics of the service. He one day surprised a party of his own officers assisting to run a cargo of wine in broad daylight. On the western coast alone there was a squadron of six smuggling cutters and luggers, altogether of more than seven hundred tons, manned by two hundred and thirty-five men, and mounting fifty-six guns: four, nine, and twelve-pounders; and well provided with boats and small arms. The crews knew that, sailing in armed vessels, their lives were forfeited; and were prepared to resist to the last. Pellew kept his cruisers so constantly at sea to intercept the illicit traffic, that the smugglers and their confederates more than once threatened his life, and actually posted handbills offering a reward for his assassination. Such evidence of the state of things in Cornwall during the ministry of Pitt is scarcely credible: and this but a specimen of what was going on round the coasts of the whole kingdom.

One of the luggers, the *Happy-go-Lucky*, of fourteen guns, was commanded by a fellow named Wellard; a terror to the Channel. Placed under the ban of outlawry, he had made up his mind never to be taken alive, and by dint of seamanship and stubborn bravery long eluded capture. Pellew's cruisers were never idle; and Exmouth himself, then a post-captain, once went in pursuit, in the depth of winter. At last, in April, 1786, the *Happy-go-Lucky* was surprised early one morning at anchor near Mullion Island, in sight of St. Michael's Mount. The smugglers cut their cable and made sail; but the two cruisers engaged her, and after an action of nearly an hour, a raking fire killed the outlaw, his mate, and wounded twelve of his crew; the rest surrendered, and were carried with the prize to Falmouth. Here a new difficulty arose: the prisoners were shut up in Pendennis

Castle, and the civil power being too weak to repel an attempt at rescue threatened by a formidable party from without, a company of soldiers was sent for from Plymouth; but before they arrived the smugglers broke out, joined their friends, carried off the wounded who were lodged in the town; all but one, and he for security was afterwards removed to Newgate, and tried in London. Many years were needed to purge Falmouth of its contraband practices.

Though moist and boisterous the climate of the Lizard is not unhealthful; severe cold is almost unknown. The winter, generally speaking, may be likened to autumn prolonged into an early spring. Frost and snow rarely occur, and quickly disappear. Even in the last two winters, when more snow fell than any one could remember for some twenty or thirty years, it melted away within a week. The people live to a good old age, some to a hundred, and in one instance to a hundred and twenty, as may be seen in the parish registers. Fish diet may perhaps have more to do with this health and longevity than has hitherto been considered. From observations made for a time at Plymouth Hospital, the conclusion was drawn that those who live most on fish are least liable to disease; owing, as is thought, to the presence of iodine in their food.

We came to Old Lizard Head; and now I stood on the most southerly point of England. From headland to headland, each stretching farther than the last, had I walked, and reached at length the lowest latitude possible on foot. No nearer could I go towards the tropic. The cliff has three prominences, a triple head, and the ground rising from within to the edge forms a sloping bank, alive with flowers, on which you may stand and look below in full security. Immediately beneath, the Stags, a reef of black rocks, thrust their heads from the water, each encircled with a shifting ring of foam; and all along, far as eye can see, the worn and wild aspect of the precipice, the shattered crags, and arched buttresses, mark the destructive advance of the surge and the spray. The igneous rocks bid defiance to the sea where the stratified would speedily crumble away; and the serpentine here at the extremity of the Lizard protects all behind it. Slowly and almost imperceptibly does it yield. The Nare Point exhibits a similar instance of the resisting

effect of an igneous rock, and others occur on the opposite side of the county. For ages has the strife been going on; the solitary cliffs

“Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
Which wars for ever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.”

Imagination grows excited in such a spot. Did the land at one time stretch far forth and join the continent of Spain, as some geologists, and botanists too, would have us believe? Here are found plants which, growing nowhere else in England, are natives of countries on the opposite side of the Channel; and the serpentine resembles that once quarried by the Romans on the borders of the Mediterranean. As at Galway, so do some of the people exhibit traces of Spanish blood: a question in what Dr. Latham calls “minute ethnology.” The varied inquiry is hardly to be solved on the spot; but you will carry away ideas and impressions that may give interest and precision to your future studies.

Then pass the Quadrant, across the ravine of Caerthillian, and up to the Tor Balk, or Tarbox, as it is commonly called, whence you have a fine view of Kynance, and of the Bill, the bold headland beyond. It is a rough scramble down to the cove over the big stones and heaps of pebbles strewn at the bottom of the descent: the larger ones, however, enable you to get across the noisy brook dryshod. There are two or three cottages here, and the most picturesque of mills, the rim of the large wheel seen high above the roof. The pebbles are of all colours—green, red, yellow, gray—specimens of the cliffs that border the cove; and you feel tempted to fill your pockets with the handsomest. A rare collection might here be made for paving kiosks and summer-houses.

The confusion of stones is succeeded by a sloping beach of sand, smooth as a floor, its light colour heightening the effect of the dark rocks and precipices. It improves the place for summer visitors; in winter it is often washed away by the storms, and the whole beach left a stony waste. Here are caves and recesses enough to satisfy those interested in Nature's own tunnelling; but of the grand crimson arch

that once formed so striking a feature in the scene only half remains; the sea devoured the other half in 1853. The floor of some of the caves slants rapidly upwards, and seated at the inner end you may observe the wondrous effect of the light darting in, flung from side to side past the protruding ribs of rock; here making a circle of the red and green veins sparkle again; there twinkling like a star on a speck of crystal; there glistening on the roof as emerald varnish. More phenomena, indeed, of brightness and gloom are presented than you will easily discover. Then slowly descending, with a pause between each step, you may vary the effect at pleasure, till in full light again. And to get a view of the dark blue sea from deep within the archway is a picture to be returned to and lingered over more than once during your exploration. In some of the smaller caves, where the advancing wave rushed hissing to the entrance, I could scarcely repress a shudder, as the idea of being cut off by the tide flashed through my mind.

After visiting the Kitchen, Parlour, Drawing-room, and whatever other cavity for which a name has been found, you have to climb Asparagus Island. A little care and effort are necessary; but there is no difficulty which a woman even may not surmount; though the practice of the guides, as my companion told me, is to exaggerate the task, and enhance the value of their services by marvellous stories. Since 1846 they have had an additional advantage in pointing out the rock on which the Queen landed during her trip down the coast.

A few strides upwards and you see two jets of water on your right, as though porpoises were spouting. The streams issue from slits in a rock, under which the water has free play from one side of the Island to the other, as is believed; and the swell of the wave and compression of the air produce the phenomenon in question. It occurs at intervals of about a minute, and is best seen at half-tide. The large slit is called the Bellows; the smaller one, a few inches higher, the Post-office: the latter because of a sudden and powerful indraught of air that takes place in the intervals of the spoutings, which carries in with a snort a piece of paper or any loose substance held near the orifice.

A few yards more of rock, and then an easy ascent to the

top, where you may recline at ease on the soft, springy turf, and contemplate the majestic features of the view. The character of the scenery is indeed extraordinary; made more impressive by the two lofty headlands which shut in the cove. Around you grow the wild asparagus, and a variety of flowers, ferns, and samphire. The presence of samphire conveys an assurance that the rocks on which it grows are never covered by the sea. Though it thrives within range of the spray, it is always beyond reach of the tide; and there is a story extant that a party of shipwrecked sailors once kept themselves from despair, clinging to the rock on which they were cast in a stormy night, from one of the number being acquainted with this peculiarity. Looking outwards you see the tall pinnacled mass of Gull Rock—the Mont Blanc of daring tourists—who contrive to get across the channel that separates it from the Island and climb to the summit; where they are rewarded by a peep down a hole called the Devil's Throat. Some have left upright stones standing on the angles of the crags to remain as memorials of their exploit; but while the top of the Rill—a much greater elevation—is accessible, the ascent of Gull Rock becomes only a venturesome feat. You will need to be cautious in descending from the Island by the track on the eastern side; making sure of one foothold before you release the other. There are caves in the base which may be explored at low water: at all events, you will do well to examine the serpentine, for nowhere else will you see it so full of colour and so varied as in the cliffs round the cove. What a contrast between the water-worn masses and those which lie about on the downs; the former polished, with every stain brought out; the latter covered with a scaly coat, rough and rusty.

Refreshments are sold at a little tenement facing the sea, and specimens of serpentine and other local rarities. And in order that the visitor shall not escape, a guide's cottage, a mile or two distant, on the road to Helstone, notifies **SERPENTINE SOLD HERE**: a clever trap for parties on their way to Kynance.

Our time expired. I shook hands with the light-keeper, not without hope of some day meeting him again. The sight of his face would be as welcome to me as that of his lantern to the homeward-bound mariner. He went up one side of

the valley; I, the other. The view from the top of the Bill is particularly striking: to the east, a panorama of the coast you have travelled for miles; to the west, the broad expanse of Mount's Bay, St. Michael's Mount, and away towards the Land's End. No more looking forward to a week's ramble along the cliffs, with daily change, when the ultimate point is almost within sight.

I wished to get to Penzance the same evening, and had therefore to see all I could without losing time. The Apron String, as a jumble of stones lying on the summit is called, required no second glance; and away I strode for Pradanack Downs, getting a brief glimpse of the approach to Gue Graze, in which stands the famous Soap Rock. Next, Vellan Head on the left; then Pradanack Head, a rival to Penolver, and on to Mullion, past Gunwalloe church, and so to the outlet of Loo Pool; getting over ground in three hours that should have had a whole day. Trees become more numerous, and the landscape more cheerful, soon after the boundary of the serpentine is passed. Loo Pool is a remarkable lake, lying in a hollow formed by a sudden dip of the land, separated from the sea only by a low pebbly beach, through which the water oozes slowly away and maintains its average level. But in rainy seasons, when the Cober and other streams which feed the lake pour in superabundant tribute, the discharge becomes inadequate, the water rises, floods the shores, stops the mills; and then, in compliance with ancient custom, a purse containing threehalfpence having been presented to the lord of the manor, leave is obtained for cutting through the bar of pebbles. Labourers set to work: a passage is dug; the waters begin to run, and presently gaining strength, the irresistible outflow scours the channel and carries all before it with such impetuosity, that the discoloration of the water has been observed as far as the Scilly Isles. For a time the communication with the sea remains open, and the rising tide mingles with the lake; but a westerly gale replaces the pebbles, and the Pool gradually resumes its ordinary limits—about two miles in length and from two to six furlongs in width.

While standing on the bar, a mere strip at high water, the ocean on this side, the lake on that, a singular impression is produced on the mind. The barrier seems so frail that you

half expect to see it give way, and admit the invading waters to form a spacious estuary. Sundry projects have been formed for securing the influx of the sea, and keeping the mouth open; but hitherto without effect.

Helstone, three miles distant, is just visible at the extremity of the hollow; and the hill-slopes on each side being covered in places with plantations, the eye is refreshed by the sight of verdure. It is a pleasant walk by the side of the lake and through Penrose Park to the town: you will see diminutive oaks of grotesque appearance; pretty nooks hung with ferns, revealed by the winding of the road; and quiet bays, where patient anglers fish for trout.

I got to Helstone just as the omnibus was starting for Penzance; a lucky chance, as it secured my being in time for the packet to Scilly the next morning. Now the mile-stones indicated the distance to the Land's End, and every mile brought us nearer, inspiring a feeling which cheered a ride for the most part uninteresting. We passed through Breage (pronounced Brague); saw wheat-fields and mining works; and, on quitting Marazion, had a capital view of St. Michael's Mount and the grand sweep of the Bay.

Penzance, with the cupola of its town-hall rising above the houses, looks best at a distance. The main street is but a shambling thoroughfare; and when you see where the domed edifice is built, you will believe the townsfolk to be as indifferent to space and light as their ancestors were. Let them bear the reproach! But higher up the hill you pass from the old town to the new, inclined to be satisfied with improvements, which, as at Falmouth, indicate the reverse of that decay apparent in some of the coast towns through which you have passed. Considering that about the middle of the last century the people here refused to have the mail-road extended to their town, that they possessed but one cart and one carpet, and not a single silver fork, and saw no other newspaper than the *Sherborne Mercury*, as Dr. Davy tells us in the Life of his brother, it must be admitted that Penzance has made satisfactory progress.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure for Scilly—The *Ariadne*—Newlyn—A Mackerel-boat to Australia—St. Clement's Isle—Mousehole—The Last of the Cornish Language—Lamorna Cove—The Cliffs—Tol-pedn-Penwith—The Land's End—The Seven Stones—The Wolf Rock—A Grievance at Dinner-time—The Captain's Hospitality—Lyonnesse: the Drowned Land—The Tradition—Crow Sound by Twilight—Arrival—The Hotel-door—St. Mary's Pool—The Park—The Treacherous Isthmus—Phenomena of Hugh Town—Buzza Hill—Population—Old Man's Talk—Past and Present—Schools—Wrecks—Peninnis Head—The Rock Basins—The Pulpit Rock—Old Town—Tolmen Point—The Garden—The Fields—The Giant's Castle—The Cove of Willows—Sir Cloudesley Shovel—Anomalous Tides—A Storm—A poor Preacher—Holy Vale—Maypole Hill—Bishop Rock Lighthouse—Star Castle—Captives and Visitors—Lady Fanshawe—Departure—A First Visit to England—The Lord Proprietor—The Potato-trade—Penzance.

THE next morning, shortly before nine, I walked down to the pier; but seeing no sign of a vessel about to sail, I inquired for the *Ariadne*: "The Scilly pocket?" replied a brown-faced fisherman, with a very open sound of the vowel, "she's outside. You must go yonder;" pointing to the quay. At the place indicated I found an assemblage of bundles, baskets, boxes, and people waiting, as it appeared, for the captain, who, soon after the clock struck, made his appearance with the mail-bag in his hand. Immediately we stepped into a four-oared gig that lay at the landing-place, finding room as best we could among the baggage, and not without close packing, to save a second trip, and were rowed across the harbour. Once round the pier-head we saw the *Ariadne*, with her mainsail up, sitting graceful as a swan on the heaving waters. An exclamation of surprise broke from me at seeing so pretty a vessel. "She ought to be a pretty one," rejoined the captain; "she was Lord Francis Godolphin's yacht, till I bought her two or three years ago:" an assurance, I thought, of elegant accommodation. Soon we

were alongside, and on board; the gig steered back to the shore, the yacht's boat was hoisted in, the foresail hauled up, the captain took the helm, and away we went before a lively breeze. Some expected a quick passage; and were disappointed.

From Penzance to Hugh Town the distance is thirty-six miles—a three or four hours' trip for a steamer; but the trade with the Isles being too small for the profitable employment of steam, travellers between the two ports have to trust to the winds. To me this was a particularly gratifying alternative. It was like going back to the primitive times to find one's-self in a sailing-vessel for so short a voyage; gliding along with an easy rocking motion, lulling and delightful. Besides, the day was as glorious as an unclouded sun, a sparkling sea, and a rustling breeze could make it; and we were going out on the broad Atlantic. I would have made the voyage, had there been no Isles to visit.

Penzance, seen from the sea, has an extremely pleasing appearance, set in a landscape of much quiet beauty. The houses, clustered thickly together near the water, becoming scattered as they rise up the hill, merge at last in the surrounding woods, the most remote faintly revealed by the gleam of their white walls through the foliage. And as you see more and more of the broad, blue stretch of the bay, bounded by the far-stretching line of the Lizard, and embracing its island gem—the Mount—your admiration of the scene will kindle into enthusiasm. Then looking along the shore to the west; that group of cottages is Wherry Town, close to the famous Wherry Mine, the entrance to which was once down an iron shaft that stood far out in the sea: a wonder while it lasted, but long since abandoned. Carry your eye across the pleasant green slope, and there is Newlyn, a village of fishermen and pilots, hardy and adventurous, as lately proved by seven men having sailed from thence in a mackerel-boat of sixteen tons for Australia. That church, some distance on the hill beyond, marks the village of Paul, whence you get one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. Now we are passing St. Clement's Island, which serves as a breakwater to the harbour of Mousehole, a village noted as the place where, by the death of Dolly Pentraeth, an old woman of ninety, in 1777, the Cornish

language ceased to exist. Daines Barrington paid her a visit, and entertained the Society of Antiquaries with an account of his conversation with the venerable fishwife; and was rewarded for his long journey and his painstaking by a touch of immortality in Peter Pindar's lines beginning:

"Hail, Mousehole! birthplace of old Doll Pentraeth,
The last who jabber'd Cornish—so says Daines."

Come here a month or two later in the season and you will see the space we have traversed alive with fishing-boats, catching pilchards by tens of thousands. The Mount's Bay fisheries are worth 30,000*l.* a year.

We lost the brisk breeze after rounding St. Clement's Island; and fell in with light airs and contrary. "There's always a wind from Penzance to Mousehole," said the captain; "we are sure to have it coming and going in that part of the bay, if we have it nowhere else." I kept his remark in mind, to be tested on our return. Now we had to creep along under the cliffs to get a favourable start for a tack; a necessity which I did not at all regret, as it gave us a near view of the coast. Soft slopes no longer; but sturdy bluffs and rocky hollows, backed by a bare and stony region, where sundry supposed Druidic monuments are to be seen by those who care about them. Then we came to Lamorna Cove, once a craggy solitude, now peopled by quarrymen, who, finding the granite of good quality, show little regard for its romantic features. At its mouth, where the visitor delighted to stroll on the small patch of sandy beach, a crane now projects from a newly-built shipping stage. But a collector of geological specimens will find the cove well worth a visit, as the varieties of stone are numerous, and the crystals of larger size than usual.

We pass the Black Rock, and keeping about a hundred fathoms from the shore, have a good view of the caverns and recesses in the cliffs, the little patches of sand and gravel at their base, alternating with rugged slopes of boulders, and rugged slopes of fern and gorse, outlying rocks here and there, and all clear and distinct in the sunlight. Near Carn Boscawen we tacked and stood out for a while, then in again, running down on Castle Treryn, the grand promontory of the Logan Rock. Huge blocks of granite, piled one above

another, to a height of two hundred feet, might well cheat the beholder into the idea that here stood a mighty fortress, frowning over the deep, and formidable in ruin. In some places the blocks have the appearance of enormous columns, rising into shattered pinnacles; and the gaps around the summit may represent dismantled embrasures.

Turning from the shore once more, we saw the Runnel Stone, a dangerous rock, covered at high water. Two beacons on the cliff, and an iron staff on the rock itself, indicate its situation in clear weather to passing vessels. Presently going about again, we approached Tol-pedn-Penwith—the Holed Head of Penwith—the most magnificent headland on this part of the coast. At this point the cliffs seen from the deck, stretching away east and west for miles, present a scene not easy to describe, so much does it partake of wild sublimity. “Cape beyond cape, in endless range,” all grand of feature, and each as you sail towards it seeming grander than the last. Whether walking on their brow or floating at their base, the traveller finds the desire of his eye gratified by the cliffs. A trip by the steamer from Penzance to Hayle will give him a view of the coast from Mount’s Bay round to the Bristol Channel.

At last we ‘opened’ the Land’s End, but at two miles’ distance, and we saw nothing to distinguish it from the neighbouring headlands: Cape Cornwall, more to the northward, seemed to stretch much farther to the west. There to seaward rose the black heads of the group of rocks, from the outermost of which rises the lonely tower of the Longships Lighthouse; while the space between them and the land was dotted with numerous small vessels, beating round from one Channel to the other. Here the wind freshened a little, and the action of conflicting tidal currents gave us a fine treat of rolling and plunging—excepting always those who turned yellow and had to go below.

As the Cornish coast receded we began to look in the opposite direction. We saw that isolated cluster of rocks, the Seven Stones, and in time made out what appeared to be a few dark clouds low down on the horizon: they were the Scilly Isles. It was long before they grew more distinct; for often when we were steering directly towards them, the captain’s ‘ready about’ sent us off to the ocean till they

almost disappeared. In one of our tacks we went near the Gulf Rock, or Wolf Rock, as it is commonly called, an isolated mass of slate, lying just in the track of vessels bound from the North Sea to the Irish Channel. How the great blue waves leaped up, and seemed to devour it with hungry tongues of foam! Never resting: beaten back only to renew the assault. A beacon warns the mariner to avoid it by day; but at night!

Meanwhile the passengers on deck had brought out their dinner; some, perhaps, doubtful of their powers of endurance, were content with dry biscuits; others proved themselves equal to sandwiches; and one happy couple, wisely provident, had a Cornish pasty. The sight reminded me that I was very hungry. I went in full confidence to the captain and asked for something to eat. "You should have thought of that afore you came on board," he said with a smile; "we never carry anything to sell, it wouldn't pay, and passengers always look out for themselves. So much the worse for you if you didn't know it." Here was a grievance. I ventured to doubt; but no—nothing was sold on board except bottled porter by "one of the men for'ard;" so there was nothing for it but to exercise patience, which virtue, considering our coy approach towards the Isles, was likely to undergo a vigorous test.

My mood was, I fear, becoming one scarcely befitting a philosopher, when the captain invited me below, with a hint that I might join him in "a mouthful of something to eat." He brought out ship biscuit and a lump of cheese, of which I ate enough, aided by a draught from the cask of water on deck, to keep me alive till the evening; and as the worthy seaman would not hear of payment, I praised his *Ariadne*. Thereupon he requested me to look round the cabin. "Wasn't it snug? comfortably fitted up;" and, opening the door of the ladies' cabin—"Isn't that a tidy little place?" Little enough, truly: a comfortable doll's house. What was formerly the saloon, is now the place for cargo; and beyond this a narrow fore-cabin completes the interior. "You see," continued the captain, "though she is but eighty-four tons, she's made the most of." He felt a seaman's pride in his yacht; but to be shut up below in foul weather would be terrible. The quickest run he had ever made was in three

hours and three-quarters, with a northerly wind; and that was the wind he liked best; it was favourable either way.

Of all the Cornish traditions that which preserves the notion that dry land once filled the space across which we are now sailing is, perhaps, the most exciting to the imagination. "Where is the Cornish champaign which conjoined the coast and Scilly?" is a question often asked by antiquaries, and speculated on by geologists. Here, so runs the fable, lay far outspread a region of unwonted beauty and fertility, strewn with villages, and hallowed by one hundred and forty churches, known to the Cornish as Lethowsow, or Lyonesse. And romances of the olden time tell us of great and gallant deeds wrought in that fair land; the memory of which had been kept alive for ages by wandering minstrels. Here fell the monarch whose fame made British hearts beat quick for ages: as sings the poet:

"So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord."

The chroniclers, however, tell us that Arthur's last battle was fought near Camelford.

But shaken by some mighty convulsion, the lovely region sank down into the depths, the sea rushed in and completed the destruction, leaving no trace of what had been, except the Seven Stones, the Wolf Rock, and a grim likeness between the cliffs of the Land's End, and of St. Martin's Head, the nearest of the Isles. The Seven Stones are still called 'The City;' and among them, it is said, the fishermen once hooked some small broken casements and pieces of stone-mouldings; and no other vestiges of the Lyonesse have ever been discovered. The Trevelyan family bear a white horse as crest, to commemorate the escape of one of their ancestors by swimming to the mainland on horseback at the time of the flood.

It is a wondrous tradition; yet Cornwall presents so many examples of change and convulsion that a better case can be made out in its favour than would at first be imagined. The waters of Mount's Bay now flow over what was dry land within the memory of man; and during the terrible storm

of January, 1817, fears were entertained that the sea would break right through the county to St. Ives Bay, and leave the Land's End district an island. At Par, blocks of granite laid for a bridge were once found at a depth of twenty feet; and human skulls have been dug out fifty feet below the present surface.

The sun sank in the west: it went down behind the burnished rim of the great circle of waters, and still we had not reached Scilly. We could see the day-mark on St. Martin's Head, the long low outline of St. Mary's, and were tantalized by frequent approaches, only to run off again. Twilight crept on; the stars twinkled; the breeze blew damp and chilly, and still we rose and fell on the dark swells of the Atlantic. We were close in to the land, congratulating ourselves that the last tack had been made, when 'ready about' sent us once more away over the gloomy ocean; and, perhaps, because the effect of the biscuits and cheese was expended, I began to admit even to myself that one might have too much of the sea. This tack, however, was really the last; it enabled us to fetch the entrance of Crow Sound between St. Mary's and St. Martin's, and presently we had land dimly visible on each side of us. The captain again took the helm, and a good look-out was kept, for there are rocks and shallows in the channel. All at once, as we opened a dark point, a brilliant light flashed upon us; it was from the lighthouse of St. Agnes, and great was the gladness we felt at the sight. A stranger would have supposed our voyage had been one of weeks instead of hours. A little farther, and we saw the scattered lights of Hugh Town gleaming along the shore and along the water; we crept towards them for a few minutes while the hands slackened sail; then the anchor was dropped, and our voyage was over.

Boats came alongside, the rowers crying: "Anybody for Tresco?"—"Anybody for St. Agnes?" and every one made haste to leave the vessel. The sound of voices, the splash of oars, the moving objects indistinctly seen in the faint obscurity of a July night, the glimpses of masts and shrouds in different parts of the bay, and the unsubstantial look of the land, made up a striking picture. I tendered my fare to the captain: "Oh! never mind," he said, "we shall meet again before long;" a proof of confidence which for the moment

astonished me. The sphere of the sophisticated world's usages was indeed overpassed. I had not time then to remember that he was sure of me for the return voyage, for we descended to the boat, and were rowed to the pier, where we found a numerous crowd on the watch for our coming. The arrival of the packet is indeed the great event for the Scillonians: their link with imperial Saxondom.

Greetings passed; baggage was shouldered; and for a few minutes there was a noisy tramping through the main street of the little town. I found Blueitt's Hotel; but close shut, as if guests were neither desired nor expected. The door was fast. I knocked.

"Who's there?" from the inside, after a brief delay.

"Open the door, and you'll see."

Another, and a longer pause. Then:

"Is it a stranger?"

"It is." On which avowal the door was immediately opened, and as immediately fastened again the instant I had entered; the reason being, and it was offered as an apology for keeping me waiting, that as it was Saturday night, and the hour late, tap-room customers were not wanted. Once in, my requirements were supplied with due alacrity; and a combined tea and supper made up for the meagre commons of the day.

The packet-arrangements are such that you have to choose between one whole day only at Scilly, or nearly a week: Monday and Friday being the days of departure from Hugh Town. I should have preferred the longer interval, but my plans would not permit; July would scarcely suffice for all that had yet to be visited on the way back to London. I had, therefore, but to make the best of the time before me.

The next morning opened bright and blue as the former. I found the breakfast-room particularly cheerful, having access by glazed doors to a small garden, where numerous myrtles, ample in girth and height, reminded me of the soft and genial climate. Leaning on the low inclosing wall, while the tide rippled against its base, I had a view across St. Mary's Pool to Carn Morval, and of all that looked so mysterious the night before. The low curving shore is bordered by the rear of the houses, leaving but a narrow margin; so scant, indeed, that from some of the back-doors a flight of steps

leads down to the water, serving, as you will perhaps see, as a landing-place for commodities or visitors, and a convenient spot for the cleansing of household utensils. The bay is a domestic washing-pool, as well as an anchorage.

The waitress, when I asked her the direction of Maypole Hill, replied, "It's a long way from here." Scarcely possible, I thought, in St. Mary's; when she added the qualification, "At least, we call it a long way for Scilly."

St. Mary's, though the largest of the Isles, may be easily circumperambulated in a day. Its length is about three, and its breadth nearly two miles. To take it in detail, I walked first through the gate of Star Fort to the park: one of the remarkable features of the place. You find yourself on a well-kept path, winding round near the shore of an irregular hill, among scattered boulders, and gorse and fern left to grow as Nature pleases; the slope on one hand descending to the rocky margin of the sea, on the other rising ridgy and broken to the summit. Seats are placed at the best points of view, and the turf itself forms a luxurious couch. Sheep are grazing; and a herd of deer startled by your approach scamper away into the dense brakes, and rabbits to their burrows. Had you imagined a park for Scilly, you could not have produced a more appropriate combination of land and water, of vegetation to be in place of trees, and art to make it all subservient to recreation; though possibly you may wish there were no necessity for thick embrasured walls, or cannon on traversing platforms. St. Agnes, its tall lighthouse and scattered cottages, are in view about a mile distant, and a group of islets beyond; and everywhere you behold the encircling ocean.

The hill is about a hundred feet high, and nearly a mile and a half round. On completing the tour you perceive it to be a peninsula connected with the larger portion of St. Mary's by a sandy neck; and now you comprehend why the houses as seen from the hotel-garden are so near the water. For, on this low neck Hugh Town is built, in total disregard of consequences. The earliest settlers may have had the excuse of ignorance; but the present inhabitants, who go on building on the same spot, have a perpetual warning of what may happen in the Gugh, a small hill once similarly connected with St. Agnes. Now, at high water, it is an islet. And

some day, if the future may be inferred from the past, the narrow isthmus of Hugh Town will be devoured by the sea, and isolate the pleasant park with its appendages: the tide has crossed it more than once, and two fields have been washed away. Meanwhile the people live and sleep in tranquillity, deeming an earthquake quite as likely to happen as the watery irruption.

Not a soul did I meet during my stroll round the park. It would hardly be fair to suppose the walks unappreciated: perhaps the folk were all going to church. I crossed the head of Porcrasa Bay, and got by a back way into the town, and there truly enough the folk were going to church, decorous and well-dressed as in any country town of England. The main street, which has Star Fort at one extremity, widens as it approaches the other, where stands the church, around which are the most respectable houses. There is an open space which does duty as a parade or market-place, and along the straggling thoroughfare are four or five hotels of different quality. One was shut up, the owners having gone on a six months' visit to 'the main,' as England is called by Scillonians. In a side street you see a Wesleyan chapel; farther on a meeting-house of the Bryanites, or Bible Christians, to use their own favourite appellation. The prison appears to be more for show than use; and BANK on the side of a miserable tenement signifies, as is sufficiently obvious without it, an earthy slope, and not a place of deposit for notes and gold. 'Bolitho's bank,' at Penzance, is where the inhabitants transact their monetary business, as the captain of the *Ariadne* knows full well; for many are the sums entrusted to him to be paid in, and cheques and post-office orders to be cashed.

Buzza Hill is to one end of the town what the garrison is to the other, except that it has a windmill on the top, and commands a finer prospect. As I made my way towards it, across the ship-yards, I saw scores of men sitting or lying down under the lee of the fences and piles of planks, for there was a chilly touch in the wind. Numerous exceptions to church-going, as was clearly manifest. An impressive view breaks upon you from the hill-top: the town in another aspect; the Telegraph Hill; a large portion of the Island apparently well cultivated, and Peninnis Head; and the

position of the surrounding islands is such that the Pool and Road appear as a vast lake or lagoon. The anchorage is accessible by four entrances; and in the early months of the year you may see two hundred vessels or more lying within the friendly shelter.

From St. Agnes, on the left, to St. Martin's, on the right, your eye takes in all the largest of the group, while farther away you see hummocks of all dimensions, known as the 'Off Islands.' Stone and turf intermingle everywhere: here green slopes, there formidable cliffs, with here and there a narrow beach of white sand gleaming like silver in the sunlight. That bright spot on Tresco, opposite to Hugh Town, is the residence of the Lord Proprietor, standing amid gardens which are described as perfect wonders of horticultural taste and skill: where the visitor walks through avenues of geraniums, fifteen feet in height, to beds and plantations of the rarest exotics. Next appear Bryher and Samson, and so round to St. Agnes again. The sea, swept by a mighty breeze, rolled in magnificent waves through the numerous channels, leaping on the rocks, and breaking around the shores with a majesty of motion that imparted to the whole panorama an effect indescribable.

Altogether there are three hundred Isles, islets, and rocks scattered over an area of ten square leagues. None but those above-named are inhabited. The total population is about 2700, of whom more than 1600 live in St. Mary's. Tresco numbers 450, and St. Agnes and St. Martin's each about half as many; while Bryher and Samson have but 130 between them. Fishing, piloting, farming, and ship-building are their occupations. Some trade in small vessels on shares. The Off Islands are tenanted only by rabbits, sea-fowl, and a large species of cray-fish. Sharks at times make their appearance.

I got into talk with an old man who sat smoking a quiet pipe on the warm side of the windmill. "Great changes in the Isles since he was young. Then there was no potato-growing, but little farming, and dark, uncomfortable houses to live in. Sometimes there wasn't a bit of salt to be had, and when there was people often had to go without, it was so dear. There was lots of smuggling though; everybody smuggled. The parson smuggled. There was more looking

out for chances of that sort, and wrecks, than regular work. People didn't dress anything like what they did now, nor keep themselves quite so clean. They used to burn turf; but Mr. Smith, the Lord Proprietor, or Governor, as he is commonly called, had put a stop to that; for when the turf was cut, the wind blowed all the ground away." He has also put a stop to some other proceedings; and though the new measures were for a time distasteful, the inhabitants now see the beneficial results. Within the present generation the Isles were in as miserable a plight as some of the Hebrides, or the villages on the extreme west of Connaught are at present; and now a pauper is scarcely to be met with, and on all sides you see cultivation and contentment; there are good schools, where the subjects taught embrace navigation, and from the age of two to thirteen there is scarcely a child who is not at school.

The old man had something to say on other matters. Pointing to St. Mary's Sound, the restless channel on the side toward St. Agnes: many a ship had struck upon some of them rocks in the night and gone down, and nobody the wiser, except them on board. Sometimes, when daylight came, the top of a mast was seen above the water, and that was all. Five families were once lost while crossing to St. Agnes. A West Indiaman had run on the rocks of Bryher but three or four years ago, and some had got a pretty picking out of her. Then, on the other side, out towards St. Martin's: there was the rock where the Dutch East Indiaman was cast away with 250,000 dollars (guilders, he meant) on board. That was a long time ago; but there was money still to be grubbed up in the sand. Much more I might have heard, for the ancient one seemed glad to have a listener; but my tour of the Island was still to be accomplished.

From the hill the way is plain and easy to Peninnis—the Head of the Isles—which, seen from a distance and while approaching, conveys no idea of its true character. But when near, and the nearer the better, you find the granite blocks, which appeared no larger than a tea-chest, are huge masses, some of them as big as the base of the Monument. So enormous are they, and so marvellously piled, that for a time I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes.

Standing there on the extremest point of land, nothing but the broad Atlantic between it and America, I could not help fancying it a work of the giants; their last defence against the puny race who were to invent the steam-engine and electric telegraph. The blocks are built up in a way so apparently artificial as to favour the illusion. Solid buttresses project into the sea; here is part of a mighty bastion; here the remains of a gateway that none but giants could have built; here the angle of a vast chamber. There a stupendous wall has fallen outwards, and the water, which covers the outermost blocks, seems eager to drown the remainder as it rushes over them in endless surges. There a similar wall has fallen inwards, and the blocks strew the turf in horrid confusion. Yonder stands a pyramid broken in the final struggle; and round about lie the mutilated limbs of statues on a scale far beyond all that Egypt ever dreamt of, intermingled with the heads of animals—a bull, a snake, an elephant: the ruins of a temple as well as of a fortress.

I am not exaggerating. The hard granite is so worn and rounded off by the tempests of ages, that even a sluggish imagination may detect these wonderful resemblances. Some of the stones are furrowed with what appear to be deeply-graven and mysterious Runes. But leaving imagination aside, Peninnis holds you with a spell. In some places the blocks stand erect and well-jointed, as if squared and set by hands and tools; but where they have fallen the interstices form a bewildering maze. Caverns, vaults, niches hung with ferns and lichen. Through those in a line with the wind rushes a howling blast; others are snug and sheltered: spots where you may repose awhile and listen to the thunder of the waves. Some enclose small crystal pools; in others a strip of green water runs ceaselessly to and fro: altogether an inexhaustible source of wonder and admiration.

I climbed to the topmost block. The height is not great, some sixty feet; but the impression made on my mind by the wild and lonely scene has seldom been equalled. Ocean rolled there in its sublimity. There was heard the voice of the deep; solemn as from of old, and for evermore: a voice never silent; heard afar on every shore of the round world, telling the glory of Him who made it. Thankful emotions overcame me.

I scrambled down, and out to the farthest attainable rock. No fear of slipping, for the numerous crystals protruding from the granite afford firm foothold. Then looking shorewards I watched the water as it came rushing in from behind me. Now the innumerable channels and interstices were filled with the hissing surge, so that the ruddy blocks seemed set in living silver; then all were suddenly emptied with multitudinous gurglings. Along some of the broader channels, deepened into gullies, the water dashed and struck the hollow extremity with the shock of a ram, sending a cloud of spray away on the wind. Then retreating, how it swirls, and boils, and narrows, and widens, till again overpowered by an advancing wave. The play of foam was infinite, and the roar almost deafening; for it was a boisterous wind that blew.

Back to the shore, where the softest of turf, clusters of thrift, and thickly-sprinkled flowers, encircle the rocky masses. A short distance up the slope you will find the Kettle and Pans, the so-called rock basins, supposed by antiquaries to have been used in the sacrificial rites of the Druids. One, as you will see, has the concavity on its side, where it could not have contained the victim's blood, except by miracle. Looking at one and the other without foregone conclusions, you will agree with those who contend that the formation of the basins is entirely natural and not artificial. If you incline to doubt, look again at the more extraordinary shapes among the blocks of Peninnis. After fashioning those, the weather would find little difficulty over a rock-basin.

Following the rugged shore beyond the Head you come to the Pulpit Rock, over which projects a sounding-board nearly fifty feet in length and twelve in breadth. At a distance it looks unstable; but when you see the ponderous mass which rests on its inner end, you will scramble up and walk about on the spacious table with confidence. The surface is indented with a few small circular hollows—the beginnings of rock-basins.

On again, leaving an old circular tower on the hill to the left, across Carn Lea, and you look down on Old Town, and its church and bay. This was once the principal place of the Isle; but now only a few scattered houses remain, trade having migrated to Hugh Town. I found a boy in the

church-porch nursing a child, with which his "missus" had sent him into temporary banishment, because it "would keep on a-crying so." The boy was in the service of a farmer; got four pounds a year and his food; liked his work "brave;" but would prefer to be a carpenter. He had been once to the Off Islands; never to "the main," which he thought must be a very wonderful country.

Then along the margin of sandy beach to Tolmen Point, the eastern extremity of the bay, so named from the tolmen or perforated stone, which lies on its summit: another Druidic monument. From this elevation the fall of the ground opens a view to the interior of the Isle, and you may note somewhat of its economy. Yonder to the rear of Old Town Church is an elevated black parallelogram, which might be taken for a block fort: but by-and-by, when passing nearer, you will find it to be a garden: a square pile of earth, banked by a thick wall, the wall surmounted by a fence, and the fence by a screen of branches. Only on such conditions does it appear to be possible to have a really good garden in St. Mary's. Further exploration will show you others on a smaller scale. It is in one corner of these, additionally protected by a screen of hurdles, that some of the early potatoes are raised, which bring half-a-crown a pound in Covent Garden market. As at Portland, you see a porch to nearly every house, the closed side towards the prevalent blasts; and the thatch of the out-buildings is only kept from driving away before the furious winds by strong pegs and interlacing bands of straw, and being kept within the edge of the wall. The productiveness of the fields is seen in the broad swathes of grass in the hayfields, and the vigorous appearance of the grain and root crops, clothing the slopes with refreshing verdure. Sea-wrack is the principal manure; and when dried, some of the Islanders burn it as fuel. The average of really calm days is said to be not more than six in the year; and damp and wind are the prevailing characteristics of the climate. At times the Gulf Stream makes its influence felt. In 1845 the water was as warm around Scilly as it is off the coast of Portugal; and the summer and autumn were remarkable for an elevation of temperature.

Along the cliff again: down to the patch of crystalline sand at Porth Minich; up to Blue Carn, the most southerly

point of the Isle, where in the masses of granite are more rock-basins in process of formation. Then to the Giant's Castle, a triple-ringed intrenchment on the edge of the cliff, supposed to be of Danish origin. Near it is a huge logan stone, estimated to weigh forty-five tons, which will rock, with a little pushing. Now you are on Sallakee Down, overlooking a fine range of fields sloping inland; and Porthhellick—the Cove of Willows—and the fatal rocks on which Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked in 1707, with four of his ships and two thousand men. Henry Trelawny, a son of the bishop whose imprisonment inspired the famous song, was among the drowned. The body of the admiral was picked up and buried on the shore of the cove; but afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey. The strong current produced by the indraught of St. George's Channel, drifting the ships out of their course, was doubtless the cause of the catastrophe. The strength of this current is such as to interfere with the regular action of the tides at the Isles; with a twelve hours' flood there is but a four hours' ebb.

I had scarcely entered the cove than there came driving in from the sea one of those horizontal rain-storms so frequent in these latitudes. How it hissed across the straggling grass, and through the crevices of the rocks! I lay down under a projecting ledge, which was so thickly covered with *byssus*, old man's beard, that it felt warm as a blanket. The view was speedily contracted to a circle of a few yards; I waited in hope of a change, but no change came; so, thinking that time might be economised by dining during the rain, I made a short cut across the country back to Hugh Town, and arrived uncomfortably saturated.

Evening approached, and still the rain fell. I went to the Wesleyan chapel, desirous to hear with what sort of spiritual teaching the remote community was edified. Empty pews were more numerous than the congregation. The sermon, delivered apparently with great effort, was one of the poorest it has ever been my lot to listen to. That the hearers went to sleep was not surprising; and that the fall of a drowsy boy was improved into a warning, strengthened by an allusion to the fate of Eutychus, seemed hardly fair. The burden of the discourse was that the garden of the Lord did not flourish in the Isles. No wonder, I thought, with such a

watering-pot. Preachers of that stamp are as little honourable to the society which sends them forth, as unprofitable to those who sit under them. Wishing to know whether the people were sensible of their starvation, I made inquiries, and found a unanimous perception of the fact; and as unanimous a satisfaction that the preacher had only two or three Sundays more to stay. I hope he is replaced by one more capable.

The weather had brightened again by the conclusion of the service; something more might yet be seen before nightfall, and I started for Holy Vale—a pleasant hollow in the middle of the Isle, embowered by elms and sycamores, among which are scattered a few cottages. A pretty scene; one that takes you by surprise where trees are so rare, and a happy proof of the effect of shelter. Then up Maypole Hill, which commands views of the Isle under another aspect; soft and luxuriant compared with those seen from the headlands. You can see to various points of the shore: the Druid's Chair, and round to Inisidgen Point. Then to the Telegraph Hill, the highest summit, crowned by its tall circular tower, from the top of which you can survey the whole extent of St. Mary's. The sun had gone down, and the Isles around and the countless rocks looked beautiful against the crimson and gold of the distant west, and amid the slowly fading splendours of the gleaming waves.

I was up early the next morning, and went to look at the preparation of stones for the lighthouse now in course of erection on the Bishop Rock, the westernmost of the dark hummocks seen from the hill. An attempt to erect a tower of iron failed by the washing away of the whole structure, which was finished all but the lantern, one stormy night in February, 1850; and now considerable progress has been made in replacing it by a substantial edifice of stone. Only for a month or two in the very finest part of the season can the works be carried on, for wave and storm are jealous of their dominion, and when complete, Bishop Rock Lighthouse will be one of the greatest triumphs of lighthouse-building. Distant thirty-two miles from the mainland, farther than any other edifice of the kind, in a wild situation rarely blessed by calm, it will indeed be "a Tadmor of the wave" to cheer the mariner coming from the great ocean, and warn him of

dangers. The stones are prepared on a platform adjoining the pier, and are carried out to the Rock with all other supplies by the Trinity House steamer which I saw at anchor in the Pool.

Then up to Star Castle, past the guard-house at the gate, where you may have a chat with the half-dozen invalids who constitute the garrison. Their duties do not appear to be onerous; among them are hauling the Union Jack up and down, and ringing the bell every three hours, from six in the morning till nine at night. Over the entrance to the Castle are the initials of the queen in whose reign it was built, E. R., and the date 1593. It is a queer little place; an eight-pointed star, with guns and embrasures at every point, and all sorts of little angular courts connected by crooked passages. During the civil war many eminent Cavaliers took refuge here, and Prince Rupert made it a nest of Royalist pirates, "doubting not to see Scilly a second Venice;" but Blake brought his ships into the harbour, stormed the batteries, dispersed and captured the marauders, and demonstrated that a wooden ship could take a stone-walled fort. There must have been a touch of the right sort of patriotism in the heart of the governor Sir John Grenville, who, when Van Tromp came with his fleet and tempting offers for the surrender of the Isles, rejected all terms with the foreigner, preferring to yield to the Parliamentary commanders. Lady Fanshawe, too, came here in 1646, as she tells us in a passage of her *Memoirs*, which, while it reveals her own privations, conveys an idea of the wretched condition of the Isle at that time. While on the passage from the Land's End, at the beginning of April, with her family, the crew broke open and plundered her baggage. "Next day," she writes, "after having been pillaged, and extremely sick, and big with child, I was set on shore, almost dead, in the Island of Scilly. When we had got to our quarters, near the Castle, where the Prince lay, I went to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up; in one of these they kept dried fish, which was his trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay; one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst

the rest of the servants. But when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do; but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring-tide. With this we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel; for half the Court to serve them a month was not to be had in the whole Island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last." For three weeks did the unhappy lady endure these discomforts, before departing for Jersey.

Here, again, you have memories of Cromwell. A castle bearing his name stands in the channel between Bryher and Tresco; tradition still holds him responsible, though he never was here, for certain obscure ruins in different parts of St. Mary's; and to this Star fortress he sent the celebrated Unitarian divine John Biddle, with a subsistence of one hundred crowns a year, to keep him out of the way of his brother Nonconformists: "his persecutors," as the document has it in the Public Records.

At nine o'clock, down to the pier and into the boat, the arrival of the captain with the mail-bag being again the signal for departure. We were soon on board the *Ariadne*, gliding out of the Pool, past the Cow and Calf Rocks, to the Road. Hugh Town disappeared, then St. Agnes, as we passed from the Road into Crow Sound. The strong wind of the day before had subsided into a gentle breeze, the morning was hot, and the sky again cloudless, under which every feature of the shores came out beautifully distinct. In some places the channel is so shallow, that at low water a man may safely wade across from St. Mary's to Tresco; and the same at other parts of the Isles; and still the remains of fences, inclosures, and flat pavement are to be seen at the bottom: evidences of the sea's past ravages. I lay looking over the stern as we crept through the Sound, half doubting if the scene before me were really the same that looked so dreary on the Saturday night. A thousand lights twinkled on the surface of the water, and, darting through, played and shifted on the "wrinkled sands" beneath in flashes of living emerald. The bottom could be read plainly as a book, so pure was the water: a slightly hollow plain of sand, studded here and there with lumps of rock, around which grew little forests

of weed, and bunches of long brown pennons quivering in the stream. Here and there some strange-looking animal crawled or gyrated along the furrows, and suddenly stopped as the shadow of our vessel passed over it. Gradually the hue of the sea deepened; the bottom sank lower and lower and ceased to be visible, and we rose and fell on the dark waters of the Atlantic.

I wished the time had permitted me to cross to the other Isles, for many of them are well worth a visit. There are curious caves, romantic coves, and distinct features in each; besides the people and their ways, always interesting to a traveller. But I had made good use of my time; and carried away a fair impression of the aspect of St. Mary's, which must more or less represent the others. As we increased our distance the eye took in their separate outlines,

"Sitting in the deeps.
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

and it was easy to imagine the upheaved masses below of which they were but the visible summits. A region such as Dartmoor sunk beneath the waves, and with only the tops of its highest tors standing out of the water.

Among the Scillonians on board was a respectable-looking middle-aged woman, who was made the subject of a little quizzing by the others; for it was her first trip to the main. As the uninitiated used to have intimations of marvellous doings on approaching the Line, so was she told of the astonishing things that awaited her at Penzance. I thought it hardly possible that a woman should have lived more than forty years so near England without visiting it. "Bless ye," said the captain, "there's hundreds of 'em have never been over."

The subjects most talked about were "Mr. Smith" and "potatoes." The Lord Proprietor's character was pretty freely canvassed; some thought him by far too severe a ruler; and a Bryanite missionary censured him for hindering the promotion of dissent in the smaller Isles: had not a man a right to preach anywhere? However, on summing up, all were pretty well agreed that if the rule was severe, it was in the main beneficial. Scilly had never been so well off as under Mr. Smith.

And concerning the other subject: a young man of Hugh Town told me that he had the weighing of all the potatoes shipped from the port. London is the great market. Fifteen thousand baskets had been sent away since the commencement of the season; the last cargo on the previous Saturday. A Scilly pilot-boat carries three hundred baskets, each containing a hundred-weight of potatoes, to Southampton, for a shilling the basket. From Southampton they are forwarded to Covent Garden; and as some of the earliest parcels in February realise a shilling a pound on the average, there remains a handsome profit. "But the price gets lower every week," said my informant, "and sometimes about Midsummer all that a man gets in return for a dozen baskets is a dozen postage stamps in a letter. We think it time to stop then." The year had been one of the best for potatoes ever known in Scilly. In 1853 the people of St. Martin's got 2000*l.* for their crop; the potatoes of that Isle being considered the best. But the growers were described as a close-fisted set, eager to make money, and keen to save. The old mistake: hoarding for others to spend. Nevertheless, the Scillonians subscribed 250*l.* to the Patriotic Fund.

The young merchant went on to tell me of the origin of the potato-trade. About fifteen years ago his father, Alexander Gibson, cruising off the Isles with the quarantine-boat, hailed a Spanish vessel, and while on board saw some fine-looking potatoes, of which the captain gave him a few. These he planted, and saved the produce, finding them to ripen remarkably early, for successive seasons; and at last had a surplus to sell to his neighbours. One after another took to planting the early sort, and now, as we have seen, the supply is fifteen thousand hundred-weights in the first half of the year. No unimportant item in the resources of the Isles. The second crop which follows is mostly retained for home consumption, though large quantities are sent to the markets of Wales.

All this time we were sailing pleasantly before the wind, which, though light, was fair, and we had no tacking. Profiting by experience, I had brought a dinner with me, and there was always the cask of water at the foot of the mast: far preferable to doubtful porter. By-and-by the Isles disappeared, and the cliffs of Cornwall rose high before us. At

half-past five we were abreast of Mousehole ; and immediately after caught the breeze blowing merrily as it had blown on Saturday morning. " Didn't I tell you there was always a breeze here?" said the captain. But for that one might have doubted the *Ariadne's* sailing qualities. As it was, she flew through the water, and before six we were off the pier at Penzance. Captain Tregarthen no longer scrupled to receive my fare: " Going to the main wasn't the same as going to Scilly. You were not so sure of meeting again."

On the pier I met a friend, who, not being at home on my first arrival, now hastened down to bid me welcome.

CHAPTER XIII.

Excursion with the Geologist—Lanyon Quoit—The Fertile Belt—Early Vegetation—Perpetual Spring—The Wind and the Rain—Inscribed Stone—Capabilities of Penzance—Trip to the Land's End—Treryn—Cyclopean Architecture—The Logan Rock—Reclaiming the Waste—The Last Trees—the Westernmost Village—The Land's End—Its Wild Features—Sennen—The First and Last Inn—St. Just—Botallack Mine—Under the Sea—The Cliffs—The Machinery—The Solitary Miner—Pendeen—Ludgvan—Difference between the North and the South—Glimpses of the Past—Ancient Smelting-places—*Iktin*, not *Iktis*—St. Michael's Mount—Touches of History—Ravages of the Sea—Extraordinary Marine Phenomena—An Escape—Cross to the Mount—The Queen's Footstep—The Castle—View from the Summit.

As my friend's geological knowledge and experience are only exceeded by his hospitality, I shall take leave, while in his company, to mention him as the Geologist. Refection first, and then a run round the neighbourhood, was the arrangement. The chaise came to the door, and we were soon beyond the town, trotting up the hill, between luxuriant hedges and belts of trees, among which tall rhododendrons rise conspicuous ; but as the elevation increases the luxuriance diminishes, and oaks, elms, and sycamores are succeeded by plantations of firs. Past the poor little village and church of Madron, where, on one of the tombs, the memory of

George Daniell, the founder of the school, is preserved in the couplet:

“Belgia me birth, Britaine me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.”

And near by is Madron Well, once reputed miraculous as the pool of Bethesda. Higher still, and then the stone fences and scrubby surface of a wild moor, with Carn Galva in the distance, its peaks cheating you into the idea of its being a far-remote mountain ridge. The soft landscape below, and the glimpses of Mount's Bay, are the more pleasing by contrast. A little farther and we alighted to look at Lanyon Quoit, an ancient cromlech, standing a few yards to the right of the road. It is a massive, weather-beaten slab, more than forty feet long and twelve wide, resting on three large unequal stones, that might be taken for rocks protruding from the soil: one of those monuments still as mysterious as when the inquiry first arose, Who made them? and what was their use? Borlase describes it as high enough for a man to sit underneath on horseback, and some guide-books repeat his statement; but a large deduction must be made; for I, who am not more than five feet eight, could not stand under it without stooping. We examined the ground; and the Geologist, whose opinion carries weight, could discover no appearance of artificial elevation.

Descending from the moor by a different route we soon exchanged it for views of pleasanter landscape on the east: of Gulval, whither folk once resorted to consult a spring concerning their absent friends; of Hea, where a rock, on which John Wesley stood to preach, is built into the wall of the chapel, and of segments of the Bay always in the distance. Then the trees and hedges again; and now you see how the slopes towards Penzance are protected by higher ground to the north and west, round to Newlyn. Beyond this village the wood becomes scanty, and soon disappears, as may be seen when sailing past it. We were upon that remarkable belt of land which surrounds Penzance with most satisfactory proofs of what may be done by cultivation under favourable circumstances. The soil is a decomposed greenstone, of such fertility that the thousand acres it includes have for many

years produced an annual rental of 10,000*l*. Here are grown the 'early kidneys,' so much in request in the London market, where they arrive as soon as those raised by forcing. The first crop produces three hundred, and the second, four hundred bushels to the acre. Brocoli are fit for the table at Christmas, cabbage in February, turnips in March, and peas in May: and all, be it remembered, without forcing. Here, too, plants from Australia and New Zealand flourish in the open air, which at Kew will grow only under glass. To protect the early crops from the effect of hoar-frost, it is usual to allow the smoke of a low fire to drift across the surface of the field, the current thereby established being found to prevent the deposit of the chilly rime.

The "perpetual spring" which some writers attribute to our south-western counties has something to do with this productiveness. From the Orkneys down to Cornwall there is an increase of one degree of temperature for every one hundred and eleven miles; the mean of the year being 46° in the north, and 52° at Penzance. From east to west the increase is one degree for every sixty-six miles; and while the winter temperature of Greenwich is 35°, that of Penzance is 42°. This part of Cornwall has thus a winter less cold by many degrees than any other part of the kingdom. The first traces of vegetation appear earlier in this county, as already mentioned, than on the opposite side of the Channel, or in the north of Italy. But there are modifying circumstances; and unless these are taken into account, the idea suggested by "perpetual spring" will prove fallacious. Owing to the narrowness of the county, and its position between two seas, the Cornish summer is not so hot as in counties three or four hundred miles nearer the north; the harvest is later; and the air, loaded with damp, while it retards the ripening of grain, produces on some constitutions a feeling of languor and depression unknown in a drier atmosphere. Though the difference of temperature between the two seasons be much less than in other places, approaching to equability, and though the winter be mild, it is wet, and the summer is cool and humid. These are considerations not to be lost sight of in discussing the important question of change of air. Whether on the cliffs of Devonshire or Cornwall, there were few days on which I did not find my

overcoat acceptable, and the evenings were almost invariably chilly.

^ Another modifying influence is in the quantity of rain. The average yearly rain-fall in Cornwall is 44 inches; in Middlesex it is 24 inches. The popular saying that "Cornwall will take a shower every day in the week, and two on Sundays," is thus seen to have had a substantial origin. More, however, falls in other places. Round Dartmoor the quantity is 53 inches; at Princeton, on the top of the moor, it amounts to 72 inches; while at Seathwaite, in Cumberland, it is 146 inches. The fall in Cornwall is least in April and most in November, with gradual increase and decrease in the two periods. In 1847-48 rain fell at Penzance every day for nine months. In the winter months the sea is from 4° to 8° warmer than the land; hence the little snow that falls is soon melted along the borders of the coast. At times a gusty drizzle sets in and lasts for two or three weeks, making everything miserable out of doors, and damp within. That misty rain which saturated me at the Lizard, happily but for a few hours, was a specimen. The valleys, too, are subject to fogs. A remarkable visitation occurred in 1847 on the northern coast, where, during the summer, a fog, miles in length and width, crept in over the land at night, and in the day retreated far to seawards, where it could be seen resting, a dense, unbroken cloud. Then there are the terrific winds in the early months of the year, which carry the salt spray ten miles inland, so that it may be tasted on window-panes and the blade of corn. At times it destroys whole acres of young wheat in the fields near the sea. You will see some of the old manor-houses built facing the east or south-east, regardless of the view from the front windows; the builders having preferred a site where the rear of the house would be sheltered by a low hill and a belt of trees.

But the Cornish winter is not a cheerless season: quite the reverse. Dwellers in Middlesex and the neighbouring counties have not unfrequently to lament that in some of the autumn and winter months the sky is covered with thick, leaden clouds, through which the sun never pierces for weeks. Such a state of things rarely occurs in Cornwall: if there be much rain, there is also much sunshine; more than falls to our share here in the east. Except on the extraordi-

nary occasions referred to, the rain seldom lasts beyond a few hours, and for one-half of the day the sun will be so bright and warm, that it is only by observing the vegetation you are reminded of January. Such a winter, as some think, more than compensates for the deficiencies of the summer; and we see that rain every day for nine months does not necessarily imply constant gloomy weather.

Exposed to all these influences, Cornwall, while producing potatoes and various kinds of vegetables in abundance, fails to produce such fruits as require a high degree of heat and continuous dry weather for their ripening. Gooseberries and black currants are plentiful round Penzance, and strawberries may often be bought at sixpence the gallon. Notwithstanding the damp, the climate is not unfavourable to health and longevity, as existing records sufficiently prove.

These few remarks on the climate of Cornwall may help towards the understanding of some of the phenomena of its vegetation as seen by one who walks along its cliffs and across its moors; and to indicate to others what they may expect to witness. My own experiences are favourable; for during my sojourn in the Duchy I had breezy, sunshiny weather, and saw but three showers.

But to our excursion. We stopped at the end of a lane, and ran down the steep hill to Barlowena Bottom to look at an old inscribed stone, which for many years served as the foot-bridge over the stream, by which it now stands erect, showing its obscure sculpture and inscription to the passer-by, and testifying of its rescuers, and of QUENATAVUS IODINUI FILIUS. Then on again; still on the fertile land, catching glimpses of country mansions; to the suburb of Chyandour, a name which smacks of the East in sound and orthography, and so to Penzance. The town improves on acquaintance; you remark signs of growth and vitality. The shambling thoroughfare, *Market-Jew Street*, has a few touches of the olden time about it. On the right, near the Town-Hall, is the house where Sir Humphry Davy was born; but with a modern front. The town, moreover, boasts a Public Library and News Room, a Natural History Society, a Cottagers' Garden Society; and is the head-quarters of the Geological Society of Cornwall, whose Museum contains

valuable specimens of all that the county produces related to their science.

The next day we had a trip to the Land's End. The chaise was sent on with the ladies to wait at a rendezvous, while the Geologist took me by pleasant field-paths across the teeming slopes to the west of the town. Everywhere the same wonderful fertility, and a glorious view over the whole expanse of the Bay, backed by the low, dark level line of the Lizard; so level, indeed, that Professor Sedgwick's description of it as apparently "planed off," will strike you as singularly appropriate. Emerging on the road at the end of about two miles we found the chaise, and rode on through Penwith, as the Land's End district is called. The road at first bowery; but after we passed Trereife and came upon the granite there was a change; the vegetation thinned off, and trees became few. The tall church-tower of Buryan will remind you of that at Probus: two old crosses stand near it. A little farther, and the road descends into a deep valley, and while passing, you see Penberth Cove at its mouth, where it meets the sea, and forms a romantic nook for a small fishing village and coast-guard station. Up the opposite side of the valley and you come to Treryn (pronounced Treen), a rude little village, the sight of which might make you fancy the world had gone back two hundred years. It will surprise you to see small houses built with such enormous unhewn stones: Cyclopean architecture. The windows are diminutive, and not made to open, that they may the better resist the wind. The carts and implements have a primitive look. Here and there you see one side of a shed formed of a single slab; and abundance of similar building material lies scattered round the outskirts. OMNIBUS TO LET, written on such a wall, seems very much out of place. The *Logan Rock Inn* is, however, a comfortable little hostelry, where visitors leave their vehicle while they walk to look at the Rock itself. On the parlour wall you will see an engraving, which represents Lieutenant Goldsmith busy with his tackling and machinery restoring to its place the stone he had so unceremoniously thrown down.

Across two or three fields, down a steep rocky declivity,

and you are at the foot of the granite pile, which, jutting outwards, forms a magnificent headland. It is known as Castle Treryn, from an ancient intrenchment once having occupied the whole area, still traceable in the remains of curved banks and mounds. A page of dumb history. It is not an easy scramble up to the Rock which crowns the summit. Now you have an awkward slope; now but a narrow foothold; now to spring and get a good finger-grip; at last you are on the top and by the side of the famous stone. It is seventeen feet in length, thirty feet in circumference, and is estimated to weigh sixty-six tons. It rests by a flat boss on the rock beneath, and on a short iron bolt, in such a way as made me suspect, that whatever it might have been, it was no longer a rocking-stone. The holes drilled in it for the raising still remain. I was peering about when the Geologist, who in virtue of his experience had remained below, shouted his directions for the rocking: "Put your shoulder there, and heave." I bent my back, and heaved with might and main, but to no purpose; the stone remained immovable as the huge masses beneath. "Try the other side!" I tried the other side, and with the same result. Hereupon the Geologist, incredulous, or unwilling to lose a local phenomenon, pulled off his coat, and scrambling up, came to my assistance. But two pairs of shoulders were of no more avail than one. The gravity of the mass was too much for us. "You had better not say anything about it," he hinted, as he scrambled down again, "for people won't come here if they know the stone won't log." In which case Treryn would again become the Deserted Village as it did when the Lieutenant, nephew of the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, overthrew its Logan Rock; and the guides who now hang about on the arrival of visitors would no longer need to appear in the landscape.

The promontory is made up of four massive rocky elevations, with rude gaps between, carpeted with soft turf; and everywhere in the crevices you see forests of moss and ferns. I climbed out upon the loftiest, whence there is a view of the cliffs in either direction, and down to the jutting base, nearly two hundred feet below. Here, again, the huge blocks of granite appear to be piled by art, presenting so many combinations of form and colour, so many ins and outs, that one

might well spend a whole summer day in exploring them. The cape is a loftier Peninnis; but it did not make the same impression on me as the Head of Scilly. Where so much of the effect depends on the living movement of another element, one must not be elevated too high above the surface of the foaming water.

A shrill whistle summoned me away. I scrambled over the rock barrier once more, rejoined the party, and we continued our journey. The road, which had been pretty good up to the village, now becomes worse at every furlong; the fences and walls are ruder; if possible, more Cyclopean. Some of the smaller houses, indeed, might be taken for stony hummocks of Nature's own fashioning.

But the soil is fertile, disguised though it be by stone and furze. You see numerous small holdings: some under good cultivation; others but partially cleared. The district supplies tenants who take the land on a lease, and in many instances succeed in paying the cost of reclamation by the first crop of potatoes. By good management afterwards they get from ten to sixteen tons to the acre, and then go on to barley and wheat. Should this continue, West Penwith will cease to look desolate; and a succession of fruitful fields will be seen even to the Land's End. Nor is live stock wanting, especially pigs; and, looking at these, you will see how great has been the improvement upon the Cornish grunter of twenty-five years ago: it was, we are told, "a large, whitish, long-sided, heavy boned, razor-backed animal;" and is not yet entirely extinct. In other parts of the county the miners, each taking a little patch, have cleared much of the waste. There are two thousand such tenants on the estates of the Earl of Falmouth.

I watched for the last trees, and saw them: two miserable scrubs, very paupers of vegetation, that could do nothing but crouch in terror away from the wind. Then rougher roads and ruder walks, and the wild waste spreading out as though it were the confines of chaos. Yet look on the sheltered side of the stones, and you will see graceful ferns, and the coarse turf everywhere gay with flowers.

Two miles from the Logan Rock we caught a glimpse of Tol-pedn-Penwith on the left, and soon after passing Trevescan, the westernmost village of England, we came to the top

of a slope, from which the ground falls away to the edge of the cliffs. There was the sea before us, and there the Land's End.

I thought to find a complete solitude; but a public-house, the *Land's End Inn*, and outbuildings, stand near the cliff, and are felt to be an intrusion; and the more unnecessary, as 'good entertainment' is to be got at Sennen, but half a mile off. We left the chaise and made our way, literally, to the end of our excursion. Near the edge the ground declines so rapidly that the height of the cliff is diminished to about sixty feet. You get through a broken ridge of rocks to a small triangular table of turf, from which the precipice descends sheer to the sea, and that is the Land's End. Those who expect to see a towering or far-stretching promontory will be disappointed. We form our ideas from ordinary maps, and imagine England's utmost cape to be a narrow tongue thrust out from the firm shore along which we may walk to meet the advancing waves. But we find the reality to be merely a protruding shoulder or buttress of the vast irregular bluff that terminates the county. Cape Cornwall, which looks so grand about two miles distant, appears to extend farther to the west than the Land's End.

Sit still and gaze: the scene grows upon you. Here the two Channels commingle with the ocean; and far out as eye can reach, and round on either hand till it meets the remotest point of the rugged shore, stretches the watery expanse. The billows come tumbling in, and break in thunder at the base of the cliffs, dashing the impatient spray well-nigh to their summit. You may descend by steep paths to a lower level and see the cavernous opening which their plunging assaults have worn through from one side of the buttress to the other. With what fury they rush into the recess, and make horrid whirlpools behind the mass which some day will be an isolated member of the rocky group scattered along the shore! There, on the largest of the cluster, nearly two miles from shore, stands the Longships Lighthouse, and all between is foam and swirl; waves running together and leaping high with the shock: a dangerous channel, known as the Kettle's Bottom. See how the water chafes around the Armed Knight there on the left, and the Irish Lady on the right, and all the nameless lumps! Yonder, under the

Cape, at the extremity of Whitesand Bay, are the Brisons, invested by shipwreck with a fearful interest.

We scrambled about in all directions ; and looked at that curious lump of rock, Dr. Johnson's Head, which really presents some likeness to the profile of the great lexicographer ; now on one of the higher peaks ; now descending to some hollow, from which the structure of the cliffs can be well seen. The granite is piled in columns with almost the regularity of basalt. In one of the buttresses the Geologist pointed out a raised beach ; a well-defined stratum of pebbles and boulders imbedded in the cliff about twenty feet above the present beach. You see their identity : there is no difference between the pebbles and boulders now washed by the sea and those against which it broke long ages ago. This beach is but one of a series, which are traceable at intervals all round the coast, from Lyme Regis to Bridgewater. Unmistakable evidence of upheaval on a great scale. . So gradual is the slope of the sea bottom, that, as geologists tell us, were the water withdrawn, the land would appear to be a mountainous mass rising from an immense plain.

After relieving the provision-basket of most of its contents we took the road to Botallack. Through Sennen, where the swinging sign of the tavern bears on one side *The First Inn in England* : on the other, *The Last Inn in England*. Which notification, by-the-way, can hardly be considered accurate, since the opening of *The Land's End Inn*. Then the wild country again ; here and there some ancient ring-fortress, and rock-basins, and mines visible towards the north. Four miles of this and we come to St. Just, a church town, as the Cornish have it, which, where the apparently inevitable unfinished appearance prevails, and the bareness is but poorly relieved by the numerous pairs of miners' trousers that hang to dry on the fences all about the village.

I have heard of a miner who, while giving evidence in court, was questioned as to the character of a boy who was to follow him in the witness-box. "Do you know him," asked the magistrate ; "is he a good boy ; does he tell the truth ?"

"Yes, Sur ! I have know'd him ever sence he was born.

He's a good boy, Sur, he is. He always tells the truth. He'll even tell a little more 'n the truth, Sur."

A mile farther, the road changing from bad to worse, and you arrive on a brow that looks down upon the rugged gap in the cliffs in which Botallack Mine is situate. Here the granite is masked by walls of slate, the remains of great masses which have been washed away. Nearer the Land's End the granite is laid bare; and granite, as was remarked of the serpentine, has greater power of resistance. Instead of the piles of smooth, red blocks, you see precipitous crags, purple and gray, broken into all imaginable forms of ruggedness. And the wonder is to see large steam-engines, a stamping-mill, and the bulky machinery of a mine perched among these crags, in what at first sight appear to be inaccessible situations. All is noise and bustle. Those descending 'kibbles' go down to depths fathoms beneath the sea. In some places, tempted by the rich ore, the miners have dug away the rock till but six or eight feet are left between their galleries and the water. The sea broke in once, but has been plugged out. Yet in stormy weather, when the waves dash heavily on the shore, and the big pebbles roll to and fro with the advance and recoil, the noise is so terrific underneath, that the miners themselves abandon the workings in dismay.

We went first to the platform on the summit of the cliff where the copper ore is drawn up. Standing here, at the height of three hundred feet, a striking view is obtained of the extraordinary scene, accompanied by a slight feeling of insecurity as the strokes of the labouring engine vibrate through the wooden stage. Below, where the mighty pumps pursue their ceaseless task, you see a red torrent tumbling into the sea, spreading its discoloration around on the waters in great clouds that thin off into curious tints where they are lost in the green. What a singular contrast between the red foam and the white, as the breakers leap on the foot of the cliff! The rocks, too, are red in places, and the platforms and the paths—all caused by a slight mixture of iron with the ore; and you wonder how the women engaged in sorting and washing keep themselves so clean.

Down to a lower platform. Here greater supplies of ore;

every minute the heavy heaps from below poured out from the ascending kibble, and men wheeling it away to larger heaps, while more women, and boys and girls, pick and separate the various qualities; all red, and all busy; for here the labour goes on as in a factory. I could not help thinking of those deep down in the underground darkness by whom the industry was maintained—theirs the rudest task. The ore was coming up in great abundance, and of excellent quality; and every one was, in consequence, in excellent spirits; and then there was the free air and bright sunshine. Some years ago the mine was abandoned as unprofitable.

Ever you hear the din of the stampers, the gush of the pumps, the clank of machinery, and the restless wash of the sea below. There are tramways, too, and trains of wagons running to and fro, and men and boys scrambling up and down paths that seem too steep for a goat.

Then down to Crown Rock, on which stands another engine: one of the largest in Cornwall. Only by lowering it two hundred feet from the top of the cliff could it be got into position. Watch with what deliberate movement it works the pumps, and you will have an idea of its tremendous power. How amply it maintains the red torrent pouring into the sea. Walk round it, and look up. The scene is still more astonishing than when viewed from above. You no longer see the breadth of the crags, and the sheds, the wagons on the tramways, the offices of the overlookers, and the great beams of the machinery appear more as if growing out of the cliff than resting on its projections. At Levant Mine, about a mile to the east, and at others near Cape Cornwall, there are similar combinations of machinery and crags, and galleries under the bed of the sea; but Botallack is considered to be that which best repays a visit.

I had no motive sufficiently strong to induce me to descend into the darkness, and the foul, heated air of the mine, where, being very near-sighted in an imperfect light, I should have been disappointed. On returning up the hill I went into a gallery pierced from the level of the road, and saw a solitary miner on his knees, cutting out the ore with mallet and chisel, lighted by a single candle. Here was enough to show

what a gallery is beyond the reach of daylight, and the way in which the excavation is carried on. I could not have seen more fathoms deep below the surface.

On our return we passed the new church of Pendeen, the village where Borlase was born; and a mile or two farther saw the church of Ludgvan, in which he was buried. His memory is dear to Cornishmen, for his writings show him to have been proud of his native county. And though but a glimpse, we saw the difference between the two coasts of Cornwall: whatever is bald and barren on the southern is balder and more barren on the northern. To enter the fertile belt from the latter is to find newer charms in its luxuriance.

To the student of the Past the neighbourhood of Penzance offers an ample field for speculation and research. Should he not believe the Land's End to be the ancient *Bolerium*, the Lizard the *Ocrinum*, St. Michael's Mount the hoary *Iktis*, he may re-examine the question with all the evidence before him on the spot. He may visit the remains of Druidical temples, which, having a circle of nineteen stones, are traced to the same origin as Stonehenge, where the inner circle has also nineteen. He may explore the misty fable that Apollo used to visit Cornwall once in nineteen years, the "great year" of the Greeks; and perhaps without discovering any connexion between the visits of the mythical deity and the rings of nineteen monoliths. He may examine the theories which derive the names of places from a Persian or other Eastern source; and come to the conclusion that the names, after all, are good, honest Celtic. But when he comes to consider the question of trade, he will find testimony over which a lifetime need not be spent to discover its meaning. Ancient smelting-places—locally 'Jews' houses'—have been discovered at Trereife and Marazion: shallow pits containing ashes, pieces of charred wood, circular lumps of tin called 'Jews' bowls,' and other relics of early industry. The rude smelting operations of the South American Indians are still carried on in pits similarly constructed. Many of these relics, and among them an ancient 'pig' or ingot of tin, may be seen in the local museums.

To see St. Michael's Mount and not recall its associations is scarcely possible. Alike an object of interest to him who

delights in olden legends, him who scans its rocks with the eye of science, to the poet and philosopher, its picturesque form and remarkable history fail not to detain for a while the passing traveller. It carries you back to the primeval times. Hither, while the Greeks were besieging Troy, and the Jews built their Temple, came the proud Phenicians in their galleys to purchase tin of the barbarian islanders. On this point, a local antiquary, not having the fear of the grammarians before his eyes, shows with learned argument that Diodorus Siculus names the Mount *Iktin*, and not *Iktis*. *Iktin* signifies Tin-port; and the native name for the Mount being *Bré*, the Phenicians called the metal purchased here *Bré-tin*, to distinguish it from that derived from Spain. These postulates made out, the term Britain becomes an easy deduction from *Brétin*.

Little dreamed those haughty Tyrian merchants that the remote fog-encircled land would become the abode of a mightier people when their own glory had passed away for ever. There is lapse enough since their day for ages of history, from which the Mount emerges once more about the time of the Sea-Kings, and appears in annals of the Heph-tarchy. Jews, seeking the shores of the bay by choice or banishment, founded the adjacent town, the present Marazion; formerly, as some authorities say, *Margha-Zion*—Market of the Mount. Theirs were the smelting-pits, doubtless used to good profit, over which the mineralogist and antiquary now pore with wondering interest. Again the Mount appears in the turbulent era of the Plantagenets: Richard I. conferred certain privileges on it. Catherine Gordon made it an abiding-place, while her husband, Perkin Warbeck, skirmished for a kingdom; and the "Cornish rebels" held it for a time in a later reign. Moreover, here it was that, in the year 495, St. Michael, seated in an uncomfortable recess of the rocks, still known as the Archangel's Chair, appeared to a few poor fishermen. And here, on the summit, to preserve the memory of the visit and the sanctity of the spot, a Cornish saint built a priory, which was for years the resort of thousands of pilgrims. But in the caprices of fortune the growing establishment was made to serve for purposes of war as well as religion, to shelter at the same time soldiers and monks, while its walls were

strengthened and mounted with cannon. About the time of the Great Plague it passed into the hands of the St. Aubyns, and thenceforward the history of the Mount is comprised in the domestic record of rebuilding and alterations, and the arrival and departure of distinguished visitors.

And besides all this, there is the geological question. The Mount, which now stands about two hundred yards from the shore, completely isolated at high water, was once described as the "Hoar Rock in the Wood:" a hill of stone, as we are to suppose, rising from the heart of a forest that grew and flourished on land now deeply covered by the wide-sweeping waters of the bay. Dig down some three feet into the sand, and you find roots, twigs, and branches firmly imbedded in vegetable mould, and among them ripe nuts, and portions of the horny cases of beetles, which still glisten with prismatic hues on exposure to the sun. If, as some believe, the land extended as far out as a line drawn from Mousehole to Cudden Point, the whole of the present bay, an area to be reckoned by miles; may have been forest and meadow. How then did the Phenicians, as we are told they did, bring their shallops up to the foot of the Mount? for the submergence must have taken place since their day.

The old chronicler, Florence of Worcester, relates, that "on the third day of the nones of November, 1099, the sea came out upon the shore, and buried towns and men very many, and oxen and sheep innumerable." Was this the same convulsion that ravaged the coasts of Cornwall, and worked terrible havoc in many parts of the kingdom? The season of the year mentioned corresponds to ripe nuts; and for the rest we are left to conjecture. The certainties of the question are, that the sea within the past eighty years has devoured the fields where the people of Penzance were wont to take their pleasure in sports and pastimes, and that year by year the few remaining acres diminish. This may be but the natural advance of the submerging process. The apprehensions excited by the hurricane of 1817 have been already mentioned.

A brief residence on the shore of Mount's Bay will make you acquainted with other of its phenomena. Extraordinary oscillations of the sea sometimes occur even in calm weather, caused by storms in the Atlantic. High swells roll in with-

out warning, except the noise they make in the distance, and fall heavily on the beach, sweeping all before them. At such times fishing-boats anchored near rocks incur great risks, and lives have been lost in the effort to prevent a shock. Sir Henry de la Beche records himself to have been more than once in danger from these ground-swells during his survey of the cliffs. Minor movements take place from differences of atmospheric pressure: a fall of half an inch of the barometer elevates the sea in some parts of the Channel nearly a foot above the level of other parts. But the greatest disturbances happen at long intervals. Ten times within the present century the sea has come driving in, all on a sudden, in great roaring waves that dash far up the low beaches and make the tallest cliffs tremble again. On the last occasion, in May, 1847, people walking along the causeway to the Mount had a narrow escape from an unexpected rush of this nature, which was repeated several times in the course of the day, and was felt along the coast as far as Plymouth. The cause is considered to be an upheaval of some part of the ocean bottom by an earthquake. Here, too, you may hear that singular phenomenon the calling of the sea; and observe a low fog come creeping out of Loo Pool towards the southwest, whenever the wind is about to blow from that quarter.

As I walked from Marazion Road Station to the Mount, I saw the causeway disappear under the rising tide.

“Who knows not Mighel’s Mount and Chaire, the Pilgrim’s holy vaunt,
Both land and Island, twice a day; both fort, and port of haunt.”

A man offered to row me across for three shillings; but when remonstrated with on the exorbitancy of his demand, reduced it one-half, not to be paid till he had brought me back again. The harbour is a well-sheltered little bay on the landward side of the Mount, bordered by a small breadth of level ground, on which about fifty houses are built. “Don’t forget to look at the Queen’s footstep,” said the boatman, as I ran up the stairs of the pier. It would not be easy to overlook the long narrow sole of brass let into the topmost step, or the inscription on the wall recording the Royal visit. From the level you cross a turfy slope to the uneven, curving, rocky path that leads up to the summit. In some places steps are cut to facilitate the ascent, while the masses

of granite, hung with ferns and grasses, most numerous where the crystal spring bubbles up, and small trees growing here and there from the crevices, rise steeply on the left. Near the top stands a saluting battery, with guns peeping from its embrasures, and the path, bending sharply round past an imposing stone cross, brings you to the door of the castle. Visitors are permitted to view the interior. You will see the breakfast-room, the Chevy Chase room, a few pictures, a portrait by Opie, handsome oak carvings, antique ivories, the chapel and its dungeon, the terrace; and then, conducted to a low door, you will be left to find your way up the narrow winding stair to the top of the tower. It is very narrow, and the space within the parapet on the top corresponds therewith; but you can stand and look at the magnificent prospect, and that is enough. The whole of the bay is before you, from the Lizard to Mousehole, the great curve of the shore, the green uplands, the bare moor beyond, Penzance with charming aspect, the port and Marazion immediately beneath, and all the rugged, strangely-piled surface of the rock itself. The Mount is nearly two hundred feet high, and the tower another hundred, so that you have a commanding outlook. You can survey the territory on which you stand with ease, for it is but a mile in circumference. At one corner of the tower you will see the broken turret to which the name of St. Michael's Chair has been transferred; and may climb into it from the parapet if to run needless risks be one of your pleasures. It is said to have virtues similar to those of St. Keyne's Well: the rule remains to the man or woman who after pronouncing the matrimonial vow shall first sit in it.

On descending from the tower you lay down a shilling, sign your name in a book, and may then ramble at pleasure round the base of the Mount.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Look at St. Ives—The Sand-hills—Their mischievous Phenomena—Sand as a Fertilizer—Hayle—Camborne—Among the Mines—Carn Brea—The Druids again—The Mining Folk—Their Perils—Man-machines—Redruth—An Autobiography—A Hundred Pounds Lost—The Old Shareholder—Gwennap Pit—John Wesley's Preaching—The Whit-Monday Gatherings—St. Day—Scotchmen in Cornwall—St. Agnes—Tea-table Talk—The Beacon—The Vernacular—The Captains—Picking out the Eyes—The Head—The Harbour—Sunset—Opie's Birthplace—Behind the Bar—A Morning Walk—A Steam-boat Excursion—The Truro River—St. Just in Roseland—The Vicar's Garden—The Bazaar—Music and Dancing—A Lounge on the Hay—The Concert—Fireworks—A Late Return—A Midnight Walk.

FROM Marazion to the bottom of the estuary on which Hayle is situate is but an hour's walk; so near do the two Channels approach at this part of the county. Go by rail to St. Ives Road Station; and if you wish to have a chat with fishwomen who are carrying basketfuls of their scaly merchandise from one port to the other, take a third-class ticket, and you will come to some conclusions respecting human nature under one of its sturdy aspects. Alighting in company, they will be your companions till you come to the top of the ascent which commands St. Ives, and there, while they trudge onwards, sit down and look at what is before you. Not a handsome town—quite the reverse—appears to be in process of dilapidation, and to have been built without any regard to order. Travellers to the Mediterranean say that it reminds them of towns on the shores of Greece: unrestrained and picturesque. As your eye roams over the scene, the broken ground, the deep bay, and the bold cliffs, all lit by the sun, you will not regret having turned aside to gaze upon it. It is a good preparation for what you have yet to see on the northern coast. That is the bay where, as Borlase told Pennant, two hundred and forty-five millions of

pilchards were inclosed in the nets, at one haul, in October, 1767.

Do not disenchant yourself by going down into the town, but strike off the nearest way along the cliffs for Hayle. You will come close to some of the sand-hills, which are doing for the north side of Cornwall what the sea has done on the south. For miles along this northern coast has the land been buried by these fugitive sands, together with churches, fields, and houses. At times a fiercer gale than usual strips off the accumulated layers, and old, melancholy gable-peaks and bits of walls exhibit themselves to the light of day, till the impatient winds cover them up again. The sandy inundation would appear to be resistless, and yet water stops its advance. Let but a narrow stream cross its path, and it is at once stayed; and singular is the sight to see mounds of sand closely bordering the brook on one side, high above the untouched surface on the other. In some instances where dams have been thoughtlessly constructed for the mining-works, the sands have crept across the stream and onward over the country. In this way a church which, to save it from the inroad, had been removed across a brook, was ultimately encroached on and buried. The mischief would be greater than it is, but for a species of grass—the *arundo arenaria*—which, planted in the shifting drifts, checks their farther advance.

These sands, known locally as 'towans,' or downs, are blown in by the north-west gales, which howl such fierce music along the northern coast of Cornwall. They are very light, being composed of finely comminuted shells; and it is said are borne inland as far as the spray. In fact, the spray is regarded as the bearer of the sand. The height of the hills, from one hundred to three hundred feet, is a sufficient evidence of the prodigious accumulation. When it first took place is uncertain; but, judging from certain coins dug up at Hayle, the supposition is that it began about the middle of the fifth century, just before the departure of the Romans.

The sands are at once an injury and a benefit. Shelly matter is one of the best of fertilizing substances, as Cornish farmers found out centuries ago. By an Act passed in 1609 any one was permitted to dig from the shore under high-water mark, as, to quote the words, "the sea-sand, by longe

trial and experience, hath been found to be very profitable for the bettering of land, and especially for the increase of corn and tillage within the counties of Devon and Cornwall." Some sixty years later, Dr. Cox, describing the valuable fertilizing properties of the sand in a communication to the Royal Society, deploras the little use made of it at that time. "Tinn and fish," he says, "are two noble staples of the county; and this of sea-sand (if I mistake not) may be so ordered as to be as good as either." The Doctor was not mistaken; for the sand is now so much in request, that a canal and tramways scarcely suffice for its transport into the interior, to say nothing of the quantity removed by wagons and carts, and on horseback. Hundreds of tons are conveyed away from Bude and Padstow every day; and the supply is inexhaustible, for the returning tide refills the gaps. Thus a constant interchange goes on between the sea and the land: forty million tons of water are every year pumped out from the mines; and seven million cubic feet of sand are lifted and spread over the fields. And near Bude, owing to the presence of an oxide of iron in the water that soaks through, the drifts are slowly consolidating into sandstone, which has already been used for building purposes. A similar formation may be seen on the shore of St. Ives Bay, not far from Godrevy; and you may witness with your own eyes how one of Nature's great geological processes is carried on.

While passing the long embankment of the Hayle estuary you will have another characteristic Cornish picture before you. On one side Lelant (a name in which some see *Les landes* of Brittany), dotting the wood-sprinkled slopes; on the other, the busy town, making room for its famous foundries on the hill-side; and between, a broad surface of sand furrowed by a sluggish river, and the harbour with its ships. Hither is brought the sand we saw in our walk round the Lizard; and until Mr. Scott Russell cast the cylinders for his mammoth iron steamer, Hayle produced the largest cylinders in the world. Fifty years ago copper was smelted here, and you may still see the greenish-yellow discoloration on some of the windows. Now it is found cheaper to send the ore to be smelted at Swansea, than to fetch coal for the process from Wales.

I left the train again at Camborne, for a walk among the mines: a town with a thriving look; its temporary features vanishing into the outskirts. Before you are clear of the houses you hear the vigorous noises of mining industry; and for miles around the face of the country is cut up by mining-works. But all is not barren: gardens, plantations, and parks are interspersed, appearing the more verdurous by the contrast. At the village of Tuckermill you see a remarkably pretty church, and an air of rurality; but once up the ascent beyond, and the crowd of mines is greater. Now Carn Brea Hill comes into view on the right. Another mile; then taking one of the numerous by-lanes, you cross a region of red and gray soil, cut up by tramways, covered by sheds and machinery, where labour appears to be much more a task than an employment; and scrambling on as best you can, you arrive presently on the furzy side of the hill. Make for the summit: it is steep, and seven hundred and fifty feet high. In any other place its aspect would be thought surly; but here its brakes and tangle, and patches of coarse grass, look beautiful by contrast; and you may imagine the hill to be a perpetual lesson to the neighbourhood. Every year the tender herb sprouts anew, the gorse renews its golden blossoms, and the ferns expand their graceful fronds: things of beauty for human eyes to look on if they will.

Most obtrusive on the top is the tall monument erected in memory of Lord de Dunstanville; but most remarkable are the old castle, and the huge boulders, that look as if they scarcely belonged to the spot. Pebbles forty feet long and twenty in girth. One mass resembles a whale somewhat compressed; and other strange shapes lie around, and rock-basins in all stages of formation. No wonder Borlase saw here the chief of Druidical high-places! To quote our rhymester once more:

"Be thou thy mother Nature's work, or proof of giant's might?

Worthlesse and ragged though thou show, yet art thou worth the sight."

The castle, which stands at the end towards Redruth, is one of those rude undeveloped structures such as a reiving Johnstone might have built. It is so placed among the lumps of granite, that while one corner has only one story, the other has three.

But the prospect! It is "goodly" only in the money-

making sense ; and perhaps not always in that. All round the horizon, except where the Bristol Channel comes in, you see mines : a hungry landscape, everywhere deformed by small mountains of many-coloured refuse ; traversed in all directions by narrow paths and winding roads, by streams of foul water, by screaming locomotives with hurrying trains ; while wheels and whims, and miles of pumping-rods, whirling and vibrating, and the forest of tall beams, make up an astonishing maze of machinery and motion. Giant arms of steam-engines swing up and down ; and the stamping-mills appear to try which can thunder loudest, proclaiming afar the progress made in disembowelling the bountiful old earth.

And the population by whom all this is accomplished : though in the main they answer to my friend the Geologist's description, "a rough lot," you will see, as you saw in the market-place at Truro, a marked difference between miners and field-labourers. The intelligence gleaming in their eyes, and their general expression, denote a habit of thinking for themselves, as you will find by their shrewd remarks, if you get into talk with them. In daily conflict with rude circumstances, their native resources are developed and multiplied. Their ingenuity is manifest in the numerous improvements they have made in their tools and machinery. They will pierce a shaft in two or three different divisions : one party working from the surface, another from one of the uppermost galleries, and a third from the deeper workings, and, when complete, the several portions of the shaft shall all meet in a true perpendicular. Their risks are great. According to Dr. Barham, one-half of the miners die of consumption between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. Some are killed every year by falling from the ladders in their ascent or descent ; and numbers maimed by the daily blastings, in which the county explodes three hundred tons of gunpowder annually. In Gwennap the deaths by violence are one in five. In Union Mine, in the same parish, one of the levels could only be worked when the wind was south, or south-east ; but the instant a change occurred at the surface the men had to fly for their lives, to escape a deadly gas that then issued from the fissures of the rock. The evil was at length cured by a communication with the shaft. The temperature at the bottom of the United Mines has ranged

from 104° to 111° ; and in this the miners had to work. A stream of water at 98° ran through the same level; and an attempt was made to mitigate the heat by sending in at a few yards' distance a fall of cold water, which lowered the temperature near it fourteen degrees. The men, who worked naked, would rush from the end of the level, stand for a minute or two under the cold torrent, and then back to their labour again. To climb three hundred fathoms of ladders after such exhaustion must be terrible. But in Fowey Consols, the United, and Trevasean Mines, 'man-machines' have been introduced: platforms affixed to rods which rise or fall twelve feet at every stroke of the engine, and carry the men up or down without any exertion on their part but that of stepping from one platform to another as they meet. To descend 1700 feet requires twenty-five minutes. Saved from the fatigue of climbing, the men can work below for eight hours at a spell instead of six hours, as before; and they will walk a long distance underground to go up by the machine. What the underground distances are may be judged of by the Consolidated Mines, 1800 feet deep and two miles in length; in which, from 1820 to 1840, sixty-three miles of gallery were sunk and driven for the mere purpose of discovery, at a cost of 300,000*l*. Some asthmatic miners prefer the deepest mines, as their complaint is temporarily relieved by the additional dose of oxygen contained in the air at great depths.

Formerly no one would have thought it profitable to work a lode for copper in granite; now one of the best copper-mines in Cornwall, Trevasean, is entirely in the granite. Tin and copper rarely occur together in the same vein; sometimes tin is first met with, and worked for a while, till it disappears. The miners then following in search, come upon copper, which may give them employment for years. Occasionally the tin continues for a considerable depth; and in some instances a vein of copper is met with, breaking through and pushing it out of its course. In Carn Brea Mine a lode was once abandoned as unprofitable, being diminished to a mere thread, so closely did the walls of rock 'wring up,' or approach each other; but after a time, the excavations having been continued, the ore was found to thicken and expand into a vein that well repaid the adven-

turers. An interesting chapter might be written about such mining chances.

From Carn Brea Castle you see Redruth, and a track leading down to the road. The railway crosses to the town on a lofty timbered viaduct, the Station is on the top of a steep hill, and one-half of the houses look down on the other half. I stayed to drink a glass of ale with my crust, and the landlord of the house, hearing me inquire for Gwennap Pit, offered to accompany me. He was going with an old friend of his to a funeral at St. Day, and it would not be "out of their way to speak of" to go round by the amphitheatre. They would soon be ready; and presently they appeared, dressed in glossy black.

We walked slowly up the hill, for the afternoon was warm, talking as we went. The landlord took up the autobiographical vein: "I was a miner myself once," he said, "and worked underground for many a year; part of the time in Mexico. A dead take-in some of them Mexican mines. Two of my boys are settled in America, and doing well. I have been over once to see them, and mean to go again. I didn't take on with the drink as some do, and in time I saved money enough to take the house there in Redruth; and now I'm as comfortable as I'd wish to be."

Mines everywhere in sight again when we came to the top of the hill; some indicated by abandoned mounds of rubbish: monuments of ruin. "Do you see that?" continued the host, pointing to a stony patch of ground with a hole in it. "I lost a hundred pounds there; and no chance of ever getting it back again. There's some thinks of trying it again next week; but I don't think they'll ever get copper out of that hole. 'Tis wonderful the money that's lost in mines: where one wins, twenty loses. And then there's always plenty to do with shares; everybody likes to try his luck with them."

"There's the old man, now," he went on, speaking of his companion, who had fallen into the rear; "he looks respectable and comfortable enough, don't he? You see, he was a shoemaker, but didn't make much out at it, though he wasn't so very free with what he earned. Well, a year or two ago, one day when he was a little 'sprung,' he goes to a place where shares was selling by auction, and bids for a lot as

bold as brass. He got 'em for a trifle just; for you see the mine didn't pay, and people laughed at him. But lo, and behold! before a month was over they struck a vein, that sent the shares up, and they have been up ever since; and now the old 'un gets enough out of 'em to keep him comfortable. He'd never have bid for 'em if he hadn't been sprung."

In talk of this sort we shortened the two miles to Gwennap. The Pit lies a few yards off the road. You see a perpendicular green bank, and climbing up, find yourself on the rim of a spacious oval amphitheatre of twelve grades, all smoothly covered with turf. It is much smaller than the engravings of the original rugged excavation in which John Wesley preached to such great multitudes would lead you to imagine. To that zealous missionary's preaching the place owes its interest. Bearing in mind the debasement into which the working population had sunk in the reigns of the Georges, one could not regard without interest the spot where thousands of the benighted, flocking together to listen, first learned they had a conscience. The Pit has been ever since a favourite meeting-place of the Wesleyans; and on Whit-Monday they assemble to the number of thirty thousand to hold an annual celebration. In my simplicity I believed this to be a great gathering of the godly-minded; but the truth appears to be, that while the seats of the Pit are filled by those disposed to hearken to the speakers, cock-fighting, wrestling-matches, and other boisterous sports, enlivened by the beer-barrel, are going on in the immediate neighbourhood. The former spirit is perhaps declining. Cornwall, for prosperity, was once the pride and boast of Wesleyans: in 1844 they numbered, in the county and Isles, 21,642; in 1854, not more than 16,430.

The old man told me he had known the Pit for sixty years, and remembered when it was first shaped and laid down with turf; and when we came to St. Day (or locally, St. Dye) he pointed out a spot where a "grand old cross stood once;" but why it was removed, or whither, he could not tell. The innkeeper, accompanying me clear of the town, said, "I'd go with ye three or four mile further, if 'twasn't for the funeral. However, I can show ye a goodish bit of the way to St. Ann's from here;" and pointing to sundry chimneys and engine-houses as landmarks, he indicated my course by the shortest

route. We were about to separate, when, seeing a Scotch pedlar pass, he said: "That reminds me. Nigh upon thirty year ago, I was walking from Redruth to Stithians, when a man that was going along offered me half-a-crown to go to the top of the hill with him. I couldn't go myself, but I see a chap coming as I knew, and he went. Well, when they got to the top, the other one asked, What's the name of this place? What's the name of that place? How many people lives there? and a lot o' questions of that sort. And when he'd done, he paid the man his half-crown, and said, 'After this, there shall be Scotchmen in Cornwall.' And sure enough, before long, he opened a shop, and had men selling about among the miners." The story ended, I shook hands with the innkeeper, and we parted, mutually content with our brief acquaintance.

From St. Day to St. Agnes, or St. Ann's, as the natives have it, is about six miles: one-half a mining district with its attendant deformities, the other bleak moorland, at the extremity of which you see the Beacon. I arrived at the hotel just as a party of young Scotchmen were sitting down to a tea, which, in addition to the refreshing beverage, comprised a leg of mutton and black currant pie, and joined them forthwith. They were employés of the mines. One of them knew the old man I had recently parted with, and had tried more than once to induce him to sell his fortunate shares; but the venerable was proof against the offer of a daily leg of mutton, a bottle of wine, and a "tidy income" besides. It was easy to infer, from the conversation during the repast, that speculation in mining shares is keen in the mining district. This mine's paying; that one's losing; they're going to try Huel Faithless again, are the burden of discourse; and the working-man, with his slender savings, is too often tempted by the spirit of adventure. An admission was made that one had better not assume too much honesty for those who have most to do with mining shares.

St. Agnes Beacon is six hundred and twenty-one feet high, not difficult of access, and commands a fine prospect. But as I could not climb the hill and see the cliffs too, I preferred the latter. The way to the Head lay through one of the largest and noisiest mines of the district, where I met gangs of weary-looking men sauntering homewards from their

spell of work. One, to whom I talked, told me his earnings were not more than three pounds a month; but now and then he had made five pounds at 'tribute,' and thought himself fortunate. I had been struck by the homely dialect of the communicative innkeeper; here it was still more homely, if not ungraceful. I cannot attempt to write the conversation as it was spoken, and shall take leave to give a specimen of the vernacular from *The St. Agnes Boar Hunt*, a humorous poem. "The Beer," says a hoaxing miller to a terrified captain of mines—

"Ez laerjur* than a hoss.
He landed fust at Perran sands
From furrin paerts across."
* * *

"He've killed two hundurd cheldurn dead,
That I can sweer ez true,
I seed 'n clunk† one cheeld myself.
Aw loar! what shall us do?"

Whereupon the "cappen," waxing valiant, calls upon "every man that ez a man" to come forth with weapons and attack the monster :

"Lev‡ all your injuns§ idle stand,
Lev noan to work be found,
Doant lev a kibbal|| down a shaft,
Nor lev a whem go round.

Boath tutwork¶ men and tributers,**
And halveners** I say,
Lev every man that ez a man,
Come foath weth we to-day."

The effect of such a tongue from a number of men who, released from their labour, were loquacious as parrots, may be imagined.

¶ Some of the captains are remarkably intelligent men, having the best of experience—that gained by personal industry and observation. Hitherto they have had too little opportunity of knowing what has been accomplished by

* Larger. † Swallow. ‡ Let. § Engines.

|| Kibble is the large bucket in which the ore is drawn up.

¶ Miners at fixed wages.

** Miners on piece work, who are paid according to the quantity of ore they send up.

others; but Cornwall is removing her reproach by the establishment of a Mining School at Truro. Their talk, as you will find on drawing it out, is sagacious; and notice their look when you inquire if they know how to pick out the eyes of a mine. Proprietors of mines know full well that shareholders must be kept in good humour; and so they leave here and there a mass of the richer ore met with in their excavation; which masses are laid under contribution by the captains when the reputation of the mine begins to suffer, and are then dug out and sent to the surface. And this is called 'picking out the eyes of the mine.'

The ground is covered with refuse to the very edge of the cliffs, and there all the wider interstices are filled with tufts of heath and thyme struggling through to the air and sunshine. The precipices have that aspect of savage grandeur which characterises the northern coast; and an inlet running up into a craggy ravine forms St. Agnes' Harbour. Conspicuous about two miles from the shore you see the Boden Rocks, or, familiarly, the Man and his Man, and under the Head the detached mass of Carn Golla, and to the north-east Cligga Head shuts in the view. Here again the sea is clouded with the waste water, and the cliffs show streaks and stains of red. But seen in the light of the setting sun, all these discolorations produced a magical effect. The great arch of crimson and amber in the west, that seemed a portal glowing with remoter splendours, sent a stream of gorgeous light across the heaving waters, and lit the cliffs with glories not their own: all too soon to fade. Slowly the radiance crept from base to summit, and anon the cold gray crags resumed their stern expression.

What ingenuity can do when compelled by necessity is well exemplified in the harbours along this northern coast, where, for want of better, mere creeks, that seem fit only for fishing-boats, admit ships of two hundred tons burden. If surprised at St. Agnes, you will be still more surprised some days hence in the vicinity of Tintagel. After looking at the little port, I mounted to the top of the cliff on the opposite side, where the ground has been so ransacked that it may be said to be literally turned inside out, and pits and holes on every side impose watchfulness and a wary footstep. In returning to the town along the bottom of the ravine, some portions of

it reminded me of the view of Noss. Though the mines are out of sight over the brow of the hill, you are informed of their existence by the measured jerk of pumping-rods stretched down the slope to lower levels. At nightfall, when so little could be seen, there was something mysterious in the half-minute thud-thud of the plungers.

Returned to the hotel, I was invited into the little room behind the bar; the young Scotchmen were there, and a few of the townsfolk. I inquired for Harmony Cot, the house in which Opie was born, and got for answer—"It isn't in the church-town. You must go two miles on the road to Perran Porth if you want to see it." My veneration for the painter was not equal to that excursion. A miscellaneous conversation ensued; about abstraction of the coast-guard for the Baltic fleet; only two men being left to watch ten miles of shore: about the geology of the district, and not without ability; and about mining shares. A steady under-current of thought was evidently running on the latter subject, and it often broke out inadvertently. One of the company wished to know how he could send a parcel from a place in the neighbourhood to Penzance, and was told "a butcher's cart went once a week;" a reply that took you back to the early times, and seemed to account for the cacophonous vernacular. A travelling music-master enlivened us from time to time by an air on the accordion, played in a style surpassing all I had ever heard on that instrument. His *Old Towler* was wonderful. To hear how the "Hark forward! tantivy," rose and fell; now echoing a mile distant; farther and farther, fainter and fainter; then with a sudden swell circling round within a few yards, called forth a burst of admiration, and a unanimous encore. Then something was said about a steam-boat excursion to take place the next morning from Truro to St. Just, near Falmouth; tickets only a shilling. I had contemplated a ramble out to the sandy wastes around Perranzabuloe; a church dedicated to the saint who floated over from Ireland on a millstone, and lived two hundred years afterwards. But the excursion would be something living; the other was lifeless; and having once walked over miles of sand-hills on the coast of Holland, I preferred to see a gathering of Cornish folk, and the Truro river.

I rose early, and was half-way to Truro before the sun had enticed the dewdrops from the glistening beds of heath. One after another I heard the stamping-mills begin their thunderous employment, resounding afar in the calm morning air. Quietness must be doubly blessed to all the dwellers round about. I arrived in good time at the *Red Lion*, had breakfast, brushed up my exterior, and went out to buy a ticket for the excursion, not without some misgivings that my walking attire and thick boots would be considered a disqualification. But no objection was made. The vessel was to start from a quay about a mile down the river. I walked to the place at the hour appointed, and witnessed a curious process of embarkation. The steam-tug, for such it was, lay a boat's length from the shore, and you had to walk from one end of this boat to the other, stepping over the seats to get on board, and to pay a penny besides. Murmurs were grumbled at this arrangement: one rather loud remonstrant, who thought it was making people risk their lives, was silenced by the reminder that there was always plenty more coming into the world. The captain justified the inconvenience on the ground that the tug having been newly decorated, "he didn't want his paint scratched by people walking on board at the paddle-boxes." Considering that the vessel was in half-mourning—a warm slate-colour picked out with streaks of tar—the justification seemed to me hardly reasonable. However, in time, all the company, some six or eight score, had contrived to get on board, and we steamed from our moorings. The tug being one of those little vessels that appear to be all boiler, with a hot deck, and a scorching atmosphere, it was not easy to find a cool place, except at the bow, where I got a seat on the rail. At once a demand sprung up for bottled porter, and pasties and sandwiches came into request; and thirsty folk called for water to mingle with their brandy. There was none on board except a quart or two at the bottom of a small cask, and no means of getting it out except by tilting up and pouring from the bunghole. Never mind! Cornish folk are not particular.

The scenery on each bank soon becomes forest-like; the river winds among rounded hills thickly covered with trees, which, in the deeper hollows, form grand amphitheatres of foliage. You almost forget that the unromantic mines—the

works at Carnon Creek—and Perran Wharf are within so short a distance of the umbrageous screen. Malpas—or Mopus, in the debased pronunciation of the neighbourhood—and its creek are pleasantly embowered. We made closer acquaintance with it before our trip was over. Then, on the same side, the rich woods of Tregothnan Park: then Treliassic on the opposite shore, and always the same ample woods; here and there a glimpse of a bare hill-top in the background, and the river itself, enlivened by the white sails of ships. Shooting round a point we came suddenly into Carrick Road, where the receding shores leave the view open all through Falmouth Harbour to Pendennis Castle. Seen from the water, with the numerous vessels at anchor, and the green shadow of the shores reflected all round the margin, you find more beauty in the “intricate bay” than when looked at from the land. Presently, rounding Mesack Point, we steered into St. Just Pool, on the left, and anchored off the village, St. Just in Roseland, our destination. Immediately a fleet of boats put off from the shore, and our landing brought a little fortune of pennies to the competing crews of men and boys.

The object of the excursion was to aid the raising of a fund to pay for the sea-wall built at St. Mawes, not far from St. Just. A bazaar had been opened at Falmouth for the same purpose, and the unsold goods now stocked a minor bazaar in the vicar's garden on this side of the water. We found flags flying; gay devices and decorations; and fair damsels at the stalls. The managers evidently knew their business. The garden itself, on the slope of a hill, with its flower-beds swelling from the undulating turf, with its shady walks and high-arched grove, and fuchsias growing up to the very roof of the house, threw a charm over the arrangements which added materially to their effect. The worthy vicar took an active part in the proceedings, and was ready with abundant provisions. Groups seated themselves where they would, and ate and drank to their hearts' content. After a time the damsels presiding at the bazaar opened a lottery for the most expensive articles, and proved themselves expert in collecting sixpenny subscriptions. Then the band played, and there was a dance on the soft, smooth turf. Then an auction

was got up to clear out the bazaar; and the auctioneer, playing his part with tact and humour, sold the lots as fast as they were offered. When holding up a pair of baby-shoes, he had only to slip a finger into each and say, "Ah! the dear little tootens," to call forth a shower of bids from captivated mothers. The last twenty lots went in a scramble, at sixpence a lot—cakes, gingerbread, and amateur drawings. Then more dancing.

I strolled away for a couple of hours to a hay-field, from which there was a fine view of Falmouth, and the two miles of water between. The day was one of those in which the season combines all its loveliness; when to bask on sweet-smelling hay in the sunshine, and gaze over land and sea, is enjoyment enough; when every movement, every breath, is pleasure; when the warmth infuses life into every limb; and the gentle breeze, as it frolics with your hair, seems but the odorous breath of Summer herself, murmuring faintly of birds, and bees, and flowers.

The company, increased by new arrivals, were at tea when I went back to the garden: all so talkative and good-humoured. There were, however, signs of mischief. The doorkeepers had ceased to be vigilant, and any who would coming in without tickets, the flower-beds suffered: one was entirely obliterated by the trampling. Then more dancing. Then an adjournment to the church for a concert, in which the choir from Truro showed they knew how to sing. The sun went down. Still no signs of return. I went off to the steamer. It grew dark. The stars shone out. At last a burst of fireworks from the garden indicated a conclusion; and boat succeeded boat, bringing parties from the shore. Late as it was, I heard no expression of ill-humour; and no slang; though some few wished we had started earlier. Whether from choice or necessity, our progress up the river was slow, and when we arrived off 'Mopus,' the vessel stopped; the water was too low, we were told, for farther advance. My impression was that the captain was in haste to go back and tow up a vessel from Falmouth. What were we to do. We raised a shout, and waited. We shouted again. A solitary boat appeared emerging from the gloom, and in this, a few at a time, the passengers began to disembark. After a

while, a second boat came off, and I got on shore with the last load. Then we had to walk two miles to Truro, where we did not arrive till past midnight.

From the day's experiences I concluded that Cornish folk like their pleasure rather overcrowded; that they can go out to be amused without going home uproarious or sulky; and that they have yet something to learn in the science of excursions.

CHAPTER XV.

The Hotel—A Stage-Coach Journey—Tregoss Moors—St. Columb Major—Wadebridge—A Foreign Town—A Slow Coach—Camelford—A Halt for Lunch—Coupled Sheep—Parish and Church Town—Bowithic Slate Quarries—Nothing but Slate—Cornish Diamonds—Trewarnet—The Ravine—Tintagel—The bare Ruin—The Screaming Gull—King Arthur and his Knights—Tintagel Island—The Zigzag Path—View of the Cliffs—The Cavern—Rush of the Waves—Trevena—Bossiney—Longbridge—The Valley—St. Nighton's Keeve—The Two Cascades—The Romantic Dell—Why the Water makes a Noise—The Dismal Ruin—The Labourer—Twelve Shillings a Week, and a Camelford Bushel—Forrabury Church—The Lost Bells—Boscastle—The Marvellous Harbour—Singing in the Smithy—Local Gossip.

THE *Red Lion* at Truro is one of those very comfortable hotels where you have to take a solemn breakfast in a room by yourself—and pay two shillings for it; as is the use and custom in many houses of entertainment. My inclination is for something less formal; and, as a rule, I stipulate for the 'Commercial Room;' and, if refused, seek other quarters. Of all the inns I sojourned at during my ramble, the one that combined most of comfort with reasonable charges was the *King's Arms* at Penryn.

A coach to Exeter, by the northern road, starts from the *Red Lion*; and to save time, I took a place for Camelford, distant thirty-five miles. The road for many miles traverses the great central wastes of the county, and dismal, indeed, must the ride be in bad weather; but the morning was again bright and breezy, and even sombre landscapes are beautified

by sunlight. We started at eight; and it was interesting to note the gradual change from green to brown, as, after the first few miles, we rose upon the moors on the northern edge of that same granite district which produces the china-clay. Wide and ever-shifting were the views we got, inspiring a sense of freedom, as we rose and fell on the inequalities of the route. There is no more delightful mode of travelling than on the outside of a coach on a fine day; except, indeed, you have unlimited time for walking. The open prospect on all sides, to the blue sky above as well as the earth below—the rate of motion, quick enough for pleasure, yet not detrimental to observation—the views of the road, where every bend reveals a new scene, and the cheerful clatter of the horses' hoofs—all conspire to promote enjoyment.

Not a whiff of mist was there to hide the hill-tops—the Cornish mountains. While crossing Tregoss Moors we saw the rocky summits on our right, Belovely Beacon and Castle an Dinas; and on our left the merging of the moorland into the fields. You need not look twice to see the difference between the northern and southern slopes of the county: here the bare and harsh landscape shows fewer signs of the softening influence of summer.

St. Columb Major, pleasantly situate on a hill-side, looked all the pleasanter after the naked scenery. There was something about it that reminded me of a French town. On again, past the Nine Maidens, St. Issey Beacon, the Druids' Altar and tumuli, and across the desolate wilds known as St. Breock Downs, to Wadebridge—a town which has still more of a foreign aspect. Write French names over the doors, and you might fancy yourself stopping to change horses at some out-of-the-way place in France, so narrow and irregular are the streets, so unaccustomed the aspect of the houses and queer little shops, while there is the same air of being left to take care of itself. The old bridge of seventeen arches across the estuary, which once had a flourishing fig-tree growing from one of its piers, has been replaced by a more commodious, though less picturesque structure. From the hills above the town the view extends to the sea, and down the crooked estuary to Padstow. At this port a harbour of refuge is to be constructed, which, to those who navigate the Bristol Channel, will be of incalculable advantage, as at pre-

sent there is no harbour accessible at all times of the tide to which a ship may run for shelter on this side of Cornwall.

Our coach was fully laden and piled with luggage when we left Truro; but more passengers and more luggage were packed on at each of the towns where we stopped; and now one was perched on the foot-board between my feet and the coachman's, so, what with the increased burden, which must have given our vehicle the appearance of a baggage-wagon, and the steep hills, we had to put on an extra horse. Even with five we could only travel slowly, which was, perhaps, in our favour, considering the top weight. It was a living illustration of what one had almost forgotten: the occasional deficiency between supply and demand, which was one of the faults of the stage-coach system. There were four more passengers, the coachman said, to get up at Camelford; and, as I was the only one to get off, he was, perhaps, trying to invent a way of taking them on. Already the man who did duty as guard lay stretched across the top of the luggage, clinging to the strap.

After passing Wadebridge we had the first of the Cornish mountainous granite districts on our right. Brown Willy, 1368 feet in height, and Rowtor, 1298 feet, the highest hills in Cornwall, rise boldly from the dun expanse. There the Fowey and Camel have their source; one flowing to the south, the other to the north. At a farm in that dreary region Adams the astronomer was born. There certainly was not much in the landscape around him to divert his attention from the stars.

At half-past one we got to Camelford: again the foreign look in the streets and houses. I did not stay to see how the redundant passengers were to be accommodated, but walked down to the market-place, bought a pound of cherries, turned up a narrow street on the left, which, after a few yards, changed into a lane, and strode away briskly for Tintagel.

A short distance up the lane, and then a breezy short cut by a path across the fields. I found a pleasant spot near a spring and under a tree, and sat down to lunch on my cherries and a crust; and for beverage I had only to dip my India-rubber goblet into the sparkling water that bubbled up within reach of my arm. What pleasure in such a halt! To recline at full length on the grass; to eat at leisure; to

watch the pulsations of the tiny pool, and the mazy gyrations and quivering of its grassy fringe—living water to the eye as well as the palate—and to hear the rustling of the leaves overhead, and to feel how they temper the fervid ray! Who does not conceive an affection for the trees that have sheltered him by the wayside? “Such tents the Patriarchs loved.” Eye and ear alike gratified, while bees,

“———on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply.”

Going on I saw what was to me a novel sight; sheep grazing in pairs linked together by coupling-irons. They appeared to agree, except when one would keep on nibbling while the other wanted to stand still and ruminate. The path ends in a road not far from a solitary public-house, *Melorn Inn*, and presently you begin to descend towards Bowithic Slate Quarries. I asked a man how far it was to Tintagel. “What part of Tintagel be you going to?” he answered: and such is the reply usually given to a similar inquiry in Cornwall; the reason being that the people think you mean the parish and not simply a fraction of it. And so, though the place you seek may be but half a dozen houses, you will, most likely, be told you are in it, unless you ask for the “church-town.”

If you have never seen a slate quarry before, you will be astonished by that of Bowithic, so high do its precipitous walls rise on each side of the road, so enormous are the excavations, so busy is the labour carried on. Men are scattered about on the cliff, endowed apparently with the surefootedness of goats, hewing, and ‘tamping,’ and hurling the severed masses down to their comrades beneath, who speedily reduce them into squared blocks and thin slices. Others pack the finished slates into a large square tub; others, in attendance at the cranes on the top of the cliff, haul them up; and, apart from the sound and sight of industry, there is something romantic in the features of the quarry. The road, deep between mounds of rubbish and the high gray cliff, resembles a ravine, down which rushes a flashing torrent. Here and there dark pools are formed in the hollows of the excavations, and where the water breaks through and trickles down the precipice, ferns and creepers

grow thickly from all the chinks. Slate everywhere: for walls, piers of bridges, platforms for the machinery, stables, storehouses, and cottages, all are built of slate.

The quarries at Delabole, about two miles distant, are still more extensive. The slate is light and of excellent quality: more than three hundred years ago it was much esteemed for roofing purposes in other parts of England and on the Continent. In it are found the finest specimens of the rock crystals, known as 'Cornish diamonds,' some three inches long, and of proportionate thickness; once much prized, and preserved as heirlooms in the old families. They were made into brooches, rings, bracelets, and other ornaments. "In blacknesse and hardnesse," says Carew, "they come behind the right ones; and yet I have knowne some of them set on so good a foile, as at first they might appose a not unskilfull lapidarie." Pope writing to thank Borlase for the lumps of rock and crystal which the learned naturalist gave for the grotto in the grounds at Twickenham, says: "I am much obliged to you for your valuable collection of Cornish diamonds. I have placed them where they may best represent yourself, *in a shade but shining*."

At the end of the quarry the road turns sharp to the right, round a mountain of refuse, ascends through the little village of Trewarnet, and coming to the top of the hill, you have a view of the sea and the summits of the lofty cliffs. You see Tintagel church on a commanding elevation; but "a brave little piece" off yet, as the villagers say. Make directly for it; and when the road no longer serves, get over the fence, and take to the fields. The rude and rugged architecture of the cottages will remind you that you are once again going away into outlandish parts. When once at the church you are not far from the classic ground. Go down to the head of the ravine on your right, and follow the rough path as it declines between the hills, accompanied by a noisy stream. How it darts and winds round the abrupt curves, laughing at the big stones that check its course, here half hidden by a grove of ferns, there rushing over a bed of cresses! Higher and higher rise the hills on each side as you descend; the ravine widens, making room for a broad, irregular floor of turf; and presently, crowning the height on your left, you see the remains of an ancient circular tower, and a fragment

of an arch. The sight will perhaps cause you to spring across the stream, and climb the slope. The slate peeps out in places in horizontal layers, and near the top you see bits of the ruin peering above the turf, scarcely distinguishable from the natural rock. The masonry of the broken arch, of the timeworn keep, and stray fragments of wall, which you see when on the summit, tell of their antiquity. Strength however rude, and not elegance, was the object of the builders.

And is this all? you will ask, while walking round the scanty relic, or cautiously trying to climb to the flagstaff to look down into the circular inclosure. As I scrambled up, a large gull that had been sitting on the topmost stone flew off with angry screams, and wheeling round in great circles, came again and again swooping down close to my head, to resent the intrusion.

Time has indeed spared but little of what was once so famous, yet sufficient to show the castle to have been of considerable extent. The south wall is said to be still as high as when first built. But all is naked. Time, besides sparing but little, has forgotten "to make old bareness picturesque." No ivy, no moss, no fern or lichen grows from the interstices of the stones; and the howling north-west gales from the stormy Atlantic have worked their will on the unprotected ruin. Only in imagination can you restore the renowned castle where Arthur was born of Uther Pendragon and the fair Igraine, where Merlin wrought his wonders, where the Round Table was instituted, and the bravest and most gentle-hearted knights the world ever saw sat around it. How all the wondrous legend comes crowding back on the mind when you are on the spot which gave it birth! Where was the window from which Sir Kaye, leaping in haste, came near falling on the head of King Marke, who sat playing at chess in the garden beneath? where was the turret in which Sir Tristram was confined? where the postern whence Sir Galahad hastened singing—

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure?"

Was it across those now bare uplands that

"Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer?"

Here began the reign of the famous king, and from his birth-place he rode forth, in his old age, with a gallant train, perhaps under that now broken arch, to its fatal ending; when smitten to death by traitorous hands, he commanded the "brand Excalibur" to be flung back into the lake, and saying with feeble voice, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," was laid in the mysterious bark, and floated away to the valley of Avilion.

The bluff is three hundred feet in height, rising perpendicularly from the water. Beyond it, separated by a chasm, and projecting far into the sea, is Tintagel Island, on which once stood another part of the castle, connected by a draw-bridge with this on the main. But not a trace now remains of either fortress or bridge. The chasm has doubtless widened and deepened since their disappearance, and in the present dimensions of the isthmus we observe the wearing action of the wind and sea. The waves at some future day will meet from either side, and the 'Island' will be an island in reality as well as in name.

I went down the hill and to the mouth of the ravine, where the stream tumbling headlong into the sea forms a pretty cascade, and ripples across the rocky bay. By a path at the base of the precipice you get to the isthmus, and from there by zigzags up the face of the cliff to the top of the Island. This ascent must have been less practicable in former days than it now is, if we may judge from description. "In passing thither," says Carew, "you must first descend with a dangerous declivity, and then make a worse ascent, by a path through his sticklenesse occasioning, and through his steepnesse threatening, the ruine of your life, with the falling of your foote. At the top, two or three terrifying steps give you entrance to the hill." Another writer compares it to the passage between Scylla and Charybdis. But though the path be narrow and rough, it is hewn into stairs in the steeper places, and you may mount in safety; though perhaps not without frequent pauses to contemplate the view from different elevations.

The door in the barrier at the top was open, and appeared to have been for a long time unfastened. Within you see a few fragments of an ancient chapel, and an irregular surface of coarse grass, thistles, nettles, and thrift, interspersed with turf hummocks and boulders of quartz, and crags of slate protruding around the margin. Make the tour of the Island, and you will have a magnificent panorama : of waves sweeping in from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and breaking in foam on the tables of rock that jut out at the foot of the cliff—the ocean stretching away to infinite distance, the faint silver line where it meets the sky scarcely discernible. Then returning, you see the magnificent range of cliffs, headland after headland to the east and west breasting the tide with iron-like buttresses. How the white wings of the sea-birds gleam against the dark background! and how the breakers rush into the innumerable caverns and hollows, sapping the foundations of the slaty barrier! Passing the door again, you have the opposite cliff before you; the sea heaping its surges into the bay on both sides of the isthmus; the castle on a level with your eye; the church on its bare ridge; a bleak range of hills in the distance; and below are the mouth of the ravine, the cascade, and the projecting timber stage, which serves as a pier for the vessels that carry away slate—composing a scene in presence of which you will be tempted to linger; and you will perhaps think that with such coasts Cornwall may afford to be dreary in the interior.

The gull had gone back to its perch on the stone, and seemed a haunting spirit placed to scare intruders. While I stood looking down at the cascade, the swift swoop and discordant shrieks again sounded close to my ears, and the spiteful bird kept up its attacks until I descended to a lower level. From the isthmus I scrambled down between the rocks and huge boulders to the patch of sand, from which the tide was slowly receding. Striding from one lump to another, I could look from the last into the mouth of the cavern, which, as a tunnel, pierces the Island from side to side. The waves, rolling up the steep sandy slope, rushed foaming under the arch, and then retreating, left the sand bare for a brief interval, during which the dash of the wave at the opposite end could be heard. The tide had begun to fall: I watched my opportunity, and ran quickly across to

the cavern. It is slightly curved, about nine feet in height, and a hundred in length, with a floor sloping upwards from each end to the centre. Here I stood observing the effect of the cross lights streaming in, the turbulent play of the water outside, and the rush of the surge as it dashed into the cavern. At times a wave advanced on each end at the same moment: then there was a sudden gloom, a closing of half the entrance, followed by the hissing plunge that sent the quivering foam almost to my feet. Once or twice the water as it came rolling in seemed piled high as the roof of the cavern, threatening a flood from end to end, and inspiring a momentary terror; but it fell down harmless. I stood long enough to impress the scene well on my memory; the green gloom alternate with crossing light and the pale gleams of the foam; the ceaseless roar and heavy wash of the sea on either hand, and then following a wave down the slope got back to the rocks again. Among these huge masses, and under the frown of the mighty cliffs, one feels reduced to insignificance.

The heavy and perpetual wash of the sea is one of the characteristics of this side of the county. On the south, it is only when the wind blows half a gale, almost too strong to be walked against, that you see the mighty surges come tumbling in in their power and magnificence, and without which no visit to the sea-side seems complete. But here on the north, owing to a continual ground-swell, a succession of huge breakers is always rolling in on the rugged shore with a voice of thunder. Even on days when no air is stirring, the long, dark swells present an imposing spectacle. A gentle breeze increases the effect; and under a brisk wind, the sight of the waves urging one another onwards to the beach, becomes impressive beyond description. It is this ceaseless commotion that renders the few harbours on the Bristol Channel so difficult of access. And the water, never at rest, has fretted the cliffs, already stupendous, into forms savagely sublime. Starting from Ilfracombe, a whole month might be devoted to this north coast with rich reward to the wanderer.

A short distance from the head of the ravine you come to the village of Trevena—Tintagel town, as some call it—and a wild-looking little place it is. Not the same aspect of wild-

ness as in Penwith, yet not less striking. Some of the houses are roofed with yellow stone-crop; and the door-posts and lintels being set off by whitewash, and the walls built in zig-zag layers, a novel sort of physiognomy is produced. The appearance of the two taverns, the *King Arthur's Arms* and the *Stuart Wortley Arms*, denotes the softening influence exercised by visitors. A group of children returning from school were dabbling in the little brook that runs by the roadside, teeming with cresses and wild mint. "Where's Jenny?" said one. "Hur's gone on a brave bit," replied another; and others, inquiring for a playmate at one of the cottages, were answered, "Hur's gone to hur bed."

Following the road to Boscastle, you have the cliffs on the left, and a range of hills on the right; once the debateable land between Briton and Saxon. You pass Bossiney, a borough of which its former representatives must have felt as much ashamed as Falstaff of his ragged regiment. Two miles on and the road crosses a valley at Longbridge. What a charming scene, in either direction! almost a glen, with furze, and trees, and a brawling brook. What a picture in that little mill and its surroundings! Walk down the valley to the sea: you will be delighted. Return, and walk up the valley, if you can. Nature has it her own way above the bridge, and you will not find it easy to get through the brake, sedge, and tangle of the little forest. But a passage may be accomplished, and at the end of a mile you will be well rewarded for the adventure.

Here it is a glen, crossed by a ridge of rocks about fifty feet in height; and guided by the sound of falling water, you scramble up, and find yourself in a narrow chasm, where, tumbling from a cleft thirty feet above your head, a cascade falls into a circular basin, in which it whirls and dances, and babbles of coolness as it flows away to a lower level. Apart from the refreshing noise, the overhanging trees, the trailing plants, the luxuriant mosses, and ferns drooping from the rocks, all combining in the umbrageous canopy, make up a scene that repays you for dusty roads and hours of weariness. And this is St. Nighton's Keeve.

The keeve is the basin, or bowl, into which the cascade plunges, worn apparently into its present form by the long-continued action of the water. The bowl used by the miner

in washing his nuggets of tin is called a keeve. There is another leap of about ten feet, and you may descend to it by returning to the outside of the rocks, scrambling down to their base, and along the narrow, slippery path leading into the chasm. Here you see an arch below the edge of the keeve, in which a flat slab having lodged, the stream is broken as it shoots through, and falls a thin flickering curtain into the pool beneath. The best view is from the farther margin of the stream, and to cross on the gravelly shallow below the pool will scarcely wet more than your shoe-soles. The effect is singularly pleasing. You are at the very bottom of the dell, in complete seclusion, with trees above trees on each side, forming a screen that admits but a dim light, a glimpse of the upper fall through the arch, and the pretty noise of the falling water: no other sound audible save the occasional twittering of a bird. There is a strange charm in the ceaseless splash and gurgling murmur: part of Nature's music, produced by the simplest means. Water, after it has fallen a certain distance, contracts, and breaking into cavities, the air enters and forms bubbles; and these bubbles being continually broken by the descent of fluid behind them, produce the noise. The mere shock of water on water, so says Dr. Tyn-dall, is not sufficient of itself; and only by the breaking of the bubbles do we hear the ripple of a brook, the rush of breakers, or even the roar of the mighty Niagara.

Towards the close of a holiday one becomes avaricious of its enjoyments; and I lingered at the foot of St. Nighton's Keeve till streaks of red seen through the foliage warned me of sunset.

Retracing your steps, you see where the stream flows past the massive slab of slate rock lying in its bed, and disappears in the brake. Then up the damp, weedy path to the top of the bank, where stand the walls of a cottage once the habitation of two recluse ladies who lived in it some years, a mystery to the neighbourhood, and died without revealing their secret.

"Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had marks of loftier days,
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They wither'd slowly in that glen.

One died! the other's shrunken eye
Gush'd till the fount of tears was dry,—

A wild and wasting thought had she,—
'I shall have none to weep for me!'

They found her, silent, at the last,
But in the shape wherein she pass'd,—
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivell'd hand!"

So chants Mr. Hawker, mournfully, in a ballad which describes the Keeve at St. Nectan's.

From the ruin a path slants across the fields and up the hill to a lane which brings you into the road again at the farm of Trethevey. If, on arrival at Longbridge, you find the struggle up the tangled valley too formidable a task, you may avoid the difficulty by keeping to the road for half a mile farther, and then turning off at the farm. The path across the fields leads direct to the Keeve, and while descending it you get a pleasant view up and down the valley.

I overtook a labourer on the way to Boscastle, who, although he had tramped to and fro along the road for ten years, had never had the curiosity to turn aside to look at St. Nighton's Keeve: he had heard of it, that was all. Labourers, he told me, if hired by the year, had ten shillings a week wages, and all the wheat they needed in their families at twenty shillings a bushel—a Camelford bushel, which is twenty-four gallons. The Launceston bushel is sixteen gallons. Whether wheat rise or fall within the year, the price still remains the same to them. If hired by the week, their wages are twelve shillings; but then they have to pay the market-price for their wheat, and to run the risk of lost time. He thought it was best to be hired by the year at ten shillings: could get on pretty well on that amount.

You get a sight now and then of some of the loftiest headlands from the road, and of Forrabury church on its hill, high above the rest. To that church hangs a tale: how that a peal of bells having been sent for from London, when the vessel arrived off the port she was wrecked, to punish the captain for vaunting his own skill, and denying the favour of Providence.

"Thank God thou whining knave on land."

All hands perished save one, and the bells went to the bottom, where, on the eve of a storm, they may yet be heard dismally tolling. And Forrabury still stands silent.

"Long did the rescued Pilot tell,
 When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
 While those around would hear and weep,
 That fearful judgment of the deep.
 Come to thy God in time!
 Thus saith the ocean-chime:—
 Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
 Come to thy God at last!"

I took a road that led me to the upper end of Boscastle, and leaving my knapsack at the *Commercial Inn*, I hastened down to the port. The town is situate in a narrow valley which descends steeply between the hills to the sea. It appears to have been built by instalments. Here you have a short street; a little lower, a few houses at right angles to the road; then a chapel in the rear of a green; then another attempt at a street, relieved by trees and gardens; and at the bottom of the hill, near the bridge, the *Wellington Family Hotel*, new, and resplendent with whitewash. Here you see signs of business. The stream, a mere brook, bends to the left, fenced by thick stone walls, and on each side the space is occupied by warehouses, workshops, ship-yards, timber-yards, and all the appliances of a busy trading port. The path, rising gently along the side of the valley, gives you a bird's-eye view of everything; and not without astonishment will you see how so limited a space has been turned to account. But you will be more astonished at the harbour: a narrow, tortuous inlet, which appears scarcely large enough for a jolly-boat, is made available for vessels of considerable tonnage. It is a marvellous instance of what may be accomplished by the right sort of enterprise. A small pier projects from one side at a right angle nearly all across the inlet; and a few yards nearer the entrance a breakwater projects from the opposite side, to check the rush of the waves, which set in with tremendous fury. Notwithstanding these barriers, hawsers as thick as your leg are needed to regulate the advance of a vessel: you see them lying in readiness across the quay, looped over the short, strong posts; a good supply, lest one should break. The ropes and lines used under ordinary circumstances are useless here. Look at the boats afloat in the harbour: each one is moored with a stout hawser such as on the Thames would serve for the towing of an East Indiaman. To see a vessel enter in blowing weather would be a highly

interesting sight. We have heard a good deal of late about a remarkable harbour in the Crimea ; but Boscastle is a miracle compared with Balaklava. What would the Lord of Bot-treaux Castle, who once reigned here, say, if he could come back and look at the place !

Still rising, the path sweeps to the top of the headland. Not far from the entrance of the inlet is a seat whence you look down the stupendous cliffs, as into a gorge. The dark precipices, rugged and caverned, show what the wind and sea have been doing for ages to heighten the effect of their grim features ; and there are fissures which, at certain times of the tide, produce the phenomena of Kynance Cove on the grandest scale.

I rambled about the gloomy crags as long as the twilight served, and then went back to a late tea at mine inn. On passing the smithy I heard singing, and stopped to listen. The smith and his companions having ceased their labours, were rounding up the day with a little harmony. It was a hymn they sang ; and the sound of the four musical voices, stealing forth in perfect accord on the calm evening air, fully justified the high reputation which Cornwall has won for her singing.

The capabilities of the *Commercial Inn* are better than might be expected from external appearances ; and I found tea prepared in unexceptionable style. It was long, perhaps, since the hostess had had a guest : very different, as she said, from what used to be the case before the new hotel was built. Finding that I listened to her tale, she proceeded to tell me of the changes that had taken place in Boscastle, and the growth of its trade, since she could remember : all the work of Mr. — and Mr. —. And how that the two local chieftains had quarrelled for the supremacy, and not to the edification of their respective clans, till at last one abandoned the field to the other, and betook himself to a neighbouring county. She had once paid a visit to some friends a long way off, who asked her so many questions about St. Nighton's Keeve, that her mortification was great on being obliged to confess she had never seen it ; and immediately on her return she paid a visit to the romantic waterfall.

CHAPTER XVI.

Another Walk—A Wide Prospect—Lundy Island and the Bristol Channel—Davidstow—The Moors—Miles of Heath—Well-metal'd Lawsuits—A Change of Geology—A By-way to Callington—South Petherwin—The Lanes—Lezant—The *Sportsman's Arms*—Carthamartha Rocks—Callington—Up Kit Hill—Hingston Down—Newbridge—View of the Tamar—The Woods—Morwell Rocks—Magnificent River Scenery—Morwellham—Commerce and Solitude—Copper *versus* Trees—Calstock—Cothele—A Feudal Mansion—Household Gear of the Olden Time—A Stroll in the Woods—The Old Chapel—Sir Richard Edgcumbe's Escape—*Lessons in Proverbs*—A Trip down the River—A Lively Party—Pentillie Castle—Hall's Hole—Saltash—The Railway Bridge—The Hamoaze—Devonport—By Rail again—Ivy Bridge—Totness—Down the Dart—Dartmouth again—The Church and Castle—Mount Boone—Farewell to the Sea—Berry Pomeroy Castle—Ruins and Foliage—Buckfastleigh—The Lanes—Dartmoor—A Wild Valley—Laborious Progress—The Hospitable Farm—Keep a Kindness Going—Dartmeet—The Tors—Superstitions—The Prison—Ashburton—Chudleigh—Haldon Hills—Exeter—Taunton—Back to London.

AGAIN a bright morning. After an early breakfast I started for Callington, a walk of nearly thirty miles. You take the road at the upper extremity of Boscastle, and though already at a great elevation, the road continues to rise for greater part of the way to Davidstow. The view takes in an imposing sweep of hills rounding steeply off into deep and narrow valleys, clothed with wood and gorse. By crossing a couple of fields on the left you may see Minster church, snugly embosomed among trees in one of the lesser hollows. You remark the tall headlands keeping watch over the sea, the lone church on the hill, the lanes and the slopes waving with grass and grain. Enjoy the prospect while you can, for there are miles of Cornish waste awaiting you. At the turn in the road where you get the last look you will think it finer than before, owing to the increased elevation.

Still higher, and you get the view to the north-east, far up

the Bristol Channel, past a succession of points melting away into the blue. Yonder rises Lundy Island, a bold dark mass in the midst of the sea. There you see miles of fields traversed by a gleaming road in the hollow, towards Stratton. The fences by the roadside, built of earth and stone, are from three to four feet thick, and small arches are left here and there for the passage of sheep. When not in use, they are stopped by a wedge of turf or a big stone. From the road you turn into the lanes, and from the lanes you emerge on the waste. There is the church-tower of Davidstow on the right, and presently you come to the main turnpike-road at twelve and a half miles from Launceston. The same which we quitted at Camelford two days ago.

Now unlock the mental storehouse and recite the old ballads or poems, or passages of favourite authors you find therein; for you have in succession Wilsey Down, Coose Moor, and Laneast Down, mile after mile of wild moorland; to the right and left, behind and before. Yet flowers adorn it, rills sparkle in the gravelly hollows, and the breeze sweeps across fresh and inspiriting, and fraught with all that makes health a delight. And what though the scene be monotonous, it imparts a sense of boundless freedom. Your recitations will be of the liveliest; and you will perhaps think that Gilpin made a mistake when he turned back here in despair.

There is a touch of alacrity about the peasantry in this neighbourhood which I had not remarked elsewhere: they have something to say to you in passing; and if only "Good day, Sur," a friendliness of tone is apparent. You will meet many a one on the way coming from the cross tracks on the moors; and buxom damsels riding. I saw more women on horseback in Cornwall than ever before.

Rising and falling goes the road across the long black undulations. From one of the highest you get a comprehensive view of the Rowtor and Brown Willy group—ridges and cones pinnaced with granite—and a peep of Dartmoor to the east: features to be remembered when far away. And you pass from one geological formation to another; from the schistose which predominates in Cornwall, to the carboniferous: a line traced from Boscastle half-way to Tavistock would represent the boundary of the two with tolerable

accuracy; and by-and-by you become aware of the change in the altered features of the landscape: trees, hedges, and fertile fields succeed to the untamed moors.

The border town is not far off which Roger North mentions, where he says—"There was no opportunity of penetrating in Cornwall yet, because the Judges, for compendium of travel, took the first town upon the borders, capable of receiving them; which is Launceston, where is an old ruined castle, and nothing else worth naming. The Cornish men are very fierce and contentious, and strangely given to indict one another. The traverses of these indictments, tried at the assizes, make good fodder for the lawyers; for they are always many, and beyond what are had in most of the circuit besides, and well-metal'd causes. But this, as they say, prevents bloodshed, which would follow if revenge had not that vent. The trade here, lying mostly with Londoners and foreigners, the people have a better English dialect than those of Devonshire, whose common speech, I think, is more barbarous than in any other part of England, the North not excepted."

Unless you have a special desire to see Launceston, take the lane on the right between three and four miles from the town, which will save you nearly two hours' walking on the way to Callington. No fear of going astray. Steer for Kit Hill, that conspicuous cone seen from every opening; it is just in the rear of the town. You will not repent leaving the high road, for the lane winds among pleasing rural scenery, in which you see indications that Devonshire is not far off. Through the village of South Petherwin, and then you have hill and dale, high hedges, overhanging trees, and banks a very jungle of weeds and flowers: there is the red sandstone again, and here and there in the gaps and hollows the most exquisite drapery of ferns. With rock, trickling water, and sunshine, Nature will interweave maiden-hair and hart's-tongue in a way which art cannot imitate or pen describe. Lezant, another secluded village, comes next; and shortly afterwards you strike the turnpike-road about half-way between Launceston and Callington, where stands an inn—the *Sportsman's Arms*—well known in the neighbourhood, and the only one met with for miles.

From Boscastle was a long stretch, necessitating both rest

and refreshment. After sitting about an hour I made a little excursion to the Carthamartha Rocks. A mile up the lane, immediately opposite the inn, you come to a field on the left, across which runs a path to the top of the rocks. These are perpendicular limestone cliffs, bursting from the slope, and overlooking the curving vale of Tamar for a long distance. Now your eye feasts on wood—nay, forests. The sides of the hills as they dip down to the river are hung with trees—oak and birch—that hide the stream, and form vast amphitheatres of foliage. The opposite shore is Devonshire. I made my way down to the river through the wood, and walked for a mile along its shady brink, listening to its lively ripple; and then returning to the inn for my knapsack, went on to Calington. A long ascent of four miles, and a descent of two miles into a hacked and haggard mining district, and your walk is over. Throughout the day I had skirted the great granite district; and had the evening not been so far advanced, should have seen the Cheesewring away on the right while descending to the town.

The next morning, before breakfast, I went up Kit Hill. The approach is by a lane a short distance out on the road to Launceston. The great cone rises with an easy slope, covered with coarse grass and furze, and strewn with lumps of rock—granite again; and in half an hour you may reach the summit, 1067 feet in height. The view takes in a wide circle in all directions: to Dartmoor on one side; far over the brown Cornish moors on the other, the country of the mines; and fields innumerable, and patches of green downs; the fertile vale of Tamar, and away to Plymouth and the blue sea of the English Channel; and the hill itself standing amid the great circle of the barren and the fruitful. As you roam around the brow you see remains of buildings, numerous old mine-shafts, and the ruins of the windmill by which the machinery was kept going till the works were abandoned. The cost of excavating the hard rock was greater than the profit. You may descend on the side towards Hingston Down, and save a mile or two by not returning to the town.

Though early, the morning was already sultry. The day, in fact, was one of the hottest of the summer, the temperature being 87°; under which circumstances you may be pardoned for wishing to shorten your walk. It was scorch-

ing on the unsheltered Down where those mythical Saxons, Hengist and Horsa, are said to have once gained a great victory. From the former of the two the present name, Hingston, is derived. Every step brought me nearer to the woods; and what a blessed shade was that of the first plantation on the top of the hill above Newbridge, where I stretched myself for half an hour on the cool grass! While descending the hill you get charming peeps at the scenery of the valley—glimpses of green woods that rouse expectation, and here and there evidences of mining industry. You see a large, light water-wheel spinning round among the trees, doing nothing apparently but amuse itself.

There are nice views up and down the river from the bridge. If you wish to make for Dartmoor by the shortest route, another four miles will bring you to Tavistock; better, however, to follow the stream, and see what lies along its banks. Having crossed the bridge, turn up the road to the right, and presently a gate gives you access to the woods, where a rill leaps along its channel among the big stones, making pleasant music. It sounds none the less sweetly should you be tempted to use it, as I was, for a foot-bath. You may wander about here for a while, and look at the great water-wheel; then take the road again to the top of the hill, where, opposite a row of 'postles,' the native term for posts, you find another gate, and within it, running to the right, the path to Morwell Rocks.

Here all was delightful under the green shade; the trees so near together as to form a narrow-arched alley, springing from a thick undergrowth of shrubs and flowering plants. Just the place for a saunter. A path flecked with sunlight, and hung with glinting leaves; green and gleamy vistas before and behind. Breaks occur in places, where the sun beats full upon you while you stop to look over the surrounding country. Now the path descends to a secluded hollow, traversed by a sparkling stream; now it rises again through thicker woods; and soon you see a narrow gap on the right, where the small stems show marks of having been frequently pushed aside. Step through. You are on the summit of one of the rocks, a perpendicular crag, some two hundred feet above the stream, and in full view of a grand bit of river scenery. Here Tamar winds in sudden curves, lingering by

the way, now swerving deeply into Cornwall, now into Devon, reluctant to leave so lovely a valley ; and though it disappears at last at the end of a long reach, you will find it sweeping back again beyond the opposite hill. Young woods hang on the hill-slopes ; and as far as eye can reach, every swell, and ridge, and hollow is covered with dense masses of foliage, unbroken save where the crags rise as massive buttresses to the heights in the rear. You see the whole range : Chimney Rock, Turret Rock, Morwell Rock, and the others, their bold forms the more beautiful by contrast of the gray tints with the creeping ivy and drooping ferns, and the abounding greenness.

Going on from one rock to the other varies the prospect ; each commands something unseen before, and detains you longer than the last. You will hardly wish to break the charm, for such points of outlook are rare in your wayfaring. There is Calstock church on the top of a peninsula ; there Hingston Down ; there, at the foot of the receding hills opposite, a numerous colony of whitewashed cottages ; there a canal traverses the level ; there heaps of mining refuse encroach on the pastures ; there is the Weir ; and, wherever you look, the shining curves of the river beautify the scene.

As you go on again, the sight of a pumping-rod crossing the path is felt as a surprise in such a solitude ; whence it comes and whither it goes, alike invisible. Near by is another large water-wheel ; and a little canal comes flowing swiftly out of the wood to feed it. Then, as the path descends, the roofs of a village and the masts of a few small vessels are seen among the trees, and presently you come to Morwell-ham.

This village serves as the port to the mining country around Tavistock, with which it is connected by a canal four miles long, carried across lofty viaducts, and through the hill by a tunnel, terminating here at a considerable height above the river. An inclined railway leads from the end of the canal down to the wharf, where you may see thousands of pounds' worth of ore piled in heaps ready for purchasers.

The little port so far away from the sea has the enjoyment of beautiful scenery as well as the advantages of commerce. A walk of ten minutes in almost any direction will carry you into a complete woodland solitude, out of sight of habitations

and the appliances of trade. While crossing at the ferry, I chanced to remark that the magnificent slope of wood a little lower down was spoiled by a patch having been laid bare for the commencement of a mine. "Spoiled!" said one of the other passengers; "you may think it's spoiled, but I don't. There's copper in that hill, man; and that's worth all the trees any day."

You step from the boat right into the margin of a wood, and ascend the hill by narrow paths winding among the rugged roots. Then cross the grounds of Harewood, and about another mile, varied by patches of meadow, gardens, and cherry orchards, will bring you to Calstock. This town is built irregularly on the steep bank with a road between it and the river, along which are the landing-places for the steamers; Calstock being a place of great resort for holiday-folk from Plymouth—their Hampton Court. I left my knapsack at the *Naval and Commercial Inn*, and walked on at once to Cothele—a domain surrounded by those rich baronial woods which you see stretching along the curve of the stream about half a mile lower down. A path skirts the shore to the pleasant hollow of Danescombe, crosses the creek, and rises up the hill, deeply shadowed by the ancient trees. By-paths run off in various directions into the mazy underwood and under scars of rock, where clustering ferns betray the presence of trickling threads of water. When near the top, you see chimneys of the olden time, one mantled with ivy, peering above the wall of the kitchen-garden on your right; then the ridge of the roof and a few embrasures; and anon, emerging on a grassy level, Cothele House, a mansion erected in the reign of Henry VII. Both within and without it retains very much of its original character, and is in consequence an interesting specimen of the architecture and furnishing of a feudal residence. It is built chiefly of granite, with embattled towers, a porter's lodge, an arched entrance leading to an inner court, where the turf is as green and smooth as in the quadrangle of a college, and to the great hall, which has windows of stained glass, emblazoned with the arms of the Edgcumbe family, and suits of armour and antiquated weapons, and horns and skulls of animals hanging on the walls. The steward will conduct

you from room to room and show you the tapestries, the altar-cloth, the richly-carved bedsteads with their formal hangings, the curious chairs, the fire-dogs on the hearths, the cabinets, drinking vessels, wonderful old china and snuffers, and other quaint memorials of the Plantagenet days. You will see the chapel; and the room where Charles II. slept, and that in which George III. and Queen Charlotte, with three of the princesses, took breakfast, when they were the guests of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. It is a place of strange ups and downs; little unexpected stairs; doors where you would not think of looking for them, and tiny windows with thick mullions. Taken in connexion with the adjoining wing, now tenanted by the farm servants, it assumes the character of one of those sturdy, defensive manor-houses built when castles were going out of fashion.

Having loitered around the building till I had noted its weather-beaten features, and the ferns growing from the crevices in the walls, I walked through the woods to Cothele landing, a village of limekilns and some half-dozen houses, on the entrance of a creek. Go to the bridge and look at the mill and up the valley along the green vista formed by the swelling woods on either hand, and the sedgy level of the water.

Back into the woods again. Some of the chestnut-trees are of prodigious girth, rivalling those in Greenwich Park, and under these the scorching glare was exchanged for refreshing coolness. About half-way between the mansion and the limekilns a small religious edifice stands on the top of a rock that rises precipitously from the river. It has a history. According to Carew, "Sir Richard Edgcumbe the elder was driven to hide himself in these his thick woods, which overlook the river, what time being suspected of favouring the Earl of Richmond's party against King Richard the Third, he was hotly pursued, and narrowly searched for. Which extremity taught him a sudden policy, to put a stone in his cap, and tumble the same into the water, while these rangers were fast at his heels, who, looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swimming thereon, supposed that he had desperately drowned himself, gave over their further hunting, and left him liberty to shift away, and ship over into

Brittany. For a grateful remembrance of which delivery he afterwards builded in the place of his lurking a chapel, not yet utterly decayed."

I stretched myself on the turf near the little building, and ended the Sunday with a quiet perusal of the *Lessons in Proverbs*. The sun was setting when I went back to the inn.

At eight the next morning the *Queen* steamer came down from Morwellham, crowded with passengers going on a trip to the Breakwater. They had come from Tavistock and the villages round about, and seemed resolved to have as much pleasure as they could out of their holiday. I went on board with the Calstock contingent, and away we steamed under the green shadow of the hills to Cothele landing, where another party entered; and so down the widening Tamar, touching here and there to take in the eager waiting groups. How they enjoyed themselves! and all the more for being ignorant of, or having left behind, the solemn conventionalities of the drawing-room. Peals of laughter flew continually from one end of the deck to the other; yet had the laughers inclined to be critical, they might have taken exception to the stowage of the ginger-beer on the gratings of the engine-room, where it would be kept comfortably warm; and to the uncouth sandwiches supplied to them. The demand was brisker than the beverage; and there being no mugs or glasses on board, purchasers had to drink the languid fluid as best they could, and pay a penny deposit until they returned the bottle. Some betook themselves with great apparent satisfaction to eat nuts: dry husky nuts on a hot day in July! Meanwhile three German musicians, with the habitual melancholy look of their class, played a succession of lively airs, which kept up the hilarious disposition of the throng.

We met four steamers going up swarming with passengers, and hearty was the interchange of cheers as we passed. The steward at Cothele House must have had a busy day of it. Smaller parties were floating up with the tide in pleasure-boats, flaunting their streamers past the slow coal-ships and barges labouring onward to the mines, and the vessels at anchor laden with ore. Each bend of the river opened a new scene. The hills sink two or three miles below Cothele,

and are succeeded by swelling uplands, which, at some of the sharper turns in the stream, appear to inclose a lake. There are the towers of Pentillie Castle peeping from the woods on the right bank; and on the left the village and smelting works of Hall's Hole. Presently, on the same side, the woods of Warleigh, the church of St. Budeaux, and a glimpse of the tors of Dartmoor on the verge of the horizon; and on the Cornish side, Cargreen and Landulph church. Then the confluence of the Tavy; then Saltash, shabby-looking and antiquated; and we shot past the tall iron cylinder rising from the middle of the stream on which the railway bridge is to rest, at a height of ninety-five feet above the water; then round Bull's Point, past the entrance to Lynher Creek, and there is the Hamoaze, a spacious estuary, four miles in length, alive with vessels, among which the mighty war-ships lying at their moorings appear, indeed, as huge floating castles, worthy of the flag they bear. As we shot past them and looked up, I could not help thinking of the cliffs under which I had walked; and I felt as proud of one bulwark as of the other. May England find both alike trustworthy in time of need.

I paid ninepence for my passage, and landed at Devonport, while the steamer pursued her voyage to the Breakwater, unhappily for those on board to encounter a sudden thunder-plump. I felt sorry for the gleesome damsels, who had brought out their newest parasols and gayest muslin dresses. The rain fell as a little deluge while it lasted, but was soon over. I passed the remainder of the day in Plymouth, and at Mount Edgcumbe as already related; and, being desirous to know something of the internal economy of a boarding-house, slept at one near the post-office, and repented my curiosity, for the bed was colonised by the voracious prowler

"That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

My intention to depart by the first train the next morning was sensibly accelerated.

It is a pleasant ride from Plymouth to Totness; fine rural scenery on both sides, and picturesque where the railway strikes the roots of Dartmoor. You see touches of the mountainous while stopping at Brent, and at Ivy Bridge a.

romantic valley through which flows the Erme, a lively, sparkling stream, hastening to the sea, as we saw at Bigbury Bay. I left the train at Totness for a trip down the Dart, and had time for breakfast before the hour of departure. At the landing-place, approached by a grove of chestnuts, lay the *Undine*, a pretty little steamer that plies to Dartmouth and back during the season, at hours dependent on the tide. We started at nine—a numerous company—and were presently in the centre of the channel shooting swiftly down the stream. The view of the town, with its tall old church-tower, the bridge, the island laid out as a pleasure-ground, makes a favourable impression at the outset. On speeds the vessel between rich meadows and teeming orchards, and hills cultivated to the summit, the dark red soil showing along the margin of the crops. Then higher hills hidden in glorious woods, here and there a red crag peeping through, and ivy and creepers so luxuriant you might fancy yourself among tropical vegetation. Sharpham shows a charming slope of foliage to the water; and a little lodge on the shore—a Dutchman's *Lust in Rust*. An echo haunts the trees at the bend: but the voice was coy and would not reply, or else we passed too quickly to catch it. On flows the river with frequent windings, requiring a quick hand and a vigilant eye on the part of the steersman. A minute's inattention and the *Undine* would be fast on the shallows. In all the hollows between the hills you see a few cottages, realising your ideas of what rustic homes ought to be; and nets hanging to dry, or boats moored near the bank—all overshadowed by cherry-trees. So you speed, as it were, from one wooded lake to another, through unexpected openings in the hills; and you find the Dart to be no unworthy rival to the Wye. Another bend, and there is Stoke Gabriel at the head of a little bay on the left; then on the right Dittisham, a village of pleasant aspect, rejoicing in plum-trees; then the Anchor Rock in the middle of the stream, and a broad reach with Dartmouth at the end of it.

We had five hours to stay, and I took a leisurely survey of the rare old gabled houses, the quaint projections floor beyond floor, ornamented with grotesque carvings, some of them supported by sturdy pillars and wonderful brackets. Newcomen, one of the first inventors of the steam-engine,

was born here, but in which house no one knows. St. Saviour's church is worth a visit: the pulpit is of carved stone, painted of all conceivable colours, and set off with gilt; and the screen being similarly decorated, a singular contrast is presented to the dark oak panels and other fittings of the interior. The altar-piece by Brockedon, *Christ Raising the Widow's Son*, kept me sitting before it some twenty minutes. It is a fine picture—a memorial now of the painter, who was a native of Dartmouth, and presented it to the church.

Then down to the mouth of the river, skirting the hill under the trees, to St. Petrock's church, and the ruins of the castle on the brow of the hill, looking across to the ruin on the opposite shore: formidable defences once for the protection of the port. Then up Mount Boone, whence there is a magnificent prospect over sea and land: and seated in contemplation under the trees, you will be in no haste to leave it. I stayed as long as the time would permit, for it was my last view of the sea. Not for months would my eyes again roam over the boundless expanse of heaving blue. No rude commotion disturbed my farewell: from where I sat

“ The sound
Of softest waves that linger'd on the beach
Washing the sands so gently, was more like
The slow and quiet breath of one who slumbers,
Than the strong voice of the great deep.”

I scrambled down to the beach and had a refreshing bath in a secluded little cove; walked back to the town, and had just finished dinner when the steamer's whistle summoned me on board again. We ran up merrily with the tide, and came to Totness about half-past four. A gentleman from Glasgow who was among the passengers, hearing me say I was going to see Berry Pomeroy Castle, offered me a seat in his fly. We started forthwith: crossed the bridge and up the hills on the left bank of the river. The distance is but four miles, yet there are two turnpikes on the way, at each of which those who drive have to pay a shilling toll. The route takes you along pleasant lanes to the village of Berry Pomeroy, where there is a fine old church, and then a half-mile through a wood to the ruins. These tell the old story: a grim fortalice—a baronial residence with embattled towers

and spacious courts—and decay. Here Ralph de la Pomeroy built a stronghold to protect the manor assigned to him by William the Norman. In the reign of Edward VI. it was confiscated, and given to the haughty Protector Somerset, under whose hands the fortress grew into a stately castle, and ever since it has been a possession of the Seymours. And now you may wander among the mouldering remains where court and hall, and chamber and dungeon, and kitchen and turret, are alike hung with ivy and ferns and drooping grasses. You may climb the ancient stairs and walk round on the top of the walls, and see how beautiful dilapidation becomes when Time has masked it with foliage. You might fancy yourself in the heart of a forest, gazing abroad through a maze of the topmost branches on the finely-wooded hills opposite, and down into the glen beneath, where trees grow so thickly that but a few gleams can be caught of its wandering brook.

It is a ruin to stroll about for hours, to explore every broken stair, and every angle of the walls; to linger under crumbling doorways, and note the endless trickery of the verdure—everywhere a roof of leaves and carpet of turf. In one of the halls we found a merry picnic party, with tea laid out on a rustic table, and the kettle singing blithely by the blazing faggots in the great fireplace. And near the entrance we found waiting for her sixpence the sunburnt dame whose voice had followed us from court to court and tower to tower with shrill particulars of their history.

I wished to see more of the valley of the Dart, indeed to explore it for some miles into Dartmoor; and on our return to Totness, started at once for Buckfastleigh. The evening had drawn on; and the quiet walk of six miles while the red gleam of sunset deepened into twilight, completed the enjoyment of a day that had been a real holiday. The road is pleasant, but the woods and orchards of private grounds shut out all view of the river except at the two places where you cross it by a bridge, and there you hear it making lively music over its stony bed.

The country around Buckfastleigh is a succession of steep hills, and on the side of one of these the town is built—rural but not quiet; for here are factories where baize and blankets are made, and the noises in the street, till a late

hour of the night, betoken something beyond simple rusticity. The church is at the very top of the hill, and the ascent steep. I walked up to it the next morning for the sake of the view, which is very pleasing, full of contrasts between woods and meadows, and brown moorland. At one side of the churchyard, thickly overhung with ivy, are the remains of what may have been a little chantry: its interior now occupied by the tomb of an admiral. By making a brief tour around the churchyard, you will see the quarries of black marble, and the long flight of nearly two hundred rude steps, which give access to the lower part of the town.

Then on by a lane leading up the valley, and presently you come to Buckfast Abbey, where an ancient wall and a modern factory perpetuate the memory of the Cistercians and their trade in wool. I had a labourer as companion for a few miles, who, in addition to telling me all he knew about the neighbourhood, had something to say on the difficulties of rearing a family on nine shillings a week. I comforted him with hopes of a time yet to come when farmers shall be ashamed to pay such miserable wages. If ever the history of patient endurance under toil and privation come to be written, the story of the English peasantry will be the most memorable chapter.

I kept on through the lanes, aiming for Newbridge, mere tracks in some places, at the bottom of banks and hedges twenty feet high. Devonshire charms you in the interior not less than on the coast; the wild, hollow lanes are delightful. But what would a farmer of the new school say to the hedges? In the parish of Crediton, twelve thousand acres, a few years ago there were more than five hundred miles of hedge, and in ten adjoining parishes more than sixteen hundred miles. Some of the fields are so small that the roots stretching from each side meet, and cross in the centre. Pity, you will think, that the picturesque should be so unprofitable. But he who clears must do so judiciously; for in some counties where hedges have been swept away whether or not, a difference of climate is already felt; and while it may be better for wheat crops, it is worse for grass and roots.

At Newbridge, about six miles from Buckfastleigh, you first get free access to the shore of the Dart. It is a lonely

spot, not a house in sight; Holne Chase on one side, on the other the wild moor. I crossed the bridge, and struck off up the bank of the river, following a dim path among the gorse and ferns. In the midst of a dense brake I saw a pair of legs stretched across the track, and a dog asleep close by. A strange place for such an apparition. What did it mean? I spoke. The dog awoke and yawned; the legs moved, and a boy wriggled, crab-like, out of a hole, where, as he told me, he had been scraping sand to clean the spurs and stirrups of a gentleman who was lodging at Hanneford Farm, "up there on the hill. There ain't nobody but me," he added, "as knows where to find it; and the gentleman g'ives me a shillin' sometimes, and takes me with 'n when he goes a fishin'." A livelier stream or wilder solitude an angler could not desire.

I wished to keep company with the river for five miles up to Dartmeet, and make acquaintance with its untamed features. How it leaped and brawled among the big stones, flashing along, though dyed with the brown hue of the moors. Presently you see it shooting over two ledges of slate rock, forming a double cascade with a deep pool between. Just the place to stride out to the rocky lump farthest from the shore, and sit for a while listening to the voice of the water. It will tell you many things worth remembering.

The path soon ended, and then came manifold difficulties; brake and bramble, swamp and thicket. The fern and gorse rose higher than my head, still I could push through; but when briers thickened the barrier, I had to give up and seek a new track. Sometimes I could only extricate myself by crawling out between the roots on hands and knees. At times I came to charming little bits of the river, and a patch of open ground that gave me breathing time. The valley, however, narrows; the hills, all but precipitous, approach so close as to give it the character of a mountain glen, terminated in the distance by a lofty peak, and masses of rock rising amid the tangle, add to the difficulties of the passage. I was put on my mettle; and bent on keeping close to the stream, climbed over the crags, waded the shallows, crept through holes, battered away through the brakes, sometimes to find myself in a swamp and obliged to struggle back again. Now scratches, now falls into holes concealed by weeds

awaited me, or scrambling up the loose stony slope to double an obstacle, the treacherous foothold gave way, and down I went to the bottom. Still I did not repent the labour. The perfect solitude, the bends and rapids of the river, and the savage aspect of the valley, were a sufficient compensation.

At the end of about two miles, "a wayless way," which took me three hours to accomplish, I began to feel tired and hungry. There was no public-house within miles of the place; but there might be a cottage. I climbed directly up the hill—no easy task—and saw a farm-house about half a mile distant, to which I walked and asked leave to buy a lump of bread. "What!" said the woman, smiling, who came to the door, "are ye hard up for a bit of bread? Come in."

I went in. The worthy dame put half a loaf before me. "Perhaps he'd like some butter," she murmured, talking perhaps to herself; and going to the dairy she returned with a fresh cool lump that might have tempted a queen. Presently: "I wonder if he likes brown bread?" and a large brown loaf was straightway placed on the table, for which I forsook the white one. Then addressing me direct: "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?" and without waiting for a reply she brought me a teapot from the hearth, gave me sugar and clotted cream, and I feasted to my heart's content. Yet again the hospitable woman came from the inner room with a large slice of plum-pudding; her "I dare say you can eat that too," showing the estimate she had formed of my appetite.

It was the last day of haymaking; and every one was busy in the fields, eager to get in the hay, for a black cloud portended a storm. From time to time a man or a boy came in for bread, cheese, and cider, and went away with an ample store of each. "When folks work hard," said the mistress, "they must have plenty to eat and drink;" betraying her kindness of disposition. The master himself came in, stayed a few minutes to talk with me about the war, and hoped I was not in a hurry. Who could be in a hurry to leave such an old-fashioned place, rustic without, and within wainscoated walls, wooden settles, low casements, big fireplaces, seats in the chimney-corner; and the old-fashioned spirit to bid you welcome?

I felt embarrassed when about to depart. Should I offer to pay for my acceptable refreshment? I did so indirectly, by taking out my purse. But no. The kind-hearted woman didn't want to be paid; didn't expect to be paid; a stranger too, that was hungry. "No," she said, "to my thinking the best way of paying for a kindness is to keep it going." I had brought a newspaper with me from Totness; she was willing to accept that: "They didn't often get news in that out-of-the-way place;" and with a cordial shake of the hand we parted.

I had got over the worst of the route. The valley widened as it swept round the roots of Sharpitor, and walking near the river became less difficult. I passed another farm, an oasis of cultivation on the stony slope; and the sullen pools in which the Dart loses all its vivacity. Another bold curve, and there in the distance is another bridge, and coming nearer you see two streams running down from opposite sides of a hill and meeting just below the arch. They are the East and West Dart, and this is Dartmeet, a sylvan spot in the heart of the moor. Two or three cottages, a grassy level shaded by a grove of ash-trees, a few patches of green turf, small fields and gardens; and the wild waste all around.

Here passes the main road from Ashburton to Tavistock: after a survey of the scene which inspired me with a wish to explore the river still farther, I turned towards Ashburton. While pacing up the long winding ascent you see Yar Tor, crowned with crags on the left, Sharpitor similarly crowned on the right, and, still rising, miles upon miles of the great moor. You may get to the top of Sharpitor in half an hour, and have a still wider prospect. A region of blackness, strewn with innumerable rocks and boulders, and only within the circle of a few yards do you see that what looks black in the distance is beautiful with purple heath and timid flowers, among which tall foxgloves—flop-a-docks, as the cottagers call them—bend gracefully in the breeze. The blocks of granite are identical with those you saw at Scilly and the Land's End; the soil is the same, teeming with elements of fertility; but high elevation keeps it barren: and such it is for more than twenty miles from north to south, and fifteen from east to west; one bleak mountainous tract, cut up by ravines, in which the streams are always lively

from the abundant rains. The fall of rain on and around the moor varies from fifty to seventy inches in the year; and when we remember that a fall of one inch on one acre amounts to nearly 23,000 gallons, we may form an idea of the prodigious quantity that in the twelvemonth finds its way down from the 200,000 acres of Dartmoor to the fertile valleys around. "In the winter," said a turf-digger, with whom I had a talk, "we has the snow up to the roofs of the cottages."

To walk round Dartmoor, and penetrate its interior by some of the valleys, would be an interesting exploration for a few weeks of the summer—one that would introduce you to many unfamiliar aspects of Nature. Some of the landscapes, both north and south, are of surprising beauty. Then there is much in the moor itself: so many memorials of the past—so much that is mysterious, relics of ancient valour and ancient faith—superstition as we call it. Till within a few years past the bonfires—which had their origin in the worship of Bel—might be seen blazing in the month of May. And the moor-folk could tell many a tale of what was done by the Pixies; of the way in which supernatural beings perpetrated their mischief during the terrific storms to which the region is subject. They were firm believers in the efficacy of horseshoes; of the Lord's Prayer recited backwards; of a knife and fork placed crosswise on the Bible. And superstition lingers yet in Devon, perhaps more than in any other county. To sit at a church-door, and receive thirty pennies from the departing congregation; to exchange these for half-a-crown, and walk three times round the communion-table with the coin in the hand; to have it afterwards made into a ring, and wear it, is believed to be a certain cure for any kind of disease. And not only in rural parishes; for the experiment was tried in the autumn of last year at Exeter cathedral, by a paralytic old woman.

Then there is the prison at Princetown, in the heart of the moor, where the convicts are employed in clearing the dreary wastes in the immediate neighbourhood. Their labour has not been fruitless: the yield of their farm in 1853 amounted to 900*l.*; and last year three successive crops of clover and rye-grass were taken. Those who are unfit for out-door labour are employed in making clothing. Gas to light the

establishment is made from the peat, of which abundant supplies exist for miles around. That Dartmoor is not wholly irreclaimable has been proved of late by the barley and root crops obtained by intelligent cultivators. Near Prince Hall, twenty acres of grass were let last year for 54*l.* 10*s.*, which in 1846 were worth no more than 3*l.* 10*s.*

The road takes you back to Newbridge, whence through Holne Chase to Ashburton the distance is about eight miles. From Ashburton I walked on the next morning to Chudleigh, where I stayed four hours, wandering around its renowned limestone rock, and the pretty wooded glen from which it rises. At the foot of the hill, on approaching the town, you cross the Teign, and get a peep along one of its bends; and from Chudleigh the way to Exeter runs over the Haldon Hills, the range which seemed so mountainous when we looked at it from the mouth of the Exe some three weeks ago. The views near the foot of the hills on either side are charming. Then the village of Teignford, then Harpington, with its red sandstone church-tower; a place clean enough to be a Dutch village. Another hour, and you are in the metropolis of Devonshire, where again you are struck by a remarkable air of cleanliness.

I slept at Exeter; and walked about the next morning to look at its antiquities, of which the Guildhall presents a noteworthy example. From the top of the tower of the cathedral you can get an excellent view over the city and neighbourhood. I stayed up there an hour to contemplate it at leisure. There was a glimpse of the sea away to the south, and all around the most luxuriant greenness. Then up to Pennsylvania for the view from that quarter, and a little farther on to a rise where you look from the opposite side of the hill down into the valley of the Exe; and ending with a stroll through the market, and along the bank of the river towards Topsham.

In the afternoon I went on by rail to Taunton, and had a walk of a few hours about the vale of the Tone in the neighbourhood of the town. It is so quiet and pastoral that your thought may dwell undisturbed on that heroic passage of history—Blake's defence of the town for a whole year against the Royalists, and final triumph. And on the following day a long journey across the rest of Somersetshire

and by the familiar route of the Great Western Railway, brought me back to London.

And so ended a tour in the course of which I had walked four hundred and twenty-five miles, with none but happy results. It is no small privilege to be able thus to employ a holiday; to come home with recollections of majestic headlands and foam-fringed bays; of breezy moorlands; of heath-clad hills and sheltered valleys; of pleasant field-paths and of lonely lanes, where streamers of hay filched from passing wains hang on the hedgerows and overhanging trees; and, not least, of kindness among strangers. To shake off the social hamper once a year and ramble at pleasure enables a man to keep account with himself—to remember much that he forgets amid sedentary occupations and monotonous routine. Courage comes back as well as vigour; and the morbid feeling with which we are apt to regard life and its duties, yields to the health-fraught influences of air and exercise. But only he who trusts to his own legs, ready to rough it, changing his horizon day by day, can fully appreciate the charm of home-travel. I never feel so content with my lot as when returning from a holiday ramble. Who would be querulous that, with ten pounds in his pocket, and knapsack on shoulder, can go forth, wander lovingly over his birthland, and live for a month amid sunshine and beauty?

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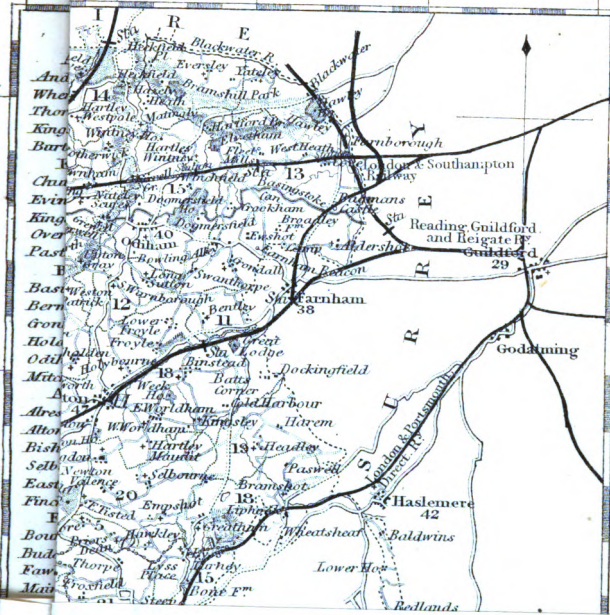
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THE END.

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Bucks & Hants
Railway



51'



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